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CASTLE DANGEROUS
EARLY BALLADS AND LYRICS
AND
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY
Sir Walter Scott



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TALES OF MY LANDLORD

Fourth and Last Series

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky,
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

ROBERT BURNES.

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Ahora bien, dijo el Cura: traedme, señor huésped, aqueles libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el; y entrando en su aposento, sacó del una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—DON QUIXOTE, Parte I, Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest: pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—JARVIS'S *Translation*.

INTRODUCTION (1832)

[The following introduction to *Castle Dangerous* was forwarded by Sir Walter Scott from Naples in February, 1832, together with some corrections of the text, and notes on localities mentioned in the Novel.

The materials for the Introduction must have been collected before he left Scotland, in September, 1831; but in the hurry of preparing for his voyage he had not been able to arrange them so as to accompany the first edition of this Romance.

A few notes, supplied by the Editor, are placed within brackets.]

THE incidents on which the ensuing Novel mainly turns are derived from the ancient metrical chronicle of *The Bruce*, by Archdeacon Barbour, and from *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, by David Hume of Godscroft; and are sustained by the immemorial tradition of the western parts of Scotland. They are so much in consonance with the spirit and manners of the troubled age to which they are referred, that I can see no reason for doubting their being founded in fact: the names, indeed, of numberless localities in the vicinity of Douglas Castle appear to attest, beyond suspicion, many even of the smallest circumstances embraced in the story of Godscroft.

Among all the associates of Robert the Bruce, in his great enterprise of rescuing Scotland from the power of Edward, the first place is universally conceded to James,

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the eighth Lord Douglas, to this day venerated by his countrymen as 'the Good Sir James': —

The Gud Schyr James off Douglas,
That in his time sa worthy was,
That off his price and his bounté,
In far landis renownyt was he. — BARBOUR.

The Good Sir James, the dreadful blacke Douglas,
That in his dayes so wise and worthie was,
Wha here, and on the infidels of Spain,
Such honour, praise, and triumphs did obtain. — GORDON.

From the time when the King of England refused to reinstate him, on his return from France, where he had received the education of chivalry, in the extensive possessions of his family, which had been held forfeited by the exertions of his father, William the Hardy, the young knight of Douglas appears to have embraced the cause of Bruce with enthusiastic ardour, and to have adhered to the fortunes of his sovereign with unwearied fidelity and devotion. 'The Douglass,' says Hollinshed, 'was right joyfully received of King Robert, in whose service he faithfully continued, both in peace and war, to his life's end. Though the surname and familie of the Douglasses was in some estimation of nobilitie before those daies, yet the rising thereof to honour chanced through this James Douglass; for, by meanes of his advancement, others of that lineage tooke occasion, by their singular manhood and noble prowess, shewed at sundrie times in defence of the realme, to grow to such height in authoritie and estimation, that their mightie puissance in mainrent, lands, and great possessions at length was, through suspicion conceived by the kings that succeeded, the cause in part of their ruinous decay.'

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In every narrative of the Scottish war of independence, a considerable space is devoted to those years of perilous adventure and suffering which were spent by the illustrious friend of Bruce in harassing the English detachments successively occupying his paternal territory, and in repeated and successful attempts to wrest the formidable fortress of Douglas Castle itself from their possession. In the English as well as Scotch Chronicles, and in Rymer's *Fædera*, occur frequent notices of the different officers entrusted by Edward with the keeping of this renowned stronghold; especially Sir Robert de Clifford, ancestor of the heroic race of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland; his lieutenant, Sir Richard de Thurlewalle (written sometimes Thruswall), of Thirlwall Castle, on the Tippal in Northumberland; and Sir John de Walton, the romantic story of whose love-pledge, to hold the Castle of Douglas for a year and day, or surrender all hope of obtaining his mistress's favour, with the tragic consequences softened in the Novel, is given at length in Godscroft, and has often been pointed out as one of the affecting passages in the chronicles of chivalry.¹

The Author, before he had made much progress in this, probably the last of his Novels, undertook a journey to Douglas Dale, for the purpose of examining the remains of the famous castle, the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas, the patron saint of that great family, and the various localities alluded to by Godscroft in his account of the early adventures of Good Sir James; but though he was fortunate enough to find a zealous and well-

¹ [The reader will find both this story and that of *Robert of Paris* in Sir W. Scott's essay on 'Chivalry,' published in 1818, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. — E.]

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informed *cicerone* in Mr. Thomas Haddow, and had every assistance from the kindness of Mr. Alexander Finlay, the resident chamberlain of his friend, Lord Douglas, the state of his health at the time was so feeble, that he found himself incapable of pursuing his researches, as in better days he would have delighted to do, and was obliged to be contented with such a cursory view of scenes, in themselves most interesting, as could be snatched in a single morning, when any bodily exertion was painful. Mr. Haddow was attentive enough to forward subsequently some notes on the points which the Author had seemed desirous of investigating; but these did not reach him until, being obliged to prepare matters for a foreign excursion in quest of health and strength, he had been compelled to bring his work, such as it is, to a conclusion.

The remains of the old Castle of Douglas are inconsiderable. They consist indeed of but one ruined tower, standing at a short distance from the modern mansion, which itself is only a fragment of the design on which the Duke of Douglas meant to reconstruct the edifice, after its last accidental destruction by fire.¹ His Grace had kept in view the ancient prophecy that, as often as Douglas Castle might be destroyed, it should rise again in enlarged dimensions and improved splendour, and projected a pile of building which, if it had been completed, would have much exceeded any nobleman's residence then existing in Scotland, as indeed what has been finished, amounting to about one-eighth part of the plan, is sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of a large establishment, and contains some apartments

¹ See Note 1.

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the dimensions of which are magnificent. The situation is commanding; and though the Duke's successors have allowed the mansion to continue as he left it, great expense has been lavished on the environs, which now present a vast sweep of richly undulated woodland, stretching to the borders of the Cairntable mountains, repeatedly mentioned as the favourite retreat of the great ancestor of the family in the days of his hardship and persecution. There remains at the head of the adjoining *bourg* the choir of the ancient church of St. Bride, having beneath it the vault which was used till lately as the burial-place of this princely race, and only abandoned when their stone and leaden coffins had accumulated, in the course of five or six hundred years, in such a way that it could accommodate no more. Here a silver case, containing the dust of what was once the brave heart of Good Sir James, is still pointed out; and in the dilapidated choir above appears, though in a sorely ruinous state, the once magnificent tomb of the warrior himself. After detailing the well-known circumstances of Sir James's death in Spain, 20th August 1330, where he fell, assisting the King of Arragon in an expedition against the Moors, when on his way back to Scotland from Jerusalem, to which he had conveyed the heart of Bruce, the old poet Barbour tells us that —

Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
Thai debowalyt him, and syne
Gert scher him swa, that mycht be tane
The flesch all haly fra the bane,
And the carioune thar in haly place
Erdyt, with rycht gret worschip, was.

The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
And syne ar to their schippis gane;

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Syne towart Scotland held thair way,
And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
And the banys honorabillly
In till the kyrk off Douglas war
Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn
Off alabastre, bath fair and fyne,
Ordane a tumbe sa richly
As it behowyt to swa worthy.

The monument is supposed to have been wantonly mutilated and defaced by a detachment of Cromwell's troops, who, as was their custom, converted the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas into a stable for their horses. Enough, however, remains to identify the resting-place of the great Sir James. The effigy, of dark stone, is cross-legged, marking his character as one who had died after performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and in actual conflict with the infidels of Spain; and the introduction of the HEART, adopted as an addition to the old arms of Douglas, in consequence of the knight's fulfilment of Bruce's dying injunction, appears, when taken in connexion with the posture of the figure, to set the question at rest. The monument, in its original state, must have been not inferior in any respect to the best of the same period in Westminster Abbey; and the curious reader is referred for further particulars of it to *The Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain*, by Edward Blore, F.S.A. (London, 4to, 1826), where may also be found interesting details of some of the other tombs and effigies in the cemetery of the first house of Douglas.

As considerable liberties have been taken with the historical incidents on which this novel is founded, it is due to the reader to place before him such extracts from

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Godscroft and Barbour as may enable him to correct any mis-impression. The passages introduced in the Appendix, from the ancient poem of *The Bruce*, will moreover gratify those who have not in their possession a copy of the text of Barbour, as given in the valuable quarto edition of my learned friend Dr. Jamieson, as furnishing on the whole a favourable specimen of the style and manner of a venerable classic who wrote when Scotland was still full of the fame and glory of her liberators from the yoke of Plantagenet, and especially of Sir James Douglas, 'of whom,' says Godscroft, 'we will not omit here (to shut up all) the judgment of those times concerning him, in a rude verse indeed, yet such as beareth witness of his true magnanimity and invincible mind in either fortune: —

Good Sir James Douglas, who wise, and wight, and worthy was,
Was never overglad in no winning, nor yet oversad for no tining;
Good fortune and evil chance he weighed both in one balance.

W. S.

CASTLE DANGEROUS

CHAPTER I

Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.

JOHN HOME.

It was at the close of an early spring day, when nature, in a cold province of Scotland, was reviving from her winter's sleep, and the air at least, though not the vegetation, gave promise of an abatement of the rigour of the season, that two travellers, whose appearance at that early period sufficiently announced their wandering character, which, in general, secured a free passage even through a dangerous country, were seen coming from the south-westward, within a few miles of the Castle of Douglas, and seemed to be holding their course in the direction of the river of that name, whose dale afforded a species of approach to that memorable feudal fortress. The stream, small in comparison to the extent of its fame, served as a kind of drain to the country in its neighbourhood, and at the same time afforded the means of a rough road to the castle and village. The high lords to whom the castle had for ages belonged might, had they chosen, have made this access a great deal smoother and more convenient; but there had been as yet little or no exercise for those geniuses who have taught all the world that it is better to take the more circuitous road round the base of a hill than the direct course of ascend-

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ing it on the one side and descending it directly on the other, without yielding a single step to render the passage more easy to the traveller; still less were those mysteries dreamed of which M'Adam has of late days expounded. But, indeed, to what purpose should the ancient Douglasses have employed his principles, even if they had known them in ever so much perfection? Wheel-carriages, except of the most clumsy description, and for the most simple operations of agriculture, were totally unknown. Even the most delicate female had no resource save a horse, or, in case of sore infirmity, a litter. The men used their own sturdy limbs, or hardy horses, to transport themselves from place to place; and travellers, females in particular, experienced no small inconvenience from the rugged nature of the country. A swollen torrent sometimes crossed their path, and compelled them to wait until the waters had abated their frenzy. The bank of a small river was occasionally torn away by the effects of a thunderstorm, a recent inundation, or the like convulsions of nature; and the wayfarer relied upon his knowledge of the district, or obtained the best local information in his power, how to direct his path so as to surmount such untoward obstacles.

The Douglas issues from an amphitheatre of mountains which bounds the valley to the south-west, from whose contributions, and the aid of sudden storms, it receives its scanty supplies. The general aspect of the country is that of the pastoral hills of the south of Scotland, forming, as is usual, bleak and wild farms, many of which had, at no great length of time from the date of the story, been covered with trees, as some of them still

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attest by bearing the name of 'shaw,' that is, wild natural wood. The neighbourhood of the Douglas water itself was flat land, capable of bearing strong crops of oats and rye, supplying the inhabitants with what they required of these productions. At no great distance from the edge of the river, a few special spots excepted, the soil capable of agriculture was more and more mixed with the pastoral and woodland country, till both terminated in desolate and partly inaccessible moorlands.

Above all, it was war-time, and of necessity all circumstances of mere convenience were obliged to give way to a paramount sense of danger; the inhabitants, therefore, instead of trying to amend the paths which connected them with other districts, were thankful that the natural difficulties which surrounded them rendered it unnecessary to break up or to fortify the access from more open countries. Their wants, with a very few exceptions, were completely supplied, as we have already said, by the rude and scanty produce of their own mountains and 'holms,'¹ the last of which served for the exercise of their limited agriculture, while the better part of the mountains and forest glens produced pasture for their herds and flocks. The recesses of the unexplored depths of these silvan retreats being seldom disturbed, especially since the lords of the district had laid aside, during this time of strife, their constant occupation of hunting, the various kinds of game had increased of late very considerably; so that not only in crossing the rougher parts of the hilly and desolate

¹ *Holms*, or flat plains, by the sides of the brooks and rivers, termed in the south, *Ings*.

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country we are describing, different varieties of deer were occasionally seen, but even the wild cattle peculiar to Scotland sometimes showed themselves, and other animals, which indicated the irregular and disordered state of the period. The wildcat was frequently surprised in the dark ravines or the swampy thickets; and the wolf, already a stranger to the more populous districts of the Lothians, here maintained his ground against the encroachments of man, and was still himself a terror to those by whom he was finally to be extirpated. In winter especially — and winter was hardly yet past — these savage animals were wont to be driven to extremity for lack of food, and used to frequent, in dangerous numbers, the battlefields, the deserted churchyard — nay, sometimes the abodes of living men, there to watch for children, their defenceless prey, with as much familiarity as the fox nowadays will venture to prowl near the mistress's¹ poultry-yard.

From what we have said, our readers, if they have made — as who in these days has not? — the Scottish tour, will be able to form a tolerably just idea of the wilder and upper part of Douglas Dale, during the earlier period of the fourteenth century. The setting sun cast his gleams along a moorland country, which to the westward broke into larger swells, terminating in the mountains called the Larger and Lesser Cairntable. The first of these is, as it were, the father of the hills in the neighbourhood, the source of an hundred streams, and by far the largest of the ridge, still holding in his dark bosom, and in the ravines with which his sides are

¹ The good dame or wife of a respectable farmer is almost universally thus designated in Scotland.

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ploughed, considerable remnants of those ancient forests with which all the high grounds of that quarter were once covered, and particularly the hills, in which the rivers — both those which run to the east and those which seek the west to discharge themselves into the Solway — hide, like so many hermits, their original and scanty sources.

The landscape was still illuminated by the reflection of the evening sun, sometimes thrown back from pool or stream; sometimes resting on grey rocks, huge cumberers of the soil, which labour and agriculture have since removed; and sometimes contenting itself with gilding the banks of the stream, tinged alternately grey, green, or ruddy, as the ground itself consisted of rock, or grassy turf, or bare earthen mound, or looked at a distance like a rampart of dark red porphyry. Occasionally, too, the eye rested on the steep brown extent of moorland, as the sunbeam glanced back from the little tarn or mountain pool, whose lustre, like that of the eye in the human countenance, gives a life and vivacity to every feature around.

The elder and stouter of the two travellers whom we have mentioned was a person well, and even showily, dressed, according to the finery of the times, and bore at his back, as wandering minstrels were wont, a case, containing a small harp, rote, or viol, or some such species of musical instrument for accompanying the voice. The leathern case announced so much, although it proclaimed not the exact nature of the instrument. The colour of the traveller's doublet was blue, and that of his hose violet, with slashes which showed a lining of the same colour with the jerkin. A mantle ought, according

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to ordinary custom, to have covered this dress; but the heat of the sun, though the season was so early, had induced the wearer to fold up his cloak in small compass, and form it into a bundle, attached to the shoulders like the military greatcoat of the infantry soldier of the present day. The neatness with which it was made up argued the precision of a practised traveller, who had been long accustomed to every resource which change of weather required. A great profusion of narrow ribands or points, constituting the loops with which our ancestors connected their doublet and hose, formed a kind of cordon, composed of knots of blue or violet, which surrounded the traveller's person, and thus assimilated in colour with the two garments which it was the office of these strings to combine. The bonnet usually worn with this showy dress was of that kind with which Henry the Eighth and his son, Edward the Sixth, are usually represented. It was more fitted, from the gay stuff of which it was composed, to appear in a public place than to encounter a storm of rain. It was party-coloured, being made of different stripes of blue and violet; and the wearer arrogated a certain degree of gentility to himself, by wearing a plume of considerable dimensions of the same favourite colours. The features over which this feather drooped were in no degree remarkable for peculiarity of expression. Yet in so desolate a country as the west of Scotland it would not have been easy to pass the man without more minute attention than he would have met with where there was more in the character of the scenery to arrest the gaze of the passengers.

A quick eye, a sociable look, seeming to say, 'Ay, look

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at me, I am a man worth noticing, and not unworthy your attention,' carried with it, nevertheless, an interpretation which might be thought favourable or otherwise, according to the character of the person whom the traveller met. A knight or soldier would merely have thought that he had met a merry fellow, who could sing a wild song, or tell a wild tale, and help to empty a flagon, with all the accomplishments necessary for a boon companion at an hostelry, except perhaps an alacrity at defraying his share of the reckoning. A churchman, on the other hand, might have thought he of the blue and violet was of too loose habits, and accustomed too little to limit himself within the boundaries of befitting mirth, to be fit society for one of his sacred calling. Yet the man of song had a certain steadiness of countenance, which seemed fitted to hold place in scenes of serious business as well as of gaiety. A wayfaring passenger of wealth, not at that time a numerous class, might have feared in him a professional robber, or one whom opportunity was very likely to convert into such; a female might have been apprehensive of uncivil treatment; and a youth, or timid person, might have thought of murder or such direful doings. Unless privately armed, however, the minstrel was ill-accounted for any dangerous occupation. His only visible weapon was a small crooked sword, like what we now call a hanger; and the state of the times would have justified any man, however peaceful his intentions, in being so far armed against the perils of the road.

If a glance at this man had in any respect prejudiced him in the opinion of those whom he met on his journey, a look at his companion would, so far as his character

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could be guessed at — for he was closely muffled up — have passed for an apology and warrant for his associate. The young traveller was apparently in early youth, a soft and gentle boy, whose Sclavonic gown, the appropriate dress of the pilgrim, he wore more closely drawn about him than the coldness of the weather seemed to authorise or recommend. His features, imperfectly seen under the hood of his pilgrim's dress, were prepossessing in a high degree; and though he wore a walking-sword, it seemed rather to be in compliance with general fashion than from any violent purpose he did so. There were traces of sadness upon his brow, and of tears upon his cheeks; and his weariness was such as even his rougher companion seemed to sympathise with, while he privately participated also in the sorrow which left its marks upon a countenance so lovely. They spoke together, and the elder of the two, while he assumed the deferential air proper to a man of inferior rank addressing a superior, showed, in tone and gesture, something that amounted to interest and affection.

‘Bertram, my friend,’ said the younger of the two, ‘how far are we still from Douglas Castle? We have already come farther than the twenty miles which thou didst say was the distance from Cammock — or how didst thou call the last hostelry which we left by day-break?’

‘Cumnock, my dearest lady — I beg ten thousand excuses — my gracious young lord.’

‘Call me Augustine,’ replied his comrade, ‘if you mean to speak as is fittest for the time.’

‘Nay, as for that,’ said Bertram, ‘if your ladyship can condescend to lay aside your quality, my own good-

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breeding is not so firmly sewed to me but that I can doff it and resume it again without its losing a stitch; and since your ladyship, to whom I am sworn in obedience, is pleased to command that I should treat you as my own son, shame it were to me if I were not to show you the affection of a father, more especially as I may well swear my great oath that I owe you the duty of such, though well I wot it has, in our case, been the lot of the parent to be maintained by the kindness and liberality of the child; for when was it that I hungered or thirsted, and the black stock¹ of Berkely did not relieve my wants?’

‘I would have it so,’ answered the young pilgrim — ‘I would have it so. What use of the mountains of beef and the oceans of beer which they say our domains produce, if there is a hungry heart among our vassalage, or especially if thou, Bertram, who hast served as the minstrel of our house for more than twenty years, shouldst experience such a feeling?’

‘Certes, lady,’ answered Bertram, ‘it would be like the catastrophe which is told of the baron of Fastenough, when his last mouse was starved to death in the very pantry; and if I escape this journey without such calamity, I shall think myself out of reach of thirst or famine for the whole of my life.’

‘Thou hast suffered already once or twice by these attacks, my poor friend,’ said the lady.

‘It is little,’ answered Bertram, ‘anything that I have suffered; and I were ungrateful to give the inconvenience of missing a breakfast, or making an untimely dinner, so

¹ The table dormant, which stood in a baron’s hall, was often so designated.

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serious a name. But then I hardly see how your ladyship can endure this gear much longer. You must yourself feel that the plodding along these high lands, of which the Scots give us such good measure in their miles, is no jesting matter; and as for Douglas Castle, why, it is still three good miles off.'

'The question then is,' quoth the lady, heaving a sigh, 'what we are to do when we have so far to travel, and when the castle gates must be locked long before we arrive there?'

'For that I will pledge my word,' answered Bertram. 'The gates of Douglas, under the keeping of Sir John de Walton, do not open so easily as those of the buttery hatch at our own castle when it is well oiled; and if your ladyship take my advice, you will turn southward ho, and in two days at farthest we shall be in a land where men's wants are provided for, as the inns proclaim it, with the least possible delay, and the secret of this little journey shall never be known to living mortal but ourselves, as sure as I am sworn minstrel and man of faith.'

'I thank thee for thy advice, mine honest Bertram,' said the lady, 'but I cannot profit by it. Should thy knowledge of these parts possess thee with an acquaintance with any decent house, whether it belong to rich or poor, I would willingly take quarters there, if I could obtain them from this time until to-morrow morning. The gates of Douglas Castle will then be open to guests of so peaceful an appearance as we carry with us, and — and — it will out — we might have time to make such applications to our toilet as might insure us a good reception, by drawing a comb through our locks, or such-like foppery.'

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‘Ah, madam!’ said Bertram, ‘were not Sir John de Walton in question, methinks I should venture to reply, that an unwashed brow, an unkempt head of hair, and a look far more saucy than your ladyship ever wears, or can wear, were the proper disguise to trick out that minstrel’s boy whom you wish to represent in the present pageant.’

‘Do you suffer your youthful pupils to be indeed so slovenly and so saucy, Bertram?’ answered the lady. ‘I for one will not imitate them in that particular; and whether Sir John be now in the Castle of Douglas or not, I will treat the soldiers who hold so honourable a charge with a washed brow and a head of hair somewhat ordered. As for going back without seeing a castle which has mingled even with my very dreams — at a word, Bertram, thou mayst go that way, but I will not.’

‘And if I part with your ladyship on such terms,’ responded the minstrel, ‘now your frolic is so nearly accomplished, it shall be the foul fiend himself, and nothing more comely or less dangerous, that shall tear me from your side; and for lodging, there is not far from hence the house of one Tom Dickson of Hazelside, one of the most honest fellows of the dale, and who, although a labouring man, ranked as high as a warrior, when I was in this country, as any noble gentleman that rode in the band of the Douglas.’

‘He is, then, a soldier?’ said the lady.

‘When his country or his lord need his sword,’ replied Bertram, ‘and, to say the truth, they are seldom at peace; but otherwise he is no enemy, save to the wolf which plunders his herds.’

‘But forget not, my trusty guide,’ replied the lady,

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‘that the blood in our veins is English, and consequently, that we are in danger from all who call themselves foes to the ruddy cross.

‘Do not fear this man’s faith,’ answered Bertram. ‘You may trust to him as to the best knight or gentleman of the land. We may make good our lodging by a tune or a song; and it may remember you that I undertook, provided it pleased your ladyship, to temporise a little with the Scots, who, poor souls, love minstrelsy, and when they have but a silver penny will willingly bestow it to encourage the gay science — I promised you, I say, that we should be as welcome to them as if we had been born amidst their own wild hills; and for the best that such a house as Dickson’s affords, the gleeman’s son, fair lady, shall not breathe a wish in vain. And now, will you speak your mind to your devoted friend and adopted father, or rather your sworn servant and guide, Bertram the Minstrel, what it is your pleasure to do in this matter?’

‘O, we will certainly accept of the Scot’s hospitality,’ said the lady, ‘your minstrel word being plighted that he is a true man. Tom Dickson, call you him?’

‘Yes,’ replied Bertram, ‘such is his name; and by looking on these sheep, I am assured that we are now upon his land.’

‘Indeed!’ said the lady, with some surprise; ‘and how is your wisdom aware of that?’

‘I see the first letter of his name marked upon this flock,’ answered the guide. ‘Ah, learning is what carries a man through the world, as well as if he had the ring by virtue of which old minstrels tell that Adam understood the language of the beasts in Paradise. Ah, madam!

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there is more wit taught in the shepherd's shieling than the lady thinks of who sews her painted seam in her summer bower.'

'Be it so, good Bertram. And although not so deeply skilled in the knowledge of written language as you are, it is impossible for me to esteem its value more than I actually do; so hold we on the nearest road to this Tom Dickson's, whose very sheep tell of his whereabouts. I trust we have not very far to go, although the knowledge that our journey is shortened by a few miles has so much recovered my fatigue that methinks I could dance all the rest of the way.'

CHAPTER II

Rosalind. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

As You Like It, Act II, Scene iv.

As the travellers spoke together, they reached a turn of the path which presented a more extensive prospect than the broken face of the country had yet shown them. A valley, through which flowed a small tributary stream, exhibited the wild, but not unpleasant, features of 'a lone vale of green bracken,' here and there besprinkled with groups of alder-trees, of hazels, and of copse oak-wood, which had maintained their stations in the recesses of the valley, although they had vanished from the loftier and more exposed sides of the hills. The farm-house, or mansion-house, for, from its size and appearance, it might have been the one or the other, was a large but low building, and the walls of the outhouses were sufficiently strong to resist any band of casual depredators. There was nothing, however, which could withstand a more powerful force; for, in a country laid waste by war, the farmer was then, as now, obliged to take his chance of the great evils attendant upon that state of things; and his condition, never a very eligible one, was rendered considerably worse by the insecurity attending it. About half a mile farther was seen a Gothic building of very small extent, having a half-dismantled chapel, which the minstrel pronounced to be the abbey

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of St. Bride. 'The place,' he said, 'I understand, is allowed to subsist, as two or three old monks and as many nuns, whom it contains, are permitted by the English to serve God there, and sometimes to give relief to Scottish travellers; and who have accordingly taken assurance with Sir John de Walton, and accepted as their superior a churchman on whom he thinks he can depend. But if these guests happen to reveal any secrets, they are, by some means or other, believed to fly towards the English governor; and therefore, unless your ladyship's commands be positive, I think we had best not trust ourselves to their hospitality.'

'Of a surety, no,' said the lady, 'if thou canst provide me with lodgings where we shall have more prudent hosts.'

At this moment, two human forms were seen to approach the farm-house in a different direction from the travellers, and speaking so high, in a tone apparently of dispute, that the minstrel and his companion could distinguish their voices though the distance was considerable. Having screened his eyes with his hand for some minutes, Bertram at length exclaimed, 'By Our Lady, it is my old friend, Tom Dickson, sure enough! What can make him in such bad humour with the lad, who, I think, may be the little wild boy, his son Charles, who used to run about and plait rushes some twenty years ago? It is lucky, however, we have found our friends astir; for, I warrant, Tom hath a hearty piece of beef in the pot ere he goes to bed, and he must have changed his wont if an old friend hath not his share; and who knows, had we come later, at what hour they may now find it convenient to drop latch and draw bolt so

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near a hostile garrison; for, if we call things by their right names, such is the proper term for an English garrison in the castle of a Scottish nobleman.'

'Foolish man,' answered the lady, 'thou judgest of Sir John de Walton as thou wouldst of some rude boor, to whom the opportunity of doing what he wills is a temptation and license to exercise cruelty and oppression. Now, I could plight you my word that, setting apart the quarrel of the kingdoms, which, of course, will be fought out in fair battle on both sides, you will find that English and Scottish, within this domain, and within the reach of Sir John de Walton's influence, live together as that same flock of sheep and goats do with the shepherd's dog — a foe from whom they fly upon certain occasions, but around whom they nevertheless eagerly gather for protection should a wolf happen to show himself.'

'It is not to your ladyship,' answered Bertram, 'that I should venture to state my opinion of such matters; but the young knight, when he is sheathed in armour, is a different being from him who feasts in halls among press of ladies; and he that feeds by another man's fireside, and when his landlord, of all men in the world, chances to be the Black Douglas, has reason to keep his eyes about him as he makes his meal. But it were better I looked after our own evening refreshment than that I stood here gaping and talking about other folk's matters.' So saying, he called out in a thundering tone of voice, 'Dickson! — what ho, Thomas Dickson! will you not acknowledge an old friend, who is much disposed to trust his supper and night's lodging to your hospitality?'

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The Scotchman, attracted by the call, looked first along the banks of the river, then upwards to the bare side of the hill, and at length cast his eyes upon the two figures who were descending from it.

As if he felt the night colder while he advanced from the more sheltered part of the valley to meet them, the Douglas Dale farmer wrapped closer around him the grey plaid which, from an early period, has been used by the shepherds of the south of Scotland, and the appearance of which gives a romantic air to the peasantry and middle classes; and which, although less brilliant and gaudy in its colours, is as picturesque in its arrangement as the more military tartan mantle of the Highlands. When they approached near to each other, the lady might observe that this friend of her guide was a stout athletic man, somewhat past the middle of life, and already showing marks of the approach, but none of the infirmities, of age, upon a countenance which had been exposed to many a storm. Sharp eyes, too, and a quick observation, exhibited signs of vigilance, acquired by one who had lived long in a country where he had constant occasion for looking around him with caution. His features were still swollen with displeasure; and the handsome young man who attended him seemed to be discontented, like one who had undergone no gentle marks of his father's indignation, and who, from the sullen expression which mingled with an appearance of shame on his countenance, seemed at once affected by anger and remorse.

'Do you not remember me, old friend?' said Bertram, as they approached within a distance for communing; 'or have the twenty years which have marched over us

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since we met carried along with them all remembrance of Bertram, the English minstrel?’

‘In troth,’ answered the Scot, ‘it is not for want of plenty of your countrymen to keep you in my remembrance, and I have hardly heard one of them so much as whistle

Hey, now the day dawns,

but it has recalled some note of your blythe rebeck; and yet such animals are we, that I had forgot the mien of my old friend, and scarcely knew him at a distance. But we have had trouble lately: there are a thousand of your countrymen that keep garrison in the Perilous Castle of Douglas yonder, as well as in other places through the vale, and that is but a woful sight for a true Scotchman; even my own poor house has not escaped the dignity of a garrison of a man-at-arms, besides two or three archer knaves, and one or two slips of mischievous boys called pages, and so forth, who will not let a man say, “this is my own,” by his own fireside. Do not, therefore, think hardly of me, old comrade, if I show you a welcome something colder than you might expect from a friend of other days; for, by St. Bride of Douglas, I have scarcely anything left to which I can say welcome.’

‘Small welcome will serve,’ said Bertram. ‘My son, make thy reverence to thy father’s old friend. Augustine is learning my joyous trade, but he will need some practice ere he can endure its fatigues. If you could give him some little matter of food, and a quiet bed for the night, there’s no fear but that we shall both do well enough; for I daresay when you travel with my friend Charles there — if that tall youth chance to be my old

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acquaintance Charles — you will find yourself accommodated when his wants are once well provided for.'

'Nay, the foul fiend take me if I do,' answered the Scottish husbandman. 'I know not what the lads of this day are made of — not of the same clay as their fathers to be sure — not sprung from the heather, which fears neither wind nor rain, but from some delicate plant of a foreign country, which will not thrive unless it be nourished under glass, with a murrain to it! The good Lord of Douglas — I have been his henchman, and can vouch for it — did not in his pagehood desire such food and lodging as, in the present day, will hardly satisfy such a lad as your friend Charles.'

'Nay,' said Bertram, 'it is not that my Augustine is over nice; but, for other reasons, I must request of you a bed to himself: he hath of late been unwell.'

'Ay, I understand,' said Dickson, 'your son hath had a touch of that illness which terminates so frequently in the black death you English folk die of? We hear much of the havoc it has made to the southward. Comes it hitherward?'

Bertram nodded.

'Well, my father's house,' continued the farmer, 'hath more rooms than one, and your son shall have one well aired and comfortable; and for supper, ye shall have a part of what is prepared for your countrymen, though I would rather have their room than their company. Since I am bound to feed a score of them, they will not dispute the claim of such a skilful minstrel as thou art to a night's hospitality. I am ashamed to say that I must do their bidding even in my own house. Well-a-day, if my good lord were in possession of his own, I have

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heart and hand enough to turn the whole of them out of my house, like — like —'

'To speak plainly,' said Bertram, 'like a Southron strolling gang from Redesdale, whom I have seen you fling out of your house like a litter of blind puppies, when not one of them looked behind to see who had done him the courtesy until he was half-way to Cairn-table.'

'Ay,' answered the Scotchman, drawing himself up at least six inches taller than before; 'then I had a house of my own, and a cause and an arm to keep it. Now I am — what signifies it what I am? — the noblest lord in Scotland is little better.'

'Truly, friend,' said Bertram, 'now you view this matter in a rational light. I do not say that the wisest, the richest, or the strongest man in this world has any right to tyrannise over his neighbour, because he is the more weak, ignorant, and the poorer, but yet, if he does enter into such a controversy, he must submit to the course of nature, and that will always give the advantage in the tide of battle to wealth, strength, and health.'

'With permission, however,' answered Dickson, 'the weaker party, if he use his faculties to the utmost, may, in the long-run, obtain revenge upon the author of his sufferings, which would be at least compensation for his temporary submission; and he acts simply as a man, and most foolishly as a Scotchman, whether he sustain these wrongs with the insensibility of an idiot or whether he endeavour to revenge them before Heaven's appointed time has arrived. But if I talk thus I shall scare you, as I have scared some of your countrymen, from accepting a meal of meat and a night's lodging in a house where

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you might be called with the morning to a bloody settlement of a national quarrel.'

'Never mind,' said Bertram, 'we have been known to each other of old; and I am no more afraid of meeting unkindness in your house than you expect me to come here for the purpose of adding to the injuries of which you complain.'

'So be it,' said Dickson; 'and you, my old friend, are as welcome to my abode as when it never held any guest save of my own inviting. And you, my young friend, Master Augustine, shall be looked after as well as if you came with a gay brow and a light cheek, such as best becomes the gay science.'

'But wherefore, may I ask,' said Bertram, 'so much displeased but now at my young friend Charles?'

The youth answered before his father had time to speak. 'My father, good sir, may put what show upon it he will, but shrewd and wise men wax weak in the brain in these troublous times. He saw two or three wolves seize upon three of our choicest wethers; and because I shouted to give the alarm to the English garrison, he was angry as if he could have murdered me — just for saving the sheep from the jaws that would have devoured them.'

'This is a strange account of thee, old friend,' said Bertram. 'Dost thou connive with the wolves in robbing thine own fold?'

'Why, let it pass if thou lovest me,' answered the countryman: 'Charles could tell thee something nearer the truth if he had a mind; but for the present let it pass.'

The minstrel, perceiving that the Scotchman was

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fretted and embarrassed with the subject, pressed it no further.

At this moment, in crossing the threshold of Thomas Dickson's house, they were greeted with sounds from two English soldiers within. 'Quiet, Anthony,' said one voice — 'quiet, man! for the sake of common sense, if not common manners; Robin Hood himself never sat down to his board ere the roast was ready.'

'Ready!' quoth another rough voice; 'it is roasting to rags, and small had been the knave Dickson's share, even of these rags, had it not been the express orders of the worshipful Sir John de Walton that the soldiers who lie at outposts should afford to the inmates such provisions as are not necessary for their own subsistence.'

'Hush, Anthony — hush, for shame!' replied his fellow-soldier, 'if ever I heard our host's step, I heard it this instant; so give over thy grumbling, since our captain, as we all know, hath prohibited, under strict penalties, all quarrels between his followers and the people of the country.'

'I am sure,' replied Anthony, 'that I have ministered occasion to none; but I would I were equally certain of the good meaning of this sullen-browed Thomas Dickson towards the English soldiers, for I seldom go to bed in this dungeon of a house but I expect my throat will gape as wide as a thirsty oyster before I awaken. Here he comes, however,' added Anthony, sinking his sharp tones as he spoke; 'and I hope to be excommunicated if he has not brought with him that mad animal, his son Charles, and two other strangers, hungry enough, I'll be sworn, to eat up the whole supper, if they do us no other injury.'

'Shame of thyself, Anthony,' repeated his comrade; 'a

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good archer thou as ever wore Kendal green, and yet affect to be frightened for two tired travellers, and alarmed for the inroad their hunger may make on the night's meal. There are four or five of us here; we have our bows and our bills within reach, and scorn to be chased from our supper, or cheated out of our share of it, by a dozen Scotchmen, whether stationary or strollers. How say'st thou?' he added, turning to Dickson — 'how say ye, quartermaster? it is no secret that, by the directions given to our post, we must inquire into the occupations of such guests as you may receive besides ourselves, your unwilling inmates; you are as ready for supper, I warrant, as supper is for you, and I will only delay you and my friend Anthony, who becomes dreadfully impatient, until you answer two or three questions which you wot of.'

'Bend-the-Bow,' answered Dickson, 'thou art a civil fellow; and although it is something hard to be constrained to give an account of one's friends, because they chance to quarter in one's own house for a night or two, yet I must submit to the times, and make no vain opposition. You may mark down in your breviary there that, upon the fourteenth day before Palm Sunday, Thomas Dickson brought to his house of Hazelside, in which you hold garrison, by orders from the English governor, Sir John de Walton, two strangers, to whom the said Thomas Dickson had promised refreshment and a bed for the evening, if it be lawful at this time and place.'

'But what are they — these strangers?' said Anthony, somewhat sharply.

'A fine world the while,' murmured Thomas Dickson,

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‘that an honest man should be forced to answer the questions of every paltry companion!’ But he mitigated his voice and proceeded — ‘The eldest of my guests is Bertram, an ancient English minstrel, who is bound on his own errand to the Castle of Douglas, and will communicate what he has to say of news to Sir John de Walton himself. I have known him for twenty years, and never heard anything of him save that he was good man and true. The younger stranger is his son, a lad recovering from the English disorder, which has been raging far and wide in Westmoreland and Cumberland.’

‘Tell me,’ said Bend-the-Bow, ‘this same Bertram, was he not about a year since in the service of some noble lady in our own country?’

‘I have heard so,’ answered Dickson.

‘We shall, in that case, I think, incur little danger,’ replied Bend-the-Bow, ‘by allowing this old man and his son to proceed on their journey to the castle.’

‘You are my elder and my better,’ answered Anthony; ‘but I may remind you that it is not so clearly our duty to give free passage into a garrison of a thousand men of all ranks to a youth who has been so lately attacked by a contagious disorder; and I question if our commander would not rather hear that the Black Douglas, with a hundred devils as black as himself, since such is his colour, had taken possession of the outpost of Hazelside with sword and battle-axe than that one person suffering under this fell sickness had entered peaceably, and by the opened wicket of the castle.’

‘There is something in what thou sayest, Anthony,’ replied his comrade; ‘and considering that our governor, since he has undertaken the troublesome job of keeping

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a castle which is esteemed so much more dangerous than any other within Scotland, has become one of the most cautious and jealous men in the world, we had better, I think, inform him of the circumstance, and take his commands how the stripling is to be dealt with.'

'Content am I,' said the archer; 'and first, methinks, I would just, in order to show that we know what belongs to such a case, ask the stripling a few questions, as how long he has been ill, by what physicians he has been attended, when he was cured, and how his cure is certified, etc.'

'True, brother,' said Bend-the-Bow. 'Thou hearest, minstrel, we would ask thy son some questions. What has become of him? He was in this apartment but now.'

'So please you,' answered Bertram, 'he did but pass through the apartment. Mr. Thomas Dickson, at my entreaty, as well as in respectful reverence to your honour's health, carried him through the room without tarriance, judging his own bed-chamber the fittest place for a young man recovering from a severe illness, and after a day of no small fatigue.'

'Well,' answered the elder archer, 'though it is uncommon for men who, like us, live by bow-string and quiver, to meddle with interrogations and examinations; yet, as the case stands, we must make some inquiries of your son ere we permit him to set forth to the Castle of Douglas, where you say his errand leads him.'

'Rather my errand, noble sir,' said the minstrel, 'than that of the young man himself.'

'If such be the case,' answered Bend-the-Bow, 'we may sufficiently do our duty by sending yourself, with the first grey light of dawn, to the castle, and letting

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your son remain in bed, which I warrant is the fittest place for him, until we shall receive Sir John de Walton's commands whether he is to be brought onward or not.'

'And we may as well,' said Anthony, 'since we are to have this man's company at supper, make him acquainted with the rules of the out garrison stationed here for the time.' So saying, he pulled a scroll from his leathern pouch, and said, 'Minstrel, canst thou read?'

'It becomes my calling,' said the minstrel.

'It has nothing to do with mine, though,' answered the archer, 'and therefore do thou read these regulations aloud; for, since I do not comprehend these characters by sight, I lose no chance of having them read over to me as often as I can, that I may fix their sense in my memory. So beware that thou readest the words letter for letter as they are set down; for thou dost so at thy peril, sir minstrel, if thou readest not like a true man.'

'On my minstrel word,' said Bertram, and began to read excessively slow, for he wished to gain a little time for consideration, which he foresaw would be necessary to prevent his being separated from his mistress, which was likely to occasion her much anxiety and distress. He therefore began thus: "'Outpost at Hazelside, the steading of Goodman Thomas Dickson." Ay, Thomas, and is thy house so called?'

'It is the ancient name of the steading,' said the Scot, 'being surrounded by a hazel-shaw, or thicket.'

'Hold your chattering tongue, minstrel,' said Anthony, 'and proceed, as you value that or your ears, which you seem disposed to make less use of.'

"His garrison," proceeded the minstrel, reading, "consists of a lance with its furniture." What, then, a

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lance, in other words, a belted knight, commands this party?’

‘T is no concern of thine,’ said the archer.

‘But it is,’ answered the minstrel: ‘we have a right to be examined by the highest person in presence.’

‘I will show thee, thou rascal,’ said the archer, starting up, ‘that I am lance enough for thee to reply to, and I will break thy head if thou say’st a word more.’

‘Take care, brother Anthony,’ said his comrade, ‘we are to use travellers courteously — and, with your leave, those travellers best who come from our native land.’

‘It is even so stated here,’ said the minstrel, and he proceeded to read — ‘“The watch at this outpost of Hazelside¹ shall stop and examine all travellers passing by the said station, suffering such to pass onwards to the town of Douglas, or to Douglas Castle, always interrogating them with civility, and detaining and turning them back if there arise matter of suspicion; but conducting themselves in all matters civilly and courteously to the people of the country, and to those who travel in it.” You see, most excellent and valiant archer,’ added the commentator Bertram, ‘that courtesy and civility are, above all, recommended to your worship in your conduct towards the inhabitants, and those passengers who, like us, may chance to fall under your rules in such matters.’

‘I am not to be told at this time of day,’ said the archer, ‘how to conduct myself in the discharge of my duties. Let me advise you, sir minstrel, to be frank and open in your answers to our inquiries, and you shall have no reason to complain.’

¹ See Note 2.

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‘I hope, at all events,’ said the minstrel, ‘to have your favour for my son, who is a delicate stripling, and not accustomed to play his part among the crew which inhabit this wild world.’

‘Well,’ continued the elder and more civil of the two archers, ‘if thy son be a novice in this terrestrial navigation, I warrant that thou, my friend, from thy look and manner of speech, hast enough of skill to use thy compass. To comfort thee, although thou must thyself answer the questions of our governor or deputy-governor, in order that he may see there is no offence in thee, I think there may be permission granted for thy son’s residing here in the convent hard by — where the nuns, by the way, are as old as the monks, and have nearly as long beards, so thou mayst be easy about thy son’s morals — until thou hast done thy business at Douglas Castle, and art ready to resume thy journey.’

‘If such permission,’ said the minstrel, ‘can be obtained, I should be better pleased to leave him at the abbey, and go myself, in the first place, to take the directions of your commanding-officer.’

‘Certainly,’ answered the archer, ‘that will be the safest and best way; and with a piece or two of money thou mayst secure the protection of the abbot.’

‘Thou say’st well,’ answered the minstrel; ‘I have known life, I have known every stile, gap, pathway, and pass of this wilderness of ours for some thirty years; and he that cannot steer his course fairly through it like an able seaman, after having served such an apprenticeship, can hardly ever be taught, were a century to be given him to learn it in.’

‘Since thou art so expert a mariner,’ answered the

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archer Anthony, 'thou hast, I warrant me, met in thy wanderings a potation called a morning's draught, which they who are conducted by others where they themselves lack experience are used to bestow upon those who undertake the task of guide upon such an occasion?'

'I understand you, sir,' quoth the minstrel; 'and although money, or "drink-geld," as the Fleming calls it, is rather a scarce commodity in the purse of one of my calling, yet, according to my feeble ability, thou shalt have no cause to complain that thine eyes or those of thy comrades have been damaged by a Scottish mist while we can find an English coin to pay for the good liquor which should wash them clear.'

'Content,' said the archer; 'we now understand each other, and if difficulties arise on the road, thou shalt not want the countenance of Anthony to sail triumphantly through them. But thou hadst better let thy son know soon of the early visit to the abbot to-morrow, for thou mayst guess that we cannot and dare not delay our departure for the convent a minute after the eastern sky is ruddy; and, with other infirmities, young men often are prone to laziness and a love of ease.'

'Thou shalt have no reason to think so,' answered the minstrel: 'not the lark himself, when waked by the first ray peeping over the black cloud, springs more lightly to the sky than will my Augustine answer the same brilliant summons. And now we understand each other, I would only further pray you to forbear light talk while my son is in your company, — a boy of innocent life, and timid in conversation.'

'Nay, jolly minstrel,' said the elder archer, 'thou givest us here too gross an example of Satan reproving

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sin. If thou hast followed thy craft for twenty years, as thou pretendest, thy son, having kept thee company since childhood, must by this time be fit to open a school to teach even devils the practice of the seven deadly sins, of which none know the theory if those of the gay science are lacking.'

'Truly, comrade, thou speakest well,' answered Bertram, 'and I acknowledge that we minstrels are too much to blame in this matter. Nevertheless, in good sooth, the fault is not one of which I myself am particularly guilty; on the contrary, I think that he who would wish to have his own hair honoured when time has strewed it with silver should so rein his mirth when in the presence of the young as may show in what respect he holds innocence. I will, therefore, with your permission, speak a word to Augustine, that to-morrow we must be on foot early.'

'Do so, my friend,' said the English soldier; 'and do the same the more speedily that our poor supper is still awaiting until thou art ready to partake of it.'

'To which, I promise thee,' said Bertram, 'I am disposed to entertain no delay.'

'Follow me, then,' said Dickson, 'and I will show thee where this young bird of thine has his nest.'

Their host accordingly tripped up the wooden stair, and tapped at a door, which he thus indicated was that of his younger guest.

'Your father,' continued he, as the door opened, 'would speak with you, Master Augustine.'

'Excuse me, my host,' answered Augustine; 'the truth is, that this room being directly above your eating-chamber, and the flooring not in the best possible repair,

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I have been compelled to the unhandsome practice of eavesdropping, and not a word has escaped me that passed concerning my proposed residence at the abbey, our journey to-morrow, and the somewhat early hour at which I must shake off sloth, and, according to thy expression, fly down from the roost.'

'And how dost thou relish,' said Dickson, 'being left with the abbot of St. Bride's little flock here?'

'Why, well,' said the youth, 'if the abbot is a man of respectability becoming his vocation, and not one of those swaggering churchmen who stretch out the sword, and bear themselves like rank soldiers in these troublous times.'

'For that, young master,' said Dickson, 'if you let him put his hand deep enough into your purse, he will hardly quarrel with anything.'

'Then I will leave him to my father,' replied Augustine, 'who will not grudge him anything he asks in reason.'

'In that case,' replied the Scotchman, 'you may trust to our abbot for good accommodation; and so both sides are pleased.'

'It is well, my son,' said Bertram, who now joined in the conversation; 'and that thou mayst be ready for thy early travelling, I shall presently get our host to send thee some food, after partaking of which thou shouldst go to bed and sleep off the fatigue of to-day, since to-morrow will bring work for itself.'

'And as for thy engagement to these honest archers,' answered Augustine, 'I hope you will be able to do what will give pleasure to our guides, if they are disposed to be civil and true men.'

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‘God bless thee, my child!’ answered Bertram: ‘thou knowest already what would drag after thy beck all the English archers that were ever on this side of the Solway. There is no fear of a grey-goose shaft, if you sing a *réveillez* like to that which chimed even now from that silken nest of dainty young goldfinches.’

‘Hold me as in readiness, then,’ said the seeming youth, ‘when you depart to-morrow morning. I am within hearing, I suppose, of the bells of St. Bride’s chapel, and have no fear, through my sloth, of keeping you or your company waiting.’

‘Good-night, and God bless thee, my child!’ again said the minstrel; ‘remember that your father sleeps not far distant, and on the slightest alarm will not fail to be with you. I need scarce bid thee recommend thyself, meantime, to the great Being who is the friend and father of us all.’

The pilgrim thanked his supposed father for his evening blessing, and the visitors withdrew without farther speech at the time, leaving the young lady to those engrossing fears which, the novelty of her situation and the native delicacy of her sex being considered, naturally thronged upon her.

The tramp of a horse’s foot was not long after heard at the house of Hazelside, and the rider was welcomed by its garrison with marks of respect. Bertram understood so much as to discover from the conversation of the warders that this late arrival was Aymer de Valence, the knight who commanded the little party, and to the furniture of whose lance, as it was technically called, belonged the archers with whom we have already been acquainted, a man-at-arms or two, a certain proportion

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of pages or grooms, and, in short, the command and guidance of the garrison at Thomas Dickson's, while in rank he was deputy-governor of Douglas Castle.

To prevent all suspicion respecting himself and his companion, as well as the risk of the latter being disturbed, the minstrel thought it proper to present himself to the inspection of this knight, the great authority of the little place. He found him, with as little scruple as the archers heretofore, making a supper off the relics of the roast-beef.

Before this young knight Bertram underwent an examination, while an old soldier took down in writing such items of information as the examinee thought proper to express in his replies, both with regard to the minutiae of his present journey, his business at Castle Douglas, and his route when that business should be accomplished — a much more minute examination, in a word, than he had hitherto undergone by the archers, or perhaps than was quite agreeable to him, being encumbered with at least the knowledge of one secret, whatever more. Not that this new examiner had anything stern or severe in his looks or his questions. As to the first, he was mild, gentle, and 'meek as a maid,' and possessed exactly of the courteous manners ascribed by our father Chaucer to the pattern of chivalry whom he describes upon his pilgrimage to Canterbury. But, with all his gentleness, De Valence showed a great degree of acuteness and accuracy in his queries; and well pleased was Bertram that the young knight did not insist upon seeing his supposed son, although even in that case his ready wit had resolved, like a seaman in a tempest, to sacrifice one part to preserve the rest. He was not,

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however, driven to this extremity, being treated by Sir Aymer with that degree of courtesy which in that age men of song were in general thought entitled to. The knight kindly and liberally consented to the lad's remaining in the convent, as a fit and quiet residence for a stripling and an invalid, until Sir John de Walton should express his pleasure on the subject; and Sir Aymer consented to this arrangement the more willingly, as it averted all possible danger of bringing disease into the English garrison.

By the young knight's order, all in Dickson's house were despatched earlier to rest than usual; the matin bell of the neighbouring chapel being the signal for their assembly by daybreak. They rendezvoused accordingly, and proceeded to St. Bride's, where they heard mass, after which an interview took place between the abbot Jerome and the minstrel, in which the former undertook, with the permission of De Valence, to receive Augustine into his abbey as a guest for a few days, less or more, and for which Bertram promised an acknowledgment in name of alms, which was amply satisfactory.

'So be it,' said Bertram, taking leave of his supposed son; 'rely on it I will not tarry a day longer at Douglas Castle than shall suffice for transacting my business there, which is to look after the old books you wot of, and I will speedily return for thee to the abbey of St. Bride, to resume in company our journey homeward.'

'O, father,' replied the youth, with a smile, 'I fear, if you get among romances and chronicles, you will be so earnest in your researches that you will forget poor Augustine and his concerns.'

'Never fear me, Augustine,' said the old man, making

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the motion of throwing a kiss towards the boy; 'thou art good and virtuous, and Heaven will not neglect thee were thy father unnatural enough to do so. Believe me, all the old songs since Merlin's day shall not make me forget thee.'

Thus they separated, the minstrel, with the English knight and his retinue, to move towards the castle, and the youth in dutiful attendance on the venerable abbot, who was delighted to find that his guest's thoughts turned rather upon spiritual things than on the morning repast, of the approach of which he could not help being himself sensible.

CHAPTER III

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler. 'T is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Merchant of Venice.

To facilitate the progress of the party on its way to Douglas Castle, the knight of Valence offered the minstrel the convenience of a horse, which the fatigues of yesterday made him gladly accept. Any one acquainted with equestrian exercise is aware that no means of refreshment carries away the sense of fatigue from over-walking so easily as the exchange to riding, which calls into play another set of muscles, and leaves those which have been over-exerted an opportunity of resting through change of motion more completely than they could in absolute repose. Sir Aymer de Valence was sheathed in armour, and mounted on his charger; two of the archers, a groom of mean rank, and a squire, who looked in his day for the honour of knighthood, completed the detachment, which seemed so disposed as to secure the minstrel from escape and to protect him against violence. 'Not,' said the young knight, addressing himself to Bertram, 'that there is usually danger in travelling in this country, any more than in the most quiet districts of England; but some disturbances, as you may have learnt, have broken out here within this last year, and have caused the garrison of Castle Douglas to maintain a stricter watch. But let us move on, for the complexion of the day is congenial with the original

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derivation of the name of the country, and the description of the chiefs to whom it belonged — *Sholto Dhu Glass* (see yon dark grey man), and dark grey will our route prove this morning, though by good luck it is not long.'

The morning was indeed what the original Gaelic words implied, a drizzly, dark, moist day; the mist had settled upon the hills, and unrolled itself upon brook, glade, and tarn, and the spring breeze was not powerful enough to raise the veil, though, from the wild sounds which were heard occasionally on the ridges, and through the glens, it might be supposed to wail at a sense of its own inability. The route of the travellers was directed by the course which the river had ploughed for itself down the valley, the banks of which bore in general that dark grey livery which Sir Aymer de Valence had intimated to be the prevalent tint of the country. Some ineffectual struggles of the sun shot a ray here and there to salute the peaks of the hills; yet these were unable to surmount the dulness of a March morning, and, at so early an hour, produced a variety of shades, rather than a gleam of brightness, upon the eastern horizon. The view was monotonous and depressing, and apparently the good knight Aymer sought some amusement in occasional talk with Bertram, who, as was usual with his craft, possessed a fund of knowledge and a power of conversation well suited to pass away a dull morning. The minstrel, well pleased to pick up such information as he might be able concerning the present state of the country, embraced every opportunity of sustaining the dialogue.

'I would speak with you, sir minstrel,' said the young

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knight. 'If thou dost not find the air of this morning too harsh for thine organs, heartily do I wish thou wouldst fairly tell me what can have induced thee, being, as thou seemest, a man of sense, to thrust thyself into a wild country like this, at such a time. And you, my masters,' addressing the archers and the rest of the party, 'methinks it would be as fitting and seeming if you reined back your steeds for a horse's length or so, since I apprehend you can travel on your way without the pastime of minstrelsy.' The bowmen took the hint, and fell back, but, as was expressed by their grumbling observations, by no means pleased that there seemed little chance of their overhearing what conversation should pass between the young knight and the minstrel, which proceeded as follows:—

'I am, then, to understand, good minstrel,' said the knight, 'that you, who have in your time borne arms, and even followed St. George's red-cross banner to the Holy Sepulchre, are so little tired of the danger attending our profession, that you feel yourself attracted unnecessarily to regions where the sword, for ever loose in its scabbard, is ready to start on the slightest provocation?'

'It would be hard,' replied the minstrel, bluntly, 'to answer such a question in the affirmative; and yet, when you consider how nearly allied is his profession who celebrates deeds of arms with that of the knight who performs them, your honour, I think, will hold it advisable that a minstrel desirous of doing his devoir should, like a young knight, seek the truth of adventures where it is to be found, and rather visit countries where the knowledge is preserved of high and noble deeds than those

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lazy and quiet realms in which men live indolently, and die ignobly in peace, or by sentence of law. You yourself, sir, and those like you, who hold life cheap in respect of glory, guide your course through this world on the very same principle which brings your poor rhyming servant Bertram from a far province of Merry England to this dark country of rugged Scotland called Douglas Dale. You long to see adventures worthy of notice, and I — under favour for naming us two in the same breath — seek a scanty, and precarious, but not a dishonourable, living by preparing for immortality, as well as I can, the particulars of such exploits, especially the names of those who were the heroes of these actions. Each, therefore, labours in his vocation; nor can the one be justly wondered at more than the other, seeing that, if there be any difference in the degrees of danger to which both the hero and the poet are exposed, the courage, strength, arms, and address of the valiant knight render it safer for him to venture into scenes of peril than for the poor man of rhyme.'

'You say well,' answered the warrior; 'and although it is something of novelty to me to hear your craft represented as upon a level with my own mode of life, yet shame were it to say that the minstrel who toils so much to keep in memory the feats of gallant knights should not himself prefer fame to existence, and a single achievement of valour to a whole age without a name, or to affirm that he follows a mean and unworthy profession.'

'Your worship will then acknowledge,' said the minstrel, 'that it is a legitimate object in such as myself, who, simple as I am, have taken my regular degrees

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among the professors of the gay science at the capital town of Aigües-Mortes, to struggle forward into this Northern district, where I am well assured many things have happened which have been adapted to the harp by minstrels of great fame in ancient days, and have become the subject of lays which lie deposited in the library of Castle Douglas, where, unless copied over by some one who understands the old British characters and language, they must, with whatever they may contain, whether of entertainment or edification, be speedily lost to posterity. If these hidden treasures were preserved and recorded by the minstrel art of my poor self and others, it might be held well to compensate for the risk of a chance blow of a broadsword, or the sweep of a brown-bill, received while I am engaged in collecting them; and I were unworthy of the name of a man, much more of an inventor or finder,¹ should I weigh the loss of life, a commodity always so uncertain, against the chance of that immortality which will survive in my lay after my broken voice and shivered harp shall no longer be able either to express tune or accompany tale.'

'Certainly,' said Sir Aymer, 'having a heart to feel such a motive, you have an undoubted right to express it; nor should I have been in any degree disposed to question it had I found many minstrels prepared, like yourself, to prefer renown even to life itself, which most men think of greatly more consequence.'

'There are, indeed, noble sir,' replied Bertram, 'minstrels, and, with your reverence, even belted knights themselves, who do not sufficiently value that renown

¹ See Note 3.

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which is acquired at the risk of life. To such ignoble men we must leave their own reward: let us abandon to them earth, and the things of earth, since they cannot aspire to that glory which is the *best* reward of others.'

The minstrel uttered these last words with such enthusiasm that the knight drew his bridle and stood fronting Bertram, with his countenance kindling at the same theme, on which, after a short silence, he expressed himself with a like vivacity.

'Well fare thy heart, gay companion! I am happy to see there is still so much enthusiasm surviving in the world. Thou hast fairly won the minstrel groat; and if I do not pay it in conformity to my sense of thy merit, it shall be the fault of dame Fortune, who has graced my labours in these Scottish wars with the niggard pay of Scottish money. A gold piece or two there must be remaining of the ransom of one French knight whom chance threw into my hands, and that, my friend, shall surely be thine own; and hark thee, I, Aymer de Valence, who now speak to thee, am born of the noble house of Pembroke; and though now landless, shall, by the grace of Our Lady, have in time a fitting establishment, wherein I will find room for a minstrel like thee, if thy talents have not by that time found thee a better patron.'

'Thank thee, noble knight,' said the minstrel, 'as well for thy present intentions as I hope I shall for thy future performance; but I may say with truth that I have not the sordid inclination of many of my brethren.'

'He who partakes the true thirst of noble fame,' said the young knight, 'can have little room in his heart for the love of gold. But thou hast not yet told me, friend minstrel, what are the motives, in particular, which

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have attracted thy wandering steps to this wild country?’

‘Were I to do so,’ replied Bertram, rather desirous to avoid the question, as in some respects too nearly bordering on the secret purpose of his journey, ‘it might sound like a studied panegyric on thine own bold deeds, sir knight, and those of your companions-in-arms; and such adulation, minstrel as I am, I hate like an empty cup at a companion’s lips. But let me say in few words, that Douglas Castle, and the deeds of valour which it has witnessed, have sounded wide through England; nor is there a gallant knight or trusty minstrel whose heart does not throb at the name of the stronghold, which in former days the foot of an Englishman never entered, except in hospitality. There is a magic in the very names of Sir John de Walton and Sir Aymer de Valence, the gallant defenders of a place so often won back by its ancient lords, and with such circumstances of valour and cruelty that it bears in England the name of the Dangerous Castle.’

‘Yet I would fain hear,’ answered the knight, ‘your own minstrel account of those legends which have induced you, for the amusement of future times, to visit a country which, at this period, is so distracted and perilous.’

‘If you can endure the length of a minstrel tale,’ said Bertram, ‘I for one am always amused by the exercise of my vocation, and have no objection to tell my story, provided you do not prove an impatient listener.’

‘Nay, for that matter,’ said the young knight, ‘a fair listener thou shalt have of me; and if my reward be not great, my attention at least shall be remarkable.’

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‘And he,’ said the minstrel, ‘must be a poor gleeman who does not hold himself better paid with that than with gold or silver, were the pieces English rose-nobles. On this condition, then, I begin a long story, which may, in one or other of its details, find subject for better minstrels than myself, and be listened to by such warriors as you hundreds of years hence.’

CHAPTER IV

While many a merry lay and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long;
The rough road, then returning in a round,
Mark'd their impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

DR. JOHNSON.

'It was about the year of redemption one thousand two hundred and eighty-five years,' began the minstrel, 'when King Alexander the Third of Scotland lost his daughter Margaret, whose only child, of the same name, called the Maiden of Norway, as her father was king of that country, became the heiress of this kingdom of Scotland, as well as of her father's crown. An unhappy death was this for Alexander, who had no nearer heirs left of his own body than this grandchild. She indeed might claim his kingdom by birthright, but the difficulty of establishing such a claim of inheritance must have been anticipated by all who bestowed a thought upon the subject. The Scottish king, therefore, endeavoured to make up for his loss by replacing his late queen, who was an English princess, sister of our Edward the First, with Juletta, daughter of the Count de Dreux. The solemnities at the nuptial ceremony, which took place in the town of Jedburgh, were very great and remarkable, and particularly when, amidst the display of a pageant which was exhibited on the occasion, a ghastly spectre made its appearance in the form of a skeleton, as the King of Terrors is said to be represented. Your worship is free to laugh at this, if you think it a

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proper subject for mirth; but men are alive who viewed it with their own eyes, and the event showed too well of what misfortunes this apparition was the singular prognostication.'

'I have heard the story,' said the knight; 'but the monk who told it me suggested that the figure, though unhappily chosen, was perhaps purposely introduced as a part of the pageant.'

'I know not that,' said the minstrel, drily; 'but there is no doubt that shortly after this apparition King Alexander died, to the great sorrow of his people. The Maid of Norway, his heiress, speedily followed her grandfather to the grave, and our English king, sir knight, raked up a claim of dependency and homage due, he said, by Scotland, which neither the lawyers, nobles, priests, nor the very minstrels of Scotland had ever before heard of.'

'Now, beshrew me,' interrupted Sir Aymer de Valence, 'this is beyond bargain. I agreed to hear your tale with patience, but I did not pledge myself that it should contain matter to the reproach of Edward the First, of blessed memory; nor will I permit his name to be mentioned in my hearing without the respect due to his high rank and noble qualities.'

'Nay,' said the minstrel, 'I am no Highland bagpiper or genealogist, to carry respect for my art so far as to quarrel with a man of worship who stops me at the beginning of a pibroch. I am an Englishman, and wish dearly well to my country; and, above all, I must speak the truth. But I will avoid disputable topics. Your age, sir, though none of the ripest, authorises me to suppose you may have seen the battle of Falkirk, and other

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onslaughts in which the competition of Bruce and Baliol has been fiercely agitated, and you will permit me to say that, if the Scottish have not had the right upon their side, they have at least defended the wrong with the efforts of brave men and true.'

'Of brave men, I grant you,' said the knight, 'for I have seen no cowards amongst them; but as for truth, they can best judge of it who know how often they have sworn faith to England, and how repeatedly they have broken their vow.'

'I shall not stir the question,' said the minstrel, 'leaving it to your worship to determine which has most falsehood, he who compels a weaker person to take an unjust oath, or he who, compelled by necessity, takes the imposed oath without the intention of keeping his word.'

'Nay — nay,' said De Valence, 'let us keep our opinions, for we are not likely to force each other from the faith we have adopted on this subject. But take my advice, and, whilst thou travellest under an English pennon, take heed that thou keepest off this conversation in the hall and kitchen, where perhaps the soldier may be less tolerant than the officer. And now, in a word, what is thy legend of this Dangerous Castle?'

'For that,' replied Bertram, 'methinks your worship is most likely to have a better edition than I, who have not been in this country for many years; but it is not for me to bandy opinions with your knightship. I will even proceed with the tale as I have heard it. I need not, I presume, inform your worship that the Lords of Douglas, who founded this castle, are second to no lineage in Scotland in the antiquity of their descent. Nay, they

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have themselves boasted that their family is not to be seen or distinguished, like other great houses, until it is found at once in a certain degree of eminence. "You may see us in the tree," they say, "you cannot discover us in the twig; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us to the fountain." In a word, they deny that historians or genealogists can point out the first mean man named Douglas who originally elevated the family; and true it is that, so far back as we have known this race, they have always been renowned for valour and enterprise, accompanied with the power which made that enterprise effectual.'

'Enough,' said the knight, 'I have heard of the pride and power of that great family, nor does it interest me in the least to deny or detract from their bold claims to consideration in this respect.'

'Without doubt you must also have heard, noble sir,' replied the minstrel, 'many things of James, the present heir of the house of Douglas?'

'More than enough,' answered the English knight; 'he is known to have been a stout supporter of that outlawed traitor, William Wallace; and again, upon the first raising of the banner by this Robert Bruce, who pretends to be King of Scotland, this young springald, James Douglas, must needs start into rebellion anew. He plunders his uncle, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, of a considerable sum of money to fill the Scottish usurper's not over-burdened treasury, debauches the servants of his relation, takes arms, and, though repeatedly chastised in the field, still keeps his vaunt, and threatens mischief to those who, in the name of his rightful sovereign, defend the Castle of Douglas Dale.'

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‘It is your pleasure to say so, sir knight,’ replied Bertram; ‘yet I am sure, were you a Scot, you would with patience hear me tell over what has been said of this young man by those who have known him, and whose account of his adventures shows how differently the same tale may be told. These men talk of the present heir of this ancient family as fully adequate to maintain and augment its reputation; ready, indeed, to undergo every peril in the cause of Robert the Bruce, because the Bruce is esteemed by him his lawful king; and sworn and devoted, with such small strength as he can muster, to revenge himself on those Southrons who have, for several years, as he thinks, unjustly possessed themselves of his father’s abode.’

‘O,’ replied Sir Aymer de Valence, ‘we have heard much of his achievements in this respect, and of his threats against our governor and ourselves; yet we think it scarce likely that Sir John de Walton will move from Douglas Dale without the King’s order, although this James Douglas, a mere chicken, take upon himself to crack his voice by crowing like a cock of the game.’

‘Sir,’ answered Bertram, ‘our acquaintance is but brief, and yet I feel it has been so beneficial to me, that I trust there is no harm in hoping that James Douglas and you may never meet in bodily presence till the state of the two countries shall admit of peace being between you.’

‘Thou art obliging, friend,’ answered Sir Aymer, ‘and, I doubt not, sincere; and truly thou seemest to have a wholesome sense of the respect due to this young knight when men talk of him in his native valley of Douglas. For me, I am only poor Aymer of Valence, without an

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acre of land, or much hope of acquiring any, unless I cut something huge with my broadsword out of the middle of these hills. Only this, good minstrel, if thou livest to tell my story, may I pray thee to use thy scrupulous custom of searching out the verity, and whether I live or die thou shalt not, I think, discover that thy late acquaintance of a spring morning hath added more to the laurels of James of Douglas than any man's death must give to him by whose stronger arm, or more lucky chance, it is his lot to fall.'

'I nothing fear you, sir knight,' said the minstrel, 'for yours is that happy brain which, bold in youth as be-seems a young knight, is in more advanced life the happy source of prudent counsel, of which I would not, by an early death, wish thy country to be deprived.'

'Thou art so candid, then, as to wish Old England the benefit of good advice,' said Sir Aymer, 'though thou leanest to the side of Scotland in the controversy?'

'Assuredly, sir knight,' said the minstrel, 'since, in wishing that Scotland and England each knew their own true interest, I am bound to wish them both alike well; and they should, I think, desire to live in friendship together. Occupying each their own portion of the same island, and living under the same laws, and being at peace with each other, they might, without fear, face the enmity of the whole world.'

'If thy faith be so liberal,' answered the knight, 'as becomes a good man, thou must certainly pray, sir minstrel, for the success of England in the war, by which alone these murderous hostilities of the Northern nation can end in a solid peace. The rebellions of this obstinate country are but the struggles of the stag when

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he is mortally wounded: the animal grows weaker and weaker with every struggle, till his resistance is effectually tamed by the hand of death.'

'Not so, sir knight,' said the minstrel; 'if my creed is well taught me, we ought not so to pray. We may, without offence, intimate in our prayers the end we wish to obtain; but it is not for us poor mortals to point out to an all-seeing Providence the precise manner in which our petitions are to be accomplished, or to wish the downfall of a country to end its commotions, as the death-stab terminates the agonies of the wounded stag. Whether I appeal to my heart or to my understanding, the dictate would be to petition Heaven for what is just and equal in the case; and if I should fear for thee, sir knight, in an encounter with James of Douglas, it is only because he upholds, as I conceive, the better side of the debate, and powers more than earthly have presaged to him success.'

'Do you tell me so, sir minstrel,' said De Valence in a threatening tone, 'knowing me and my office?'

'Your personal dignity and authority,' said Bertram, 'cannot change the right into wrong, or avert what Providence has decreed to take place. You know, I must presume, that the Douglas hath, by various devices, already contrived to make himself master of this Castle of Douglas three several times, and that Sir John de Walton, the present governor, holds it with a garrison trebled in force, and under the assurance that if, without surprise, he should keep it from the Scottish power for a year and a day, he shall obtain the barony of Douglas, with its extensive appendages, in free property for his reward; while, on the other hand, if he shall

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suffer the fortress during this space to be taken, either by guile or by open force, as has happened successively to the holders of the Dangerous Castle, he will become liable to dishonour as a knight and to attainder as a subject; and the chiefs who take share with him and serve under him will participate also in his guilt and his punishment.'

'All this I know well,' said Sir Aymer; 'and I only wonder that, having become public, the conditions have, nevertheless, been told with so much accuracy; but what has this to do with the issue of the combat, if the Douglas and I should chance to meet? I will not surely be disposed to fight with less animation because I wear my fortune upon my sword, or become coward because I fight for a portion of the Douglas's estate, as well as for fame and for fatherland? And after all —'

'Hear me,' said the minstrel; 'an ancient gleeman has said that in a false quarrel there is no true valour, and the *los* or praise won therein is, when balanced against honest fame, as valueless as a wreath formed out of copper compared to a chaplet of pure gold; but I bid you not take me for thy warrant in this important question. Thou well knowest how James of Thirlwall, the last English commander before Sir John de Walton, was surprised, and the castle sacked with circumstances of great inhumanity.'

'Truly,' said Sir Aymer, 'I think that Scotland and England both have heard of that onslaught, and of the disgusting proceedings of the Scottish chieftain, when he caused transport into the wild forest gold, silver, ammunition, and armour, and all things that could be

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easily removed, and destroyed a large quantity of provisions, in a manner equally savage and unheard of.'

'Perhaps, sir knight,' said Bertram, 'you were yourself an eyewitness of that transaction, which has been spoken of far and wide, and is called the Douglas Larder?'

'I saw not the actual accomplishment of the deed,' said De Valence — 'that is, I witnessed it not a-doing — but I beheld enough of the sad relics to make the Douglas Larder never by me to be forgotten as a record of horror and abomination. I would speak it truly, by the hand of my father and by my honour as a knight! and I will leave it to thee to judge whether it was a deed calculated to secure the smiles of Heaven in favour of the actors. This is my edition of the story: —

'A large quantity of provisions had during two years or thereabouts been collected from different points, and the castle of Douglas, newly repaired, and, as was thought, carefully guarded, was appointed as the place where the said provisions were to be put in store for the service of the King of England, or of the Lord Clifford, whichever should first enter the western marches with an English army, and stand in need of such a supply. This army was also to relieve our wants — I mean those of my uncle the Earl of Pembroke, who for some time before had lain with a considerable force in the town called Ayr, near the old Caledonian Forest, and where we had hot wars with the insurgent Scots. Well, sir, it happened, as in similar cases, that Thirlwall, though a bold and active soldier, was surprised in the Castle of Douglas, about Hallowmass, by this same worthy, young James Douglas. In no very good

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humour was he, as you may suppose; for his father, called William the Hardy, or William Long-legs, having refused, on any terms, to become Anglicised, was made a lawful prisoner, and died as such, closely confined in Berwick, or, as some say, in Newcastle. The news of his father's death had put young Douglas into no small rage, and tended, I think, to suggest what he did in his resentment. Embarrassed by the quantity of provisions which he found in the castle, which, the English being superior in the country, he had neither the means to remove nor the leisure to stay and consume, the fiend, as I think, inspired him with a contrivance to render them unfit for human use. You shall judge yourself whether it was likely to be suggested by a good or an evil spirit.

‘According to this device, the gold, silver, and other transportable commodities being carried to secret places of safety, Douglas caused the meat, the malt, and other corn or grain, to be brought down into the castle cellar, where he emptied the contents of the sacks into one loathsome heap, striking out the heads of the barrels and puncheons, so as to let the mingled drink run through the heap of meal, grain, and so forth. The bullocks provided for slaughter were in like manner knocked on the head, and their blood suffered to drain into the mass of edible substances; and lastly, the flesh of these oxen was buried in the same mass, in which were also included the dead bodies of those in the castle, who, receiving no quarter from the Douglas, paid dear enough for having kept no better watch. This base and unworthy abuse of provisions intended for the use of man, together with throwing into the well of the castle

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carcasses of men and horses, and other filth for polluting the same, has since that time been called the DOUGLAS LARDER.'

'I pretend not, good Sir Aymer,' said the minstrel, 'to vindicate what you justly reprove, nor can I conceive any mode of rendering provisions arranged after the form of the Douglas Larder proper for the use of any Christian; yet this young gentleman might perhaps act under the sting of natural resentment, rendering his singular exploit more excusable than it may seem at first. Think, if your own noble father had just died in a lingering captivity, his inheritance seized upon, and occupied as a garrison by a foreign enemy, would not these things stir you to a mode of resentment which, in cold blood, and judging of it as the action of an enemy, your honour might hold in natural and laudable abhorrence? Would you pay respect to dead and senseless objects, which no one could blame your appropriating to your own use, or even scruple the refusal of quarter to prisoners, which is so often practised even in wars which are otherwise termed fair and humane?'

'You press me close, minstrel,' said Aymer de Valence. 'I at least have no great interest to excuse the Douglas in this matter, since its consequences were that I myself, and the rest of my uncle's host, laboured with Clifford and his army to rebuild this same Dangerous Castle; and feeling no stomach for the cheer that the Douglas had left us, we suffered hard commons, though I acknowledge we did not hesitate to adopt for our own use such sheep and oxen as the miserable Scots had still left around their farm-houses; and I jest not, sir minstrel, when I acknowledge in sad earnest that we martial men

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ought to make our petitions with peculiar penitence to Heaven for mercy, when we reflect on the various miseries which the nature of our profession compels us to inflict upon each other.'

'It seems to me,' answered the minstrel, 'that those who feel the stings of their own conscience should be more lenient when they speak of the offences of others; nor do I greatly rely on a sort of prophecy which was delivered, as the men of this hill district say, to the young Douglas, by a man who in the course of nature should have been long since dead, promising him a course of success against the English for having sacrificed his own castle to prevent their making it a garrison.'

'We have time enough for the story,' said Sir Aymer, 'and methinks it would suit a knight and a minstrel better than the grave converse we have hitherto held, which would have beseemed — so God save me! — the mouths of two travelling friars.'

'So be it,' said the minstrel: 'the rote or the viol easily changes its time and varies its note.'

CHAPTER V

A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,
And the flesh curdles, if you read it rightly.

Old Play.

‘YOUR honour must be informed, gentle Sir Aymer de Valence, that I have heard this story told at a great distance from the land in which it happened, by a sworn minstrel, the ancient friend and servant of the house of Douglas, one of the best, it is said, who ever belonged to that noble family. This minstrel, Hugo Hugonet by name, attended his young master when on this fierce exploit, as was his wont.

‘The castle was in total tumult; in one corner the war-men were busy breaking up and destroying provisions; in another they were slaying men, horses, and cattle, and these actions were accompanied with appropriate sounds. The cattle, particularly, had become sensible of their impending fate, and with awkward resistance and piteous cries testified that reluctance with which these poor creatures look instinctively on the shambles. The groans and screams of men undergoing, or about to undergo, the stroke of death, and the screeches of the poor horses which were in mortal agony, formed a fearful chorus. Hugonet was desirous to remove himself from such unpleasant sights and sounds; but his master, the Douglas, had been a man of some reading, and his old servant was anxious to secure a book of poetry, to which

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he had been attached of old. This contained the lays of an ancient Scottish bard who, if an ordinary human creature while he was in this life, cannot now perhaps be exactly termed such.

‘He was, in short, that Thomas, distinguished by the name of the Rhymer, and whose intimacy, it is said, became so great with the gifted people called the faëry folk that he could, like them, foretell the future deed before it came to pass, and united in his own person the quality of bard and of soothsayer. But of late years he had vanished almost entirely from this mortal scene; and although the time and manner of his death were never publicly known, yet the general belief was that he was not severed from the land of the living, but removed to the land of faëry, from whence he sometimes made excursions, and concerned himself only about matters which were to come hereafter. Hugonet was the more earnest to prevent the loss of the works of this ancient bard, as many of his poems and predictions were said to be preserved in the castle, and were supposed to contain much especially connected with the old house of Douglas, as well as other families of ancient descent, who had been subjects of this old man’s prophecy; and accordingly he determined to save this volume from destruction in the general conflagration to which the building was about to be consigned by the heir of its ancient proprietors. With this view he hurried up into the little old vaulted room called “the Douglas’s study,” in which there might be some dozen old books written by the ancient chaplains, in what the minstrels call the letter black. He immediately discovered the celebrated lay, called “Sir Tristrem,” which has been so often altered

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and abridged as to bear little resemblance to the original. Hugonet, who well knew the value in which this poem was held by the ancient lords of the castle, took the parchment volume from the shelves of the library, and laid it upon a small desk adjacent to the baron's chair. Having made such preparation for putting it in safety, he fell into a brief reverie, in which the decay of light, and the preparations for the Douglas Larder, but especially the last sight of objects which had been familiar to his eyes, now on the eve of destruction, engaged him at that moment.

‘The bard, therefore, was thinking within himself upon the uncommon mixture of the mystical scholar and warrior in his old master, when, as he bent his eyes upon the book of the ancient Rhymer, he was astonished to observe it slowly removed from the desk on which it lay by an invisible hand. The old man looked with horror at the spontaneous motion of the book for the safety of which he was interested, and had the courage to approach a little nearer the table, in order to discover by what means it had been withdrawn.

‘I have said that the room was already becoming dark, so as to render it difficult to distinguish any person in the chair, though it now appeared, on closer examination, that a kind of shadowy outline of a human form was seated in it, but neither precise enough to convey its exact figure to the mind nor so detailed as to intimate distinctly its mode of action. The bard of Douglas, therefore, gazed upon the object of his fear, as if he had looked upon something not mortal; nevertheless, as he gazed more intently, he became more capable of discovering the object which offered itself to his eyes, and they

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grew by degrees more keen to penetrate what they witnessed. A tall thin form, attired in, or rather shaded with, a long flowing dusky robe, having a face and physiognomy so wild and overgrown with hair as to be hardly human, were the only marked outlines of the phantom; and, looking more attentively, Hugonet was still sensible of two other forms, the outlines, it seemed, of a hart and a hind, which appeared half to shelter themselves behind the person and under the robe of this supernatural figure.'

'A probable tale,' said the knight, 'for you, sir minstrel, a man of sense as you seem to be, to recite so gravely! From what wise authority have you had this tale which, though it might pass well enough amid clanging beakers, must be held quite apocryphal in the sober hours of the morning?'

'By my minstrel word, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'I am no propagator of the fable, if it be one; Hugonet, the violer, when he had retired into a cloister near the Lake of Pembelmer in Wales, communicated the story to me as I now tell it. Therefore, as it was upon the authority of an eyewitness, I apologise not for relating it to you, since I could hardly discover a more direct source of knowledge.'

'Be it so, sir minstrel,' said the knight; 'tell on thy tale, and may thy legend escape criticism from others as well as from me.'

'Hugonet, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'was a holy man, and maintained a fair character during his whole life, notwithstanding his trade may be esteemed a light one. The vision spoke to him in an antique language, like that formerly used in the kingdom of Strathclyde,

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being a species of Scots or Gaelic, which few would have comprehended.

““You are a learned man,” said the apparition, “and not unacquainted with the dialects used in your country formerly, although they are now out of date, and you are obliged to translate them into the vulgar Saxon of Deira or Northumberland; but highly must an ancient British bard prize one in this ‘remote term of time’ who sets upon the poetry of his native country a value which invites him to think of its preservation at a moment of such terror as influences the present evening.”

““It is, indeed,” said Hugonet, “a night of terror, that calls even the dead from the grave, and makes them the ghastly and fearful companions of the living. Who or what art thou, in God’s name, who breakest the bounds which divide them, and revisitest thus strangely the state thou hast so long bid adieu to?”

““I am,” replied the vision, “that celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, by some called Thomas of Ercildoun, or Thomas the True Speaker. Like other sages, I am permitted at times to revisit the scenes of my former life, nor am I incapable of removing the shadowy clouds and darkness which overhang futurity; and know, thou afflicted man, that what thou now seest in this woful country is not a general emblem of what shall therein befall hereafter; but in proportion as the Douglasses are now suffering the loss and destruction of their home for their loyalty to the rightful heir of the Scottish kingdom, so hath Heaven appointed for them a just reward; and as they have not spared to burn and destroy their own house and that of their fathers in the Bruce’s cause, so is it the doom of Heaven that, as often as the walls of

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Douglas Castle shall be burnt to the ground, they shall be again rebuilt still more stately and more magnificent than before."

'A cry was now heard like that of a multitude in the courtyard, joining in a fierce shout of exultation; at the same time a broad and ruddy glow seemed to burst from the beams and rafters, and sparks flew from them as from the smith's stithy, while the element caught to its fuel, and the conflagration broke its way through every aperture.

"See ye that?" said the vision, casting his eye towards the windows, and disappearing. "Begone! The fated hour of removing this book is not yet come, nor are thine the destined hands. But it will be safe where I have placed it, and the time of its removal shall come." The voice was heard after the form had vanished, and the brain of Hugonet almost turned round at the wild scene which he beheld; his utmost exertion was scarcely sufficient to withdraw him from the terrible spot; and Douglas Castle that night sunk into ashes and smoke, to arise, in no great length of time, in a form stronger than ever.' The minstrel stopt, and his hearer, the English knight, remained silent for some minutes ere at length he replied.

'It is true, minstrel,' answered Sir Aymer, 'that your tale is so far undeniable, that this castle, three times burned down by the heir of the house and of the barony, has hitherto been as often reared again by Henry Lord Clifford and other generals of the English, who endeavoured on every occasion to build it up more artificially and more strongly than it had formerly existed, since it occupies a position too important to the safety of our

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Scottish border to permit our yielding it up. This I myself have partly witnessed. But I cannot think that, because the castle has been so destroyed, it is therefore decreed so to be repaired in future, considering that such cruelties as surely cannot meet the approbation of Heaven have attended the feats of the Douglasses. But I see thou art determined to keep thine own faith, nor can I blame thee, since the wonderful turns of fate which have attended this fortress are sufficient to warrant any one to watch for what seem the peculiar indications of the will of Heaven; but thou mayst believe, good minstrel, that the fault shall not be mine if the young Douglas shall have opportunity to exercise his cookery upon a second edition of his family larder, or to profit by the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer.'

'I do not doubt due circumspection upon your own part and Sir John de Walton's,' said Bertram; 'but there is no crime in my saying that Heaven can accomplish its own purposes. I look upon Douglas Castle as in some degree a fated place, and I long to see what changes time may have made in it during the currency of twenty years. Above all, I desire to secure, if possible, the volume of this Thomas of Ercildoun, having in it such a fund of forgotten minstrelsy, and of prophecies respecting the future fates of the British kingdom, both northern and southern.'

The knight made no answer, but rode a little space forward, keeping the upper part of the ridge of the water, by which the road down the vale seemed to be rather sharply conducted. It at length attained the summit of an acclivity of considerable length. From this point, and behind a conspicuous rock, which ap-

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peared to have been pushed aside, as it were, like the scene of a theatre, to admit a view of the under part of the valley, the travellers beheld the extensive vale, parts of which have been already shown in detail, but which, as the river became narrower, was now entirely laid bare in its height and depth as far as it extended, and displayed in its precincts, at a little distance from the course of the stream, the towering and lordly castle to which it gave the name. The mist, which continued to encumber the valley with its fleecy clouds, showed imperfectly the rude fortifications which served to defend the small town of Douglas, which was strong enough to repel a desultory attack, but not to withstand what was called in those days a formal siege. The most striking feature was its church, an ancient Gothic pile raised on an eminence in the centre of the town, and even then extremely ruinous. To the left, and lying in the distance, might be seen other towers and battlements; and, divided from the town by a piece of artificial water, which extended almost around it, arose the Dangerous Castle of Douglas.

Sternly was it fortified, after the fashion of the middle ages, with donjon and battlements; displaying, above others, the tall tower, which bore the name of Lord Henry's, or the Clifford's, Tower.

'Yonder is the castle,' said Aymer de Valence, extending his arm, with a smile of triumph upon his brow; 'thou mayst judge thyself whether the defences added to it under the Clifford are likely to render its next capture a more easy deed than the last.'

The minstrel barely shook his head, and quoted from the Psalmist — *Nisi Dominus custodiet*. Nor did he

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prosecute the discourse, though De Valence answered eagerly, 'My own edition of the text is not very different from thine; but, methinks, thou art more spiritually-minded than can always be predicated of a wandering minstrel.'

'God knows,' said Bertram, 'that if I, or such as I, are forgetful of the finger of Providence in accomplishing its purposes in this lower world, we have heavier blame than that of other people, since we are perpetually called upon, in the exercise of our fanciful profession, to admire the turns of fate which bring good out of evil, and which render those who think only of their own passions and purposes the executors of the will of Heaven.'

'I do submit to what you say, sir minstrel,' answered the knight, 'and it would be unlawful to express any doubt of the truths which you speak so solemnly, any more than of your own belief in them. Let me add, sir, that I think I have power enough in this garrison to bid you welcome, and Sir John de Walton, I hope, will not refuse access to hall, castle, or knight's bower to a person of your profession, and by whose conversation we shall perhaps profit somewhat. I cannot, however, lead you to expect such indulgence for your son, considering the present state of his health; but if I procure him the privilege to remain at the convent of St. Bride, he will be there unmolested and in safety, until you have renewed your acquaintance with Douglas Dale and its history, and are disposed to set forward on your journey.'

'I embrace your honour's proposal the more willingly,' said the minstrel, 'that I can recompense the father abbot.'

'A main point with holy men or women,' replied De

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Valence, 'who, in time of warfare, subsist by affording the visitors of their shrine the means of maintenance in their cloisters for a passing season.'

The party now approached the sentinels on guard at the castle, who were closely and thickly stationed, and who respectfully admitted Sir Aymer de Valence, as next in command under Sir John de Walton. Fabian — for so was the young squire named who attended on De Valence — mentioned it as his master's pleasure that the minstrel should also be admitted.

An old archer, however, looked hard at the minstrel as he followed Sir Aymer. 'It is not for us,' said he, 'or any of our degree, to oppose the pleasure of Sir Aymer de Valence, nephew to the Earl of Pembroke, in such a matter; and for us, Master Fabian, welcome are you to make the gleeman your companion both at bed and board, as well as your visitant, a week or two at the Castle of Douglas; but your worship is well aware of the strict order of watch laid upon us, and if Solomon king of Israel were to come here as a travelling minstrel, by my faith I durst not give him entrance, unless I had positive authority from Sir John de Walton.'

'Do you doubt, sirrah,' said Sir Aymer de Valence, who returned on hearing an altercation betwixt Fabian and the archer — 'do you doubt that I have good authority to entertain a guest, or do you presume to contest it?'

'Heaven forbid!' said the old man, 'that I should presume to place my own desire in opposition to your worship, who has so lately and so honourably acquired your spurs; but in this matter I must think what will be the wish of Sir John de Walton, who is your governor, sir

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knight, as well as mine; and so far I hold it worth while to detain your guest until Sir John return from a ride to the outposts of the castle; and this, I conceive, being my duty, will be no matter of offence to your worship.'

'Methinks,' said the knight, 'it is saucy in thee to suppose that my commands can have anything in them improper, or contradictory to those of Sir John de Walton; thou mayst trust to me at least that thou shalt come to no harm. Keep this man in the guard-room; let him not want good cheer, and when Sir John de Walton returns, report him as a person admitted by my invitation, and if anything more be wanted to make out your excuse, I shall not be reluctant in stating it to the governor.'

The archer made a signal of obedience with the pike which he held in his hand, and resumed the grave and solemn manner of a sentinel upon his post. He first, however, ushered in the minstrel, and furnished him with food and liquor, speaking at the same time to Fabian, who remained behind. The smart young stripling had become very proud of late, in consequence of obtaining the name of Sir Aymer's squire, and advancing a step in chivalry, as Sir Aymer himself had, somewhat earlier than the usual period, been advanced from squire to knight.

'I tell thee, Fabian,' said the old archer, whose gravity, sagacity, and skill in his vocation, while they gained him the confidence of all in the castle, subjected him, as he himself said, occasionally to the ridicule of the young coxcombs, and at the same time, we may add, rendered him somewhat pragmatic and punctilious towards those who stood higher than himself in birth and rank — 'I

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tell thee, Fabian, thou wilt do thy master, Sir Aymer, good service if thou wilt give him a hint to suffer an old archer, man-at-arms, or such-like, to give him a fair and civil answer respecting that which he commands; for undoubtedly it is not in the first score of a man's years that he learns the various proper forms of military service; and Sir John de Walton, a most excellent commander no doubt, is one earnestly bent on pursuing the strict line of his duty, and will be rigorously severe, as well, believe me, with thy master as with a lesser person. Nay, he also possesses that zeal for his duty which induces him to throw blame, if there be the slightest ground for it, upon Aymer de Valence himself, although his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, was Sir John de Walton's steady patron, and laid the beginning of his good fortune; for all which, by training up his nephew in the true discipline of the French wars, Sir John has taken the best way of showing himself grateful to the old earl.'

'Be it as you will, old Gilbert Greenleaf,' answered Fabian, 'thou knowest I never quarrel with thy sermonising, and therefore give me credit for submitting to many a lecture from Sir John de Walton and thyself; but thou drivest this a little too far, if thou canst not let a day pass without giving me a flogging. Credit me, Sir John de Walton will not thank thee if thou term him one too old to remember that he himself had once some green sap in his veins. Ay, thus it is, the old man will not forget that he has once been young, nor the young that he must some day be old; and so the one changes his manners into the lingering formality of advanced age, and the other remains like a midsummer torrent swoln with rain, every drop of water in it noise, froth,

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and overflow. There is a maxim for thee, Gilbert! Heardest thou ever better? Hang it up amidst thy axioms of wisdom, and see if it will not pass among them like fifteen to the dozen. It will serve to bring thee off, man, when the wine-pot — thine only fault, good Gilbert — hath brought thee on occasion into something of a scrape.'

'Best keep it for thyself, good Sir Squire,' said the old man; 'methinks it is more like to stand thyself one day in good stead. Who ever heard of a knight, or of the wood of which a knight is made, and that is a squire, being punished corporally like a poor old archer or horse-boy? Your worst fault will be mended by some of these witty sayings, and your best service will scarce be rewarded more thankfully than by giving thee the name of Fabian the Fabler, or some such witty title.'

Having unloosed his repartee to this extent, old Greenleaf resumed a certain acidity of countenance, which may be said to characterise those whose preferment hath become frozen under the influence of the slowness of its progress, and who display a general spleen against such as have obtained the advancement for which all are struggling earlier, and, as they suppose, with less merit than their own. From time to time the eye of the old sentinel stole from the top of his pike, and with an air of triumph rested upon the young man Fabian, as if to see how deeply the wound had galled him, while at the same time he held himself on the alert to perform whatever mechanical duty his post might require. Both Fabian and his master were at the happy period of life when such discontent as that of the grave archer affected them lightly, and, at the very worst, was

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considered as the jest of an old man and a good soldier; the more especially as he was always willing to do the duty of his companions, and was much trusted by Sir John de Walton who, though very much younger, had been bred up like Greenleaf in the wars of Edward the First, and was tenacious in upholding strict discipline which, since the death of that great monarch, had been considerably neglected by the young and warm-blooded valour of England.

Meantime it occurred to Sir Aymer de Valence that though, in displaying the usual degree of hospitality shown to such a man as Bertram, he had merely done what was becoming his own rank, as one possessed of the highest honours of chivalry, the self-styled minstrel might not in reality be a man of that worth which he assumed. There was certainly something in his conversation, at least more grave, if not more austere, than was common to those of his calling; and when he recollected many points of Sir John de Walton's minuteness, a doubt arose in his mind that the governor might not approve of his having introduced into the castle a person of Bertram's character, who was capable of making observations from which the garrison might afterwards feel much danger and inconvenience. Secretly, therefore, he regretted that he had not fairly intimated to the wandering minstrel that his reception, or that of any stranger, within the Dangerous Castle was not at present permitted by the circumstances of the times. In this case, the express line of his duty would have been his vindication, and instead, perhaps, of discountenance and blame, he would have had praise and honour from his superior.

With these thoughts passing through his mind, some

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tacit apprehension arose of a rebuke on the part of his commanding-officer, for this officer, notwithstanding his strictness, Sir Aymer loved as well as feared. He went, therefore, towards the guardroom of the castle, under the pretence of seeing that the rites of hospitality had been duly observed towards his late travelling companion. The minstrel arose respectfully, and from the manner in which he paid his compliments seemed, if he had not expected this call of inquiry, at least to be in no degree surprised at it. Sir Aymer, on the other hand, assumed an air something more distant than he had yet used towards Bertram, and in reverting to his former invitation, he now so far qualified it as to say, that the minstrel knew that he was only second in command, and that effectual permission to enter the castle ought to be sanctioned by Sir John de Walton.

There is a civil way of seeming to believe any apology which people are disposed to receive in payment, without alleging suspicion of its currency. The minstrel, therefore, tendered his thanks for the civility which had so far been shown to him. 'It was a mere wish of passing curiosity,' he said, 'which, if not granted, could be attended with no consequences either inconvenient or disagreeable to him. Thomas of Ercildoun was, according to the Welsh triads, one of the three bards of Britain who never stained a spear with blood, or was guilty either of taking or retaking castles and fortresses, and thus far not a person likely, after death, to be suspected of such warlike feats. But I can easily conceive why Sir John de Walton should have allowed the usual rites of hospitality to fall into disuse, and why a man of public character like myself ought not to desire food or lodging

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where it is accounted so dangerous; and it can surprise no one why the governor did not even invest his worthy young lieutenant with the power of dispensing with so strict and unusual a rule.'

These words, very coolly spoken, had something of the effect of affronting the young knight, as insinuating that he was not held sufficiently trustworthy by Sir John de Walton, with whom he had lived on terms of affection and familiarity, though the governor had attained his thirtieth year and upwards, and his lieutenant did not yet write himself one-and-twenty, the full age of chivalry having been in his case particularly dispensed with, owing to a feat of early manhood. Ere he had fully composed the angry thoughts which were chafing in his mind, the sound of a hunting-bugle was heard at the gate, and from the sort of general stir which it spread through the garrison, it was plain that the governor had returned from his ride. Every sentinel, seemingly animated by his presence, shouldered his pike more uprightly, gave the word of the post more sharply, and seemed more fully awake and conscious of his duty. Sir John de Walton, having alighted from his horse, asked Greenleaf what had passed during his absence; the old archer 'thought it his duty to say that a minstrel, who seemed like a Scotchman, or wandering Borderer, had been admitted into the castle, while his son, a lad sick of the pestilence so much talked of, had been left for a time at the abbey of St. Bride.' This he said on Fabian's information. The archer added, that 'the father was a man of tale and song, who could keep the whole garrison amused, without giving them leave to attend to their own business.'

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‘We want no such devices to pass the time,’ answered the governor; ‘and we would have been better satisfied if our lieutenant had been pleased to find us other guests, and fitter for a direct and frank communication, than one who, by his profession, is a detractor of God and a deceiver of man.’

‘Yet,’ said the old soldier, who could hardly listen even to his commander without indulging the humour of contradiction, ‘I have heard your honour intimate that the trade of a minstrel, when it is justly acted up to, is as worthy as even the degree of knighthood itself.’

‘Such it may have been in former days,’ answered the knight; ‘but in modern minstrelsy the duty of rendering the art an incentive to virtue is forgotten, and it is well if the poetry which fired our fathers to noble deeds does not now push on their children to such as are base and unworthy. But I will speak upon this to my friend Aymer, than whom I do not know a more excellent or a more high-spirited young man.’

While discoursing with the archer in this manner, Sir John de Walton, of a tall and handsome figure, advanced and stood within the ample arch of the guard-room chimney, and was listened to in reverential silence by trusty Gilbert, who filled up with nods and signs, as an attentive auditor, the pauses in the conversation.

The conduct of another hearer of what passed was not equally respectful, but, from his position, he escaped observation. This third person was no other than the squire Fabian, who was concealed from observation by his position behind the hob, or projecting portion of the old-fashioned fireplace, and hid himself yet more carefully when he heard the conversation between the gover-

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nor and the archer turn to the prejudice, as he thought, of his master. The squire's employment at this time was the servile task of cleaning Sir Aymer's arms, which was conveniently performed by heating, upon the projection already specified, the pieces of steel armour for the usual thin coating of varnish. He could not, therefore, if he should be discovered, be considered as guilty of anything insolent or disrespectful. He was better screened from view, as a thick smoke arose from a quantity of oak panelling, carved in many cases with the crest and achievements of the Douglas family, which, being the fuel nearest at hand, lay smouldering in the chimney, and gathering to a blaze.

The governor, unconscious of this addition to his audience, pursued his conversation with Gilbert Greenleaf. 'I need not tell you,' he said, 'that I am interested in the speedy termination of this siege or blockade with which Douglas continues to threaten us; my own honour and affections are engaged in keeping this Dangerous Castle safe in England's behalf, but I am troubled at the admission of this stranger; and young De Valence would have acted more strictly in the line of his duty if he had refused to this wanderer any communication with this garrison without my permission.'

'Pity it is,' replied old Greenleaf, shaking his head, 'that this good-natured and gallant young knight is somewhat drawn aside by the rash advices of his squire, the boy Fabian, who has bravery, but as little steadiness in him as a bottle of fermented small beer.'

'Now hang thee,' thought Fabian to himself, 'for an old relic of the wars, stuffed full of conceit and warlike terms, like the soldier who, to keep himself from the

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cold, has lapped himself so close in a tattered ensign for a shelter, that his very outside may show nothing but rags and blazonry.'

'I would not think twice of the matter, were the party less dear to me,' said Sir John de Walton. 'But I would fain be of use to this young man, even although I should purchase his improvement in military knowledge at the expense of giving him a little pain. Experience should, as it were, be burnt in upon the mind of a young man, and not merely impressed by marking the lines of his chart out for him with chalk; I will remember the hint you, Greenleaf, have given, and take an opportunity of severing these two young men; and though I most dearly love the one, and am far from wishing ill to the other, yet at present, as you well hint, the blind is leading the blind, and the young knight has for his assistant and counsellor too young a squire, and that must be amended.'

'Marry, out upon thee, old palmer-worm!' said the page within himself; 'have I found thee in the very fact of maligning myself and my master, as it is thy nature to do towards all the hopeful young buds of chivalry? If it were not to dirty the arms of an *élève* of chivalry, by measuring them with one of thy rank, I might honour thee with a knightly invitation to the field, while the scandal which thou hast spoken is still foul upon thy tongue; as it is, thou shalt not carry one kind of language publicly in the castle, and another before the governor, upon the footing of having served with him under the banner of Long-shanks. I will carry to my master this tale of thine evil intentions; and when we have concerted together, it shall appear whether the youthful spirits of the garrison or the grey beards are most likely

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to be the hope and protection of this same Castle of Douglas.'

It is enough to say that Fabian pursued his purpose, in carrying to his master, and in no very good humour, the report of what had passed between Sir John de Walton and the old soldier. He succeeded in representing the whole as a formal offence intended to Sir Aymer de Valence; while all that the governor did to remove the suspicions entertained by the young knight could not in any respect bring him to take a kindly view of the feelings of his commander towards him. He retained the impression which he had formed from Fabian's recital of what he had heard, and did not think he was doing Sir John de Walton any injustice in supposing him desirous to engross the greatest share of the fame acquired in the defence of the castle, and thrusting back his companions who might reasonably pretend to a fair portion of it.

The mother of mischief, says a Scottish proverb, is no bigger than a midge's wing.¹ In this matter of quarrel neither the young man nor the older knight had afforded each other any just cause of offence. De Walton was a strict observer of military discipline, in which he had been educated from his extreme youth, and by which he was almost as completely ruled as by his natural disposition; and his present situation added force to his original education.

Common report had even exaggerated the military skill, the love of adventure, and the great variety of enterprise ascribed to James, the young Lord of Douglas. He had, in the eyes of this Southern garrison, the facul-

¹ *I. e.* Gnat's wing.

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ties of a fiend, rather than those of a mere mortal; for if the English soldiers cursed the tedium of the perpetual watch and ward upon the Dangerous Castle, which admitted of no relaxation from the severity of extreme duty, they agreed that a tall form was sure to appear to them with a battle-axe in his hand, and, entering into conversation in the most insinuating manner, never failed, with an ingenuity and eloquence equal to that of a fallen spirit, to recommend to the discontented sentinel some mode in which, by giving his assistance to betray the English, he might set himself at liberty. The variety of these devices, and the frequency of their recurrence, kept Sir John de Walton's anxiety so perpetually upon the stretch, that he at no time thought himself exactly out of the Black Douglas's reach any more than the good Christian supposes himself out of reach of the wiles of the Devil; while every new temptation, instead of confirming his hope, seems to announce that the immediate retreat of the Evil One will be followed by some new attack yet more cunningly devised. Under this general state of anxiety and apprehension, the temper of the governor changed somewhat for the worse, and they who loved him best regretted most that he became addicted to complain of the want of diligence on the part of those who, neither invested with responsibility like his nor animated by the hope of such splendid rewards, did not entertain the same degree of watchful and incessant suspicion as himself. The soldiers muttered that the vigilance of their governor was marked with severity; the officers and men of rank, of whom there were several, as the castle was a renowned school of arms, and there was a certain merit attained even by

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serving within its walls, complained, at the same time, that Sir John de Walton no longer made parties for hunting, for hawking, or for any purpose which might soften the rigours of warfare, and suffered nothing to go forward but the precise discipline of the castle. On the other hand, it may be usually granted that the castle is well kept where the governor is a disciplinarian; and where feuds and personal quarrels are found in the garrison, the young men are usually more in fault than those whose greater experience has convinced them of the necessity of using the strictest precautions.

A generous mind — and such was Sir John de Walton's — is often in this way changed and corrupted by the habit of over-vigilance, and pushed beyond its natural limits of candour. Neither was Sir Aymer de Valence free from a similar change: suspicion, though from a different cause, seemed also to threaten to bias his open and noble disposition, in those qualities which had hitherto been proper to him. It was in vain that Sir John de Walton studiously sought opportunities to give his younger friend indulgences, which at times were as far extended as the duty of the garrison permitted. The blow was struck: the alarm had been given to a proud and fiery temper on both sides; and while De Valence entertained an opinion that he was unjustly suspected by a friend who was in several respects bound to him, De Walton, on the other hand, was led to conceive that a young man of whom he took a charge as affectionate as if he had been a son of his own, and who owed to his lessons what he knew of warfare, and what success he had obtained in life, had taken offence at trifles, and considered himself ill treated on very inade-

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quate grounds. The seeds of disagreement thus sown between them failed not, like the tares sown by the Enemy among the wheat, to pass from one class of the garrison to another; the soldiers, though without any better reason than merely to pass the time, took different sides between their governor and his young lieutenant; and so the ball of contention, being once thrown up between them, never lacked some arm or other to keep it in motion.

CHAPTER VI

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother, . . .
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE, *Christabel*.

IN prosecution of the intention which, when his blood was cool, seemed to him wisest, Sir John de Walton resolved that he would go to the verge of indulgence with his lieutenant and his young officers, furnish them with every species of amusement which the place rendered possible, and make them ashamed of their discontent by overloading them with courtesy. The first time, therefore, that he saw Aymer de Valence after his return to the castle, he addressed him in high spirits, whether real or assumed.

‘What thinkest thou, my young friend,’ said De Walton, ‘if we try some of the woodland sports proper, they say, to this country? There are still in our neighbourhood some herds of the Caledonian breed of wild cattle, which are nowhere to be found except among the moorlands, the black and rugged frontier of what was

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anciently called the kingdom of Strathclyde. There are some hunters, too, who have been accustomed to the sport, and who vouch that these animals are by far the most bold and fierce subjects of chase in the island of Britain.'

'You will do as you please,' replied Sir Aymer, coldly; 'but it is not I, Sir John, who would recommend, for the sake of a hunting-match, that you should involve the whole garrison in danger; you know best the responsibilities incurred by your office here, and no doubt must have heedfully attended to them before making a proposal of such a nature.'

'I do indeed know my own duty,' replied De Walton, offended in turn, 'and might be allowed to think of yours also, without assuming more than my own share of responsibility; but it seems to me as if the commander of this Dangerous Castle, among other inabilities, were, as old people in this country say, subjected to a spell, and one which renders it impossible for him to guide his conduct so as to afford pleasure to those whom he is most desirous to oblige. Not a great many weeks since, whose eyes would have sparkled like those of Sir Aymer de Valence at the proposal of a general hunting-match after a new object of game; and now what is his bearing when such sport is proposed — merely, I think, to disappoint my purpose of obliging him? A cold acquiescence drops half-frozen from his lips, and he proposes to go to rouse the wild cattle with an air of gravity, as if he were undertaking a pilgrimage to the tomb of a martyr.'

'Not so, Sir John,' answered the young knight. 'In our present situation we stand conjoined in more

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charges than one, and although the greater and controlling trust is no doubt laid upon you as the elder and abler knight, yet still I feel that I myself have my own share of a serious responsibility. I trust, therefore, you will indulgently hear my opinion, and bear with it, even though it should appear to have relation to that part of our common charge which is more especially entrusted to your keeping. The dignity of knighthood which I have the honour to share with you, the accolade laid on my shoulder by the royal Plantagenet, entitles me, methinks, to so much grace.'

'I cry you mercy,' said the elder cavalier; 'I forgot how important a person I had before me, dubbed by King Edward himself, who was moved no doubt by special reasons to confer such an early honour; and I certainly feel that I overstep my duty when I propose anything that savours like idle sport to a person of such grave pretensions.'

'Sir John de Walton,' retorted De Valence, 'we have had something too much of this — let it stop here. All that I mean to say is that, in this wardship of Douglas Castle, it will not be by my consent if any amusement which distinctly infers a relaxation of discipline be unnecessarily engaged in, and especially such as compels us to summon to our assistance a number of the Scots, whose evil disposition towards us we well know; nor will I, though my years have rendered me liable to such suspicion, suffer anything of this kind to be imputed to me; and if unfortunately — though I am sure I know not why — we are in future to lay aside those bonds of familiar friendship which formerly linked us to each other, yet I see no reason why we should not bear our-

selves in our necessary communications like knights and gentlemen, and put the best construction on each other's motives, since there can be no reason for imputing the worst to anything that comes from either of us.'

'You may be right, Sir Aymer de Valence,' said the governor, bending stiffly; 'and since you say we are no longer bound to each other as friends, you may be certain, nevertheless, that I will never permit a hostile feeling of which you are the object to occupy my bosom. You have been long, and I hope not uselessly, my pupil in the duties of chivalry. You are the near relation of the Earl of Pembroke, my kind and constant patron, and if these circumstances are well weighed, they form a connexion which it would be difficult, at least for me, to break through. If you feel yourself, as you seem to intimate, less strictly tied by former obligations, you must take your own choice in fixing our relations towards each other.'

'I can only say,' replied De Valence, 'that my conduct will naturally be regulated by your own; and you, Sir John, cannot hope more devoutly than I do that our military duties may be fairly discharged without interfering with our friendly intercourse.'

The knights here parted, after a conference which once or twice had very nearly terminated in a full and cordial explanation; but still there was wanting one kind heartfelt word from either to break, as it were, the ice which was fast freezing upon their intercourse, and neither chose to be the first in making the necessary advances with sufficient cordiality, though each would have gladly done so had the other appeared desirous of meeting it with the same ardour; but their pride was too

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high, and prevented either from saying what might at once have put them upon an open and manly footing. They parted, therefore, without again returning to the subject of the proposed diversion; until it was afterwards resumed in a formal note, praying Sir Aymer de Valence to accompany the commandant of Douglas Castle upon a solemn hunting-match, which had for its object the wild cattle of the neighbouring dale.

The time of meeting was appointed at six in the morning, beyond the gate of the outer barricade; and the chase was declared to be ended in the afternoon, when the recheat should be blown beneath the great oak, known by the name of Sholto's Club, which stood a remarkable object where Douglas Dale was bounded by several scattered trees, the outskirts of the forest and hill country. The usual warning was sent out to the common people, or vassals of the district, which they, notwithstanding their feeling of antipathy, received in general with delight, upon the great epicurean principle of *carpe diem*—that is to say, in whatever circumstances it happens to present itself, be sure you lose no recreation which life affords. A hunting-match has still its attractions, even though an English knight take his pleasure in the woods of the Douglas.

It was no doubt afflicting to these faithful vassals to acknowledge another lord than the redoubted Douglas, and to wait by wood and river at the command of English officers, and in the company of their archers, whom they accounted their natural enemies. Still it was the only species of amusement which had been permitted them for a long time, and they were not disposed to omit the rare opportunity of joining in it. The chase of the

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wolf, the wild boar, or even the timid stag, required silvan arms; the wild cattle still more demanded this equipment of war-bows and shafts, boar-spears and sharp swords, and other tools of the chase similar to those used in actual war. Considering this, the Scottish inhabitants were seldom allowed to join in the chase, except under regulations as to number and arms, and especially in preserving a balance of force on the side of the English soldiers, which was very offensive to them. The greater part of the garrison was upon such occasions kept on foot, and several detachments, formed according to the governor's direction, were stationed in different positions, in case any quarrel should suddenly break out.

CHAPTER VII

The drivers thorough the wood went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent,
With their broad arrows clear.

The wylde thorough the woods went,
On every side shear;
Grehounds thorough the groves glent,
For to kill thir deer.

Ballad of Chevy Chase, Old Edit.

THE appointed morning came in cold and raw, after the manner of the Scottish March weather. Dogs yelped, yawned, and shivered, and the huntsmen, though hardy and cheerful in expectation of the day's sport, twitched their mauds, or Lowland plaids, close to their throats, and looked with some dismay at the mists which floated about the horizon, now threatening to sink down on the peaks and ridges of prominent mountains, and now to shift their position under the influence of some of the uncertain gales which rose and fell alternately as they swept along the valley.

Nevertheless, the appearance of the whole formed, as is usual in almost all departments of the chase, a gay and a jovial spectacle. A brief truce seemed to have taken place between the nations, and the Scottish people appeared for the time rather as exhibiting the sports of their mountains in a friendly manner to the accomplished knights and bonny archers of Old England, than as performing a feudal service, neither easy nor dignified in itself, at the instigation of usurping neighbours. The figures of the cavaliers, now half seen, now exhibited

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fully, and at the height of strenuous exertion, according to the character of the dangerous and broken ground, particularly attracted the attention of the pedestrians who, leading the dogs or beating the thickets, dislodged such objects of chase as they found in the dingles, and kept their eyes fixed upon their companions, rendered more remarkable from being mounted, and the speed at which they urged their horses; the disregard of all accidents being as perfect as Melton Mowbray itself, or any other noted field of hunters of the present day, can exhibit.

The principles on which modern and ancient hunting were conducted are, however, as different as possible. A fox, or even a hare, is in our own day considered as a sufficient apology for a day's exercise to forty or fifty dogs, and nearly as many men and horses; but the ancient chase, even though not terminating, as it often did, in battle, carried with it objects more important, and an interest immeasurably more stirring. If, indeed, one species of exercise can be pointed out as more universally exhilarating and engrossing than others, it is certainly that of the chase. The poor overlaboured drudge, who has served out his day of life, and wearied all his energies, in the service of his fellow-mortals, he who has been for many years the slave of agriculture, or, still worse, of manufactures, engaged in raising a single peck of corn from year to year, or in the monotonous labours of the desk, can hardly remain dead to the general happiness when the chase sweeps past him with hound and horn, and for a moment feels all the exultation of the proudest cavalier who partakes the amusement. Let any one who has witnessed the sight recall

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to his imagination the vigour and lively interest which he has seen inspired into a village, including the oldest and feeblest of its inhabitants. In the words of Wordsworth, it is, on such occasions —

Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away,
Not a soul will remain in the village to-day;
The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds.

But compare these inspiring sounds to the burst of a whole feudal population enjoying the sport, whose lives, instead of being spent in the monotonous toil of modern avocations, have been agitated by the hazards of war and of the chase, its near resemblance, and you must necessarily suppose that the excitation is extended like a fire which catches to dry heath. To use the common expression, borrowed from another amusement, all is fish that comes in the net on such occasions. An ancient hunting-match, the nature of the carnage excepted, was almost equal to a modern battle, when the strife took place on the surface of a varied and unequal country. A whole district poured forth its inhabitants, who formed a ring of great extent, called technically a tinchel, and, advancing and narrowing their circle by degrees, drove before them the alarmed animals of every kind, all and each of which, as they burst from the thicket, or the moorland, were objects of the bow, the javelin, or whatever missile weapons the hunters possessed; while others were run down and worried by large greyhounds, or more frequently brought to bay, when the more important persons present claimed for themselves the pleasure of putting them to death with their chivalrous hands, incurring individually such danger as is inferred from a

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mortal contest even with the timid buck, when he is brought to the death-struggle, and has no choice but yielding his life or putting himself upon the defensive, by the aid of his splendid antlers, and with all the courage of despair.

The quantity of game found in Douglas Dale on this occasion was very considerable, for, as already noticed, it was a long time since a hunting upon a great scale had been attempted under the Douglasses themselves, whose misfortunes had commenced, several years before, with those of their country. The English garrison, too, had not sooner judged themselves strong or numerous enough to exercise these valued feudal privileges. In the meantime the game increased considerably. The deer, the wild cattle, and the wild bóars lay near the foot of the mountains, and made frequent irruptions into the lower part of the valley, which in Douglas Dale bears no small resemblance to an oasis, surrounded by tangled woods and broken moors, occasionally rocky, and showing large tracts of that bleak dominion to which wild creatures gladly escape when pressed by the neighbourhood of man.

As the hunters traversed the spots which separated the field from the wood, there was always a stimulating uncertainty what sort of game was to be found, and the marksman, with his bow ready bent, or his javelin poised, and his good and well-bitted horse thrown upon its haunches, ready for a sudden start, observed watchfully what should rush from the covert, so that, were it deer, boar, wolf, wild cattle, or any other species of game, he might be in readiness.

The wolf which, on account of its ravages, was the

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most obnoxious of the beasts of prey, did not, however, supply the degree of diversion which his name promised: he usually fled far — in some instances many miles — before he took courage to turn to bay, and though formidable at such moments, destroying both dogs and men by his terrible bite, yet at other times was rather despised for his cowardice. The boar, on the other hand, was a much more irascible and courageous animal.

The wild cattle, the most formidable of all the tenants of the ancient Caledonian forest, were, however, to the English cavaliers by far the most interesting objects of pursuit.¹ Altogether, the ringing of bugles, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the lowing and bellowing of the enraged mountain cattle, the sobs of deer mangled by throttling dogs, the wild shouts of exultation of the men, made a chorus which extended far through the scene in which it arose, and seemed to threaten the inhabitants of the valley even in its inmost recesses.

During the course of the hunting, when a stag or a boar was expected, one of the wild cattle often came rushing forward, bearing down the young trees, crashing the branches in its progress, and in general dispersing whatever opposition was presented to it by the hunters. Sir John de Walton was the only one of the chivalry of the party who individually succeeded in mastering one of these powerful animals. Like a Spanish tauridor, he bore down and killed with his lance a ferocious bull; two well-grown calves and three kine were also slain, being unable to carry off the quantity of arrows, javelins, and other missiles directed against them by the archers and drivers; but many others, in spite of every endeavour to

¹ See Note 4.

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intercept them, escaped to their gloomy haunts in the remote skirts of the mountain called Cairntable, with their hides well-feathered with those marks of human enmity.

A large portion of the morning was spent in this way, until a particular blast from the master of the hunt announced that he had not forgot the discreet custom of the repast, which, on such occasions, was provided for upon a scale proportioned to the multitude who had been convened to attend the sport.

The blast peculiar to the time assembled the whole party in an open space in a wood, where their numbers had room and accommodation to sit down upon the green turf, the slain game affording a plentiful supply for roasting or broiling, an employment in which the lower class were all immediately engaged; while punch-eons and pipes, placed in readiness, and scientifically opened, supplied Gascoigne wine and mighty ale at the pleasure of those who chose to appeal to them.

The knights, whose rank did not admit of interference, were seated by themselves, and ministered to by their squires and pages, to whom such menial services were not accounted disgraceful, but, on the contrary, a proper step of their education. The number of those distinguished persons seated upon the present occasion at the table of dais, as it was called, in virtue of a canopy of green boughs with which it was overshadowed, comprehended Sir John de Walton, Sir Aymer de Valence, and some reverend brethren dedicated to the service of St. Bride, who, though Scottish ecclesiastics, were treated with becoming respect by the English soldiers. One or two Scottish retainers or vavasours, maintaining, per-

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haps in prudence, a suitable deference to the English knights, sat at the bottom of the table, and as many English archers, peculiarly respected by their superiors, were invited, according to the modern phrase, to the honours of the sitting.

Sir John de Walton sat at the head of the table; his eye, though it seemed to have no certain object, yet never for a moment remained stationary, but glanced from one countenance to another of the ring formed by his guests, for such they all were, no doubt, though he himself could hardly have told upon what principle he had issued the invitations; and even apparently was at a loss to think what, in one or two cases, had procured him the honour of their presence.

One person in particular caught De Walton's eye, as having the air of a redoubted man-at-arms, although it seemed as if fortune had not of late smiled upon his enterprises. He was a tall raw-boned man, of an extremely rugged countenance, and his skin, which showed itself through many a loophole in his dress, exhibited a complexion which must have endured all the varieties of an outlawed life; and akin to one who had, according to the customary phrase, 'ta'en the bent with Robin Bruce' — in other words, occupied the moors with him as an insurgent. Some such idea certainly crossed De Walton's mind. Yet the apparent coolness and absence of alarm with which the stranger sat at the board of an English officer, at the same time being wholly in his power, had much in it which was irreconcilable with any such suggestion. De Walton, and several of those about him, had in the course of the day observed that this tattered cavalier, the most remarkable parts of

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whose garb and equipments consisted of an old coat-of-mail and a rusted yet massive partizan about eight feet long, was possessed of superior skill in the art of hunting to any individual of their numerous party. The governor having looked at this suspicious figure until he had rendered the stranger aware of the special interest which he attracted, at length filled a goblet of choice wine, and requested him, as one of the best pupils of Sir Tristrem who had attended upon the day's chase, to pledge him in a vintage superior to that supplied to the general company.

'I suppose, however, sir,' said De Walton, 'you will have no objections to put off my challenge of a brimmer until you can answer my pledge in Gascoigne wine, which grew in the King's own demesne, was pressed for his own lip, and is therefore fittest to be emptied to his Majesty's health and prosperity.'

'One half of the island of Britain,' said the woodsman, with great composure, 'will be of your honour's opinion; but, as I belong to the other half, even the choicest liquor in Gascony cannot render that health acceptable to me.'

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the warriors present; the priests hung their heads, looked deadly grave, and muttered their paternosters.

'You see, stranger,' said De Walton, sternly, 'that your speech discomposes the company.'

'It may be so,' replied the man, in the same blunt tone; 'and it may happen that there is no harm in the speech notwithstanding.'

'Do you consider that it is made in my presence?' answered De Walton.

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‘Yes, sir governor.’

‘And have you thought what must be the necessary inference?’ continued De Walton.

‘I may form a round guess,’ answered the stranger, ‘what I might have to fear, if your safe-conduct and word of honour, when inviting me to this hunting, were less trustworthy than I know full well it really is. But I am your guest; your meat is even now passing my throat; your cup, filled with right good wine, I have just now quaffed off; and I would not fear the rankest paynim infidel, if we stood in such relation together, much less an English knight. I tell you besides, sir knight, you undervalue the wine we have quaffed. The high flavour and contents of your cup, grow where it will, give me spirit to tell you one or two circumstances, which cold cautious sobriety would, in a moment like this, have left unsaid. You wish, I doubt not, to know who I am? My Christian name is Michael; my surname is that of Turnbull — a redoubted clan, to whose honours, even in the field of hunting or of battle, I have added something. My abode is beneath the mountain of Rubieslaw, by the fair streams of Teviot. You are surprised that I know how to hunt the wild cattle — I, who have made them my sport from infancy in the lonely forests of Jed and Southdean, and have killed more of them than you or any Englishman in your host ever saw, even if you include the doughty deeds of this day.’

The bold Borderer made this declaration with the same provoking degree of coolness which predominated in his whole demeanour, and was indeed his principal attribute. His effrontery did not fail to produce its

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effect upon Sir John de Walton, who instantly called out — ‘To arms — to arms! Secure the spy and traitor. Ho! pages and yeomen — William, Anthony, Bend-the-Bow, and Greenleaf — seize the traitor, and bind him with your bowstrings and dog-leashes — bind him, I say, until the blood start from beneath his nails.’

‘Here is a goodly summons!’ said Turnbull, with a sort of horse-laugh. ‘Were I as sure of being answered by twenty men I could name, there would be small doubt of the upshot of this day.’

The archers thickened around the hunter, yet laid no hold on him, none of them being willing to be the first who broke the peace proper to the occasion.

‘Tell me,’ said De Walton, ‘thou traitor, for what waitest thou here?’

‘Simply and solely,’ said the Jed forester, ‘that I may deliver up to the Douglas the castle of his ancestors, and that I may ensure thee, sir Englishman, the payment of thy deserts, by cutting that very throat, which thou makest such a bawling use of.’

At the same time, perceiving that the yeomen were crowding behind him to carry their lord’s commands into execution so soon as they should be reiterated, the huntsman turned himself short round upon those who appeared about to surprise him, and having, by the suddenness of the action, induced them to step back a pace, he proceeded — ‘Yes, John de Walton, my purpose was ere now to have put thee to death, as one whom I find in possession of that castle and territory which belong to my master, a knight much more worthy than thyself; but I know not why I have paused — thou hast given me food when I have hungered for twenty-four hours; I

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have not therefore had the heart to pay thee at advantage as thou hast deserved. Begone from this place and country, and take the fair warning of a foe: thou hast constituted thyself the mortal enemy of this people, and there are those among them who have seldom been injured or defied with impunity. Take no care in searching after me — it will be in vain — until I meet thee at a time which will come at my pleasure, not thine. Push not your inquisition into cruelty, to discover by what means I have deceived you, for it is impossible for you to learn; and with this friendly advice, look at me and take your leave, for, although we shall one day meet, it may be long ere I see you again.'

De Walton remained silent, hoping that his prisoner (for he saw no chance of his escaping) might, in his communicative humour, drop some more information, and was not desirous to precipitate a fray with which the scene was likely to conclude, unconscious at the same time of the advantage which he thereby gave the daring hunter.

As Turnbull concluded his sentence, he made a sudden spring backwards, which carried him out of the circle formed around him, and, before they were aware of his intentions, at once disappeared among the under-wood.

'Seize him — seize him!' repeated De Walton; 'let us have him at least at our discretion, unless the earth has actually swallowed him.'

This indeed appeared not unlikely, for near the place where Turnbull had made the spring there yawned a steep ravine, into which he plunged, and descended by the assistance of branches, bushes, and copsewood until

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he reached the bottom, where he found some road to the outskirts of the forest, through which he made his escape, leaving the most expert woodsmen among the pursuers totally at fault, and unable to trace his footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII

THIS interlude carried some confusion into the proceedings of the hunt, thus suddenly surprised by the apparition of Michael Turnbull, an armed and avowed follower of the house of Douglas, a sight so little to be expected in the territory where his master was held a rebel and a bandit, and where he himself must have been well known to most of the peasantry present. The circumstance made an obvious impression on the English chivalry. Sir John de Walton looked grave and thoughtful, ordered the hunters to be assembled on the spot, and directed his soldiers to commence a strict search among the persons who had attended the chase, so as to discover whether Turnbull had any companions among them; but it was too late to make that inquiry in the strict fashion which De Walton directed.

The Scottish attendants on the chase, when they beheld that the hunting, under pretence of which they were called together, was interrupted for the purpose of laying hands upon their persons, and subjecting them to examination, took care to suit their answers to the questions put to them — in a word, they kept their own secret, if they had any. Many of them, conscious of being the weaker party, became afraid of foul play, slipped away from the places to which they had been appointed, and left the hunting-match like men who conceived they had been invited with no friendly intent. Sir John de Walton became aware of the decreasing numbers of the

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Scottish, their gradual disappearance awakening in the English knight that degree of suspicion which had of late become his peculiar characteristic.

‘Take, I pray thee,’ said he to Sir Aymer de Valence, ‘as many men-at-arms as thou canst get together in five minutes’ space, and at least a hundred of the mounted archers, and ride as fast as thou canst, without permitting them to straggle from thy standard, to reinforce the garrison of Douglas; for I have my own thoughts what may have been attempted on the castle, when we observe with our own eyes such a nest of traitors here assembled.’

‘With reverence, Sir John,’ replied Aymer, ‘you shoot in this matter rather beyond the mark. That the Scottish peasants have bad thoughts against us, I will be the last to deny; but, long debarred from any silvan sport, you cannot wonder at their crowding to any diversion by wood or river, and still less at their being easily alarmed as to the certainty of the safe footing on which they stand with us. The least rough usage is likely to strike them with fear and with the desire of escape, and so —’

‘And so,’ said Sir John de Walton, who had listened with a degree of impatience scarce consistent with the grave and formal politeness which one knight was accustomed to bestow upon another — ‘and so I would rather see Sir Aymer de Valence busy his horse’s heels to execute my orders than give his tongue the trouble of impugning them.’

At this sharp reprimand, all present looked at each other with indications of marked displeasure. Sir Aymer was highly offended, but saw it was no time to

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indulge in reprisal. He bowed until the feather which was in his barret-cap mingled with his horse's mane, and without reply — for he did not even choose to trust his voice in reply at the moment — headed a considerable body of cavalry by the straightest road back to the Castle of Douglas.

When he came to one of those eminences from which he could observe the massive and complicated towers and walls of the old fortress, with the glitter of the broad lake which surrounded it on three sides, he felt much pleasure at the sight of the great banner of England, which streamed from the highest part of the building. 'I knew it,' he internally said — 'I was certain that Sir John de Walton had become a very woman in the indulgence of his fears and suspicions. Alas! that a situation of responsibility should so much have altered a disposition which I have known so noble and so knightly! By this good day, I scarce know in what manner I should demean me when thus publicly rebuked before the garrison. Certainly he deserves that I should, at some time or other, let him understand that, however he may triumph in the exercise of his short-lived command, yet, when man is to meet with man, it will puzzle Sir John de Walton to show himself the superior of Aymer de Valence, or perhaps to establish himself as his equal. But if, on the contrary, his fears, however fantastic, are sincere at the moment he expresses them, it becomes me to obey punctually commands which, however absurd, are imposed in consequence of the governor's belief that they are rendered necessary by the times, and not inventions designed to vex and domineer over his officers in the indulgence of his official powers. I would

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I knew which is the true statement of the case, and whether the once famed De Walton is become afraid of his enemies more than fits a knight, or makes imaginary doubts the pretext of tyrannising over his friend. I cannot say it would make much difference to me, but I would rather have it that the man I once loved had turned a petty tyrant than a weak-spirited coward; and I would be content that he should study to vex me, rather than be afraid of his own shadow.'

With these ideas passing in his mind, the young knight crossed the causeway which traversed the piece of water that fed the moat, and, passing under the strongly fortified gateway, gave strict orders for letting down the portcullis and elevating the drawbridge, even at the appearance of De Walton's own standard before it.

A slow and guarded movement from the hunting-ground to the Castle of Douglas gave the governor ample time to recover his temper, and to forget that his young friend had shown less alacrity than usual in obeying his commands. He was even disposed to treat as a jest the length of time and extreme degree of ceremony with which every point of martial discipline was observed on his own re-admission to the castle, though the raw air of a wet spring evening whistled around his own unsheltered person and those of his followers, as they waited before the castle gate for the exchange of passwords, the delivery of keys, and all the slow minutiae attendant upon the movements of a garrison in a well-guarded fortress.

'Come,' said he, to an old knight, who was peevishly blaming the lieutenant-governor, 'it was my own fault: I spoke but now to Aymer de Valence with more authoritative emphasis than his newly-dubbed dignity was

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pleased with, and this precise style of obedience is a piece of not unnatural and very pardonable revenge. Well, we will owe him a return, Sir Philip — shall we not? This is not a night to keep a man at the gate.'

This dialogue, overheard by some of the squires and pages, was bandied about from one to another, until it entirely lost the tone of good-humour in which it was spoken, and the offence was one for which Sir John de Walton and old Sir Philip were to meditate revenge, and was said to have been represented by the governor as a piece of mortal and intentional offence on the part of his subordinate officer.

Thus an increasing feud went on from day to day between two warriors who, with no just cause of quarrel, had at heart every reason to esteem and love each other. It became visible in the fortress even to those of the lower rank, who hoped to gain some consequence by intermingling in the species of emulation produced by the jealousy of the commanding-officers — an emulation which may take place, indeed, in the present day, but can hardly have the same sense of wounded pride and jealous dignity attached to it which existed in times when the personal honour of knighthood rendered those who possessed it jealous of every punctilio.

So many little debates took place between the two knights, that Sir Aymer de Valence thought himself under the necessity of writing to his uncle and namesake, the Earl of Pembroke, stating that his officer, Sir John de Walton, had unfortunately of late taken some degree of prejudice against him, and that, after having borne with many provoking instances of his displeasure, he was now compelled to request that his place of service

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should be changed from the Castle of Douglas to wherever honour could be acquired, and time might be given to put an end to his present cause of complaint against his commanding-officer. Through the whole letter young Sir Aymer was particularly cautious how he expressed his sense of Sir John de Walton's jealousy or severe usage; but such sentiments are not easily concealed, and in spite of him an air of displeasure glanced out from several passages, and indicated his discontent with his uncle's old friend and companion-in-arms, and with the sphere of military duty which his uncle had himself assigned him.

An accidental movement among the English troops brought Sir Aymer an answer to his letter sooner than he could have hoped for at that time of day, in the ordinary course of correspondence, which was then extremely slow and interrupted.

Pembroke, a rigid old warrior, entertained the most partial opinion of Sir John de Walton, who was a work as it were of his own hands, and was indignant to find that his nephew, whom he considered as a mere boy, elated by having had the dignity of knighthood conferred upon him at an age unusually early, did not absolutely coincide with him in this opinion. He replied to him, accordingly, in a tone of high displeasure, and expressed himself as a person of rank would write to a young and dependent kinsman upon the duties of his profession; and, as he gathered his nephew's cause of complaint from his own letter, he conceived that he did him no injustice in making it slighter than it really was. He reminded the young man that the study of chivalry consisted in the faithful and patient discharge of mili-

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tary service, whether of high or low degree, according to the circumstances in which war placed the champion. That, above all, the post of danger, which Douglas Castle had been termed by common consent, was also the post of honour; and that a young man should be cautious how he incurred the supposition of being desirous of quitting his present honourable command, because he was tired of the discipline of a military director so renowned as Sir John de Walton. Much also there was, as was natural in a letter of that time, concerning the duty of young men, whether in council or in arms, to be guided implicitly by their elders; and it was observed, with justice, that the commanding-officer, who had put himself into the situation of being responsible with his honour, if not his life, for the event of the siege or blockade, might justly, and in a degree more than common, claim the implicit direction of the whole defence. Lastly, Pembroke reminded his nephew that he was, in a great measure, dependent upon the report of Sir John de Walton for the character which he was to sustain in after life; and reminded him that a few actions of headlong and inconsiderate valour would not so firmly found his military reputation as months and years spent in regular, humble, and steady obedience to the commands which the governor of Douglas Castle might think necessary in so dangerous a conjuncture.

This missive arrived within so short a time after the despatch of the letter to which it was a reply, that Sir Aymer was almost tempted to suppose that his uncle had some mode of corresponding with De Walton unknown to the young knight himself and to the rest of the garrison. And as the earl alluded to some particu-

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lar displeasure which had been exhibited by De Valence on a late trivial occasion, his uncle's knowledge of this and other minutiae seemed to confirm his idea that his own conduct was watched in a manner which he did not feel honourable to himself or dignified on the part of his relative; in a word, he conceived himself exposed to that sort of surveillance of which, in all ages, the young have accused the old. It hardly needs to say that the admonition of the Earl of Pembroke greatly chafed the fiery spirit of his nephew, insomuch that, if the earl had wished to write a letter purposely to increase the prejudices which he desired to put an end to, he could not have made use of terms better calculated for that effect.

The truth was, that the old archer, Gilbert Greenleaf, had, without the knowledge of the young knight, gone to Pembroke's camp, in Ayrshire, and was recommended by Sir John de Walton to the earl as a person who could give such minute information respecting Aymer de Valence as he might desire to receive. The old archer was, as we have seen, a formalist, and when pressed on some points of Sir Aymer de Valence's discipline, he did not hesitate to throw out hints which, connected with those in the knight's letter to his uncle, made the severe old earl adopt too implicitly the idea that his nephew was indulging a spirit of insubordination, and a sense of impatience under authority, most dangerous to the character of a young soldier. A little explanation might have produced a complete agreement in the sentiments of both; but for this fate allowed neither time nor opportunity; and the old earl was unfortunately induced to become a party, instead of a negotiator, in the quarrel,

And by decision more embroil'd the fray.

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Sir John de Walton soon perceived that the receipt of Pembroke's letter did not in any respect alter the cold, ceremonious conduct of his lieutenant towards him, which limited their intercourse to what their situation rendered indispensable, and exhibited no advances to any more frank or intimate connexion. Thus, as may sometimes be the case between officers in their relative situations even at the present day, they remained in that cold, stiff degree of official communication in which their intercourse was limited to as few expressions as the respective duties of their situation absolutely demanded. Such a state of misunderstanding is, in fact, worse than a downright quarrel: the latter may be explained or apologised for, or become the subject of mediation, but in such a case as the former an *éclaircissement* is as unlikely to take place as a general engagement between two armies which have taken up strong defensive positions on both sides. Duty, however, obliged the two principal persons in the garrison of Douglas Castle to be often together, when they were so far from seeking an opportunity of making up matters, that they usually revived ancient subjects of debate.

It was upon such an occasion that De Walton, in a very formal manner, asked De Valence in what capacity, and for how long time, it was his pleasure that the minstrel called Bertram should remain at the castle.

'A week,' said the governor, 'is certainly long enough, in this time and place, to express the hospitality due to a minstrel.'

'Certainly,' replied the young man; 'I have not interest enough in the subject to form a single wish upon it.'

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‘In that case,’ resumed De Walton, ‘I shall request of this person to cut short his visit at the Castle of Douglas.’

‘I know no particular interest,’ replied Aymer de Valence, ‘which I can possibly have in this man’s motions. He is here under pretence of making some researches after the writings of Thomas of Ercildoun, called the Rhymer, which he says are infinitely curious, and of which there is a volume in the old baron’s study, saved somehow from the flames at the last conflagration. This told, you know as much of his errand as I do; and if you hold the presence of a wandering old man and the neighbourhood of a boy dangerous to the castle under your charge, you will no doubt do well to dismiss them — it will cost but a word of your mouth.’

‘Pardon me,’ said De Walton; ‘the minstrel came here as one of your retinue, and I could not, in fitting courtesy, send him away without your leave.’

‘I am sorry, then,’ answered Sir Aymer, ‘in my turn, that you did not mention your purpose sooner. I never entertained a dependent vassal or servant whose residence in the castle I would wish to have prolonged a moment beyond your honourable pleasure.’

‘I am sorry,’ said Sir John de Walton, ‘that we two have of late grown so extremely courteous that it is difficult for us to understand each other. This minstrel and his son come from we know not where, and are bound we know not whither. There is a report among some of your escort that this fellow Bertram upon the way had the audacity to impugn, even to your face, the King of England’s right to the crown of Scotland, and that he debated the point with you, while your other

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attendants were desired by you to keep behind and out of hearing.'

'Hah!' said Sir Aymer, 'do you mean to found on that circumstance any charge against my loyalty? I pray you to observe that such an averment would touch mine honour, which I am ready and willing to defend to the last gasp.'

'No doubt of it, sir knight,' answered the governor; 'but it is the strolling minstrel, and not the high-born English knight, against whom the charge is brought. Well, the minstrel comes to this castle, and he intimates a wish that his son should be allowed to take up his quarters at the little old convent of St. Bride, where two or three Scottish nuns and friars are still permitted to reside, most of them rather out of respect to their order than for any good-will which they are supposed to bear the English or their sovereign. It may also be noticed that this leave was purchased by a larger sum of money, if my information be correct, than is usually to be found in the purses of travelling minstrels, a class of wanderers alike remarkable for their poverty and for their genius. What do you think of all this?'

'I!' replied De Valence. 'I am happy that my situation, as a soldier under command, altogether dispenses with my thinking of it at all. My post, as lieutenant of your castle, is such that, if I can manage matters so as to call my honour and my soul my own, I must think that quite enough of freewill is left at my command; and I promise you shall not have again to reprove, or send a bad report of me to my uncle, on that account.'

'This is beyond sufferance!' said Sir John de Walton, half aside, and then proceeded aloud — 'Do not, for

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Heaven's sake, do yourself and me the injustice of supposing that I am endeavouring to gain an advantage over you by these questions. Recollect, young knight, that, when you evade giving your commanding-officer your advice when required, you fail as much in point of duty as if you declined affording him the assistance of your sword and lance.'

'Such being the case,' answered De Valence, 'let me know plainly on what matter it is that you require my opinion. I will deliver it plainly, and stand by the result, even if I should have the misfortune — a crime unpardonable in so young a man and so inferior an officer — to differ from that of Sir John de Walton.'

'I would ask you, then, sir knight of Valence,' answered the governor, 'what is your opinion with respect to this minstrel Bertram, and whether the suspicions respecting him and his son are not such as to call upon me, in performance of my duty, to put them to a close examination, with the question ordinary and extraordinary, as is usual in such cases, and to expel them not only from the castle, but from the whole territory of Douglas Dale, under pain of scourging, if they be again found wandering in these parts?'

'You ask me my opinion,' said De Valence, 'and you shall have it, sir knight of Walton, as freely and fairly as if matters stood betwixt us on a footing as friendly as they ever did. I agree with you that most of those who in these days profess the science of minstrelsy are altogether unqualified to support the higher pretensions of that noble order. Minstrels by right are men who have dedicated themselves to the noble occupation of celebrating knightly deeds and generous principles: it is in

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their verse that the valiant knight is handed down to fame, and the poet has a right, nay, is bound, to emulate the virtues which he praises. The looseness of the times has diminished the consequence and impaired the morality of this class of wanderers: their satire and their praise are now too often distributed on no other principle than love of gain; yet let us hope that there are still among them some who know, and also willingly perform, their duty. My own opinion is, that this Bertram holds himself as one who has not shared in the degradation of his brethren, nor bent the knee to the mammon of the times; it must remain with you, sir, to judge whether such a person, honourably and morally disposed, can cause any danger to the Castle of Douglas. But believing, from the sentiments he has manifested to me, that he is incapable of playing the part of a traitor, I must strongly remonstrate against his being punished as one, or subjected to the torture within the walls of an English garrison. I should blush for my country if it required of us to inflict such wanton misery upon wanderers whose sole fault is poverty; and your own knightly sentiments will suggest more than would become me to state to Sir John de Walton, unless in so far as is necessary to apologise for retaining my own opinion.'

Sir John de Walton's dark brow was stricken with red when he heard an opinion delivered in opposition to his own, which plainly went to stigmatise his advice as ungenerous, unfeeling, and unknighly. He made an effort to preserve his temper, while he thus replied with a degree of calmness — 'You have given your opinion, Sir Aymer de Valence; and that you have given it openly and boldly, without regard to my own, I thank

you. It is not quite so clear that I am obliged to defer my own sentiments to yours, in case the rules on which I hold my office, the commands of the King, and the observations which I may personally have made, shall recommend to me a different line of conduct from that which you think it right to suggest.'

De Walton bowed, in conclusion, with great gravity; and the young knight, returning the reverence with exactly the same degree of stiff formality, asked whether there were any particular orders respecting his duty in the castle; and having received an answer in the negative, took his departure.

Sir John de Walton, after an expression of impatience, as if disappointed at finding that the advance which he had made towards an explanation with his young friend had proved unexpectedly abortive, composed his brow as if to deep thought, and walked several times to and fro in the apartment, considering what course he was to take in these circumstances. 'It is hard to censure him severely,' he said, 'when I recollect that, on first entering upon life, my own thoughts and feelings would have been the same with those of this giddy and hot-headed, but generous, boy. Now prudence teaches me to suspect mankind in a thousand instances where perhaps there is not sufficient ground. If I am disposed to venture my own honour and fortune, rather than an idle travelling minstrel should suffer a little pain, which at all events I might make up to him by money, still, have I a right to run the risk of a conspiracy against the King, and thus advance the treasonable surrender of the Castle of Douglas, for which I know so many schemes are formed; for which, too, none can be im-

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agined so desperate but agents will be found bold enough to undertake the execution? A man who holds my situation, although the slave of conscience, ought to learn to set aside those false scruples which assume the appearance of flowing from our own moral feeling, whereas they are in fact instilled by the suggestion of affected delicacy. I will not, I swear by Heaven, be infected by the follies of a boy such as Aymer; I will not, that I may defer to his caprices, lose all that love, honour, and ambition can propose for the reward of twelve months' service, of a nature the most watchful and unpleasant. I will go straight to my point, and use the ordinary precautions in Scotland which I should employ in Normandy or Gascony. What ho! page, who waits there?'

One of his attendants replied to his summons. 'Seek me out Gilbert Greenleaf the archer, and tell him I would speak with him touching the two bows and the sheaf of arrows concerning which I gave him a commission to Ayr.'

A few minutes intervened after the order was given, when the archer entered, holding in his hand two bow-staves, not yet fashioned, and a number of arrows secured together with a thong. He bore the mysterious looks of one whose apparent business is not of very great consequence, but is meant as a passport for other affairs which are in themselves of a secret nature. Accordingly, as the knight was silent, and afforded no other opening for Greenleaf, that judicious negotiator proceeded to enter upon such as was open to him.

'Here are the bow-staves, noble sir, which you desired me to obtain while I was at Ayr with the Earl of Pem-

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broke's army. They are not so good as I could have wished, yet are perhaps of better quality than could have been procured by any other than a fair judge of the weapon. The Earl of Pembroke's whole camp are frantic mad in order to procure real Spanish staves from the Groyne and other ports in Spain; but though two vessels laden with such came into the port of Ayr, said to be for the King's army, yet I believe never one-half of them have come into English hands. These two grew in Sherwood, which having been seasoned since the time of Robin Hood, are not likely to fail either in strength or in aim, in so strong a hand, and with so just an eye, as those of the men who wait on your worship.'

'And who has got the rest, since two ships' cargoes of new bow-staves are arrived at Ayr, and thou with difficulty hast only procured me two old ones?' said the governor.

'Faith, I pretend not skill enough to know,' answered Greenleaf, shrugging his shoulders. 'Talk there is of plots in that country as well as here. It is said that their Bruce and the rest of his kinsmen intend a new May-game, and that the outlawed king proposes to land near to Turnberry early in summer, with a number of stout kernes from Ireland; and no doubt the men of his mock earldom of Carrick are getting them ready with bow and spear for so hopeful an undertaking. I reckon that it will not cost us the expense of more than a few score of sheaves of arrows to put all that matter to rights.'

'Do you talk then of conspiracies in this part of the country, Greenleaf?' said De Walton. 'I know you are a sagacious fellow, well bred for many a day to the use of the bent stick and string, and will not allow such a

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practice to go on under thy nose without taking notice of it.'

'I am old enough, Heaven knows,' said Greenleaf, 'and have had good experience of these Scottish wars, and know well whether these native Scots are a people to be trusted to by knight or yeoman. Say they are a false generation, and say a good archer told you so, who, with a fair aim, seldom missed a hand's-breadth of the white. Ah! sir, your honour knows how to deal with them: ride them strongly and rein them hard; you are not like those simple novices who imagine that all is to be done by gentleness, and wish to parade themselves as courteous and generous to those faithless mountaineers, who never, in the course of their lives, knew any tincture either of courteousness or generosity.'

'Thou alludest to some one,' said the governor, 'and I charge thee, Gilbert, to be plain and sincere with me. Thou knowest, methinks, that in trusting me thou wilt come to no harm?'

'It is true — it is true, sir,' said the old remnant of the wars, carrying his hand to his brow; 'but it were imprudent to communicate all the remarks which float through an old man's brain in the idle moments of such a garrison as this. One stumbles unawares on fantasies as well as realities, and thus one gets, not altogether undeservedly, the character of a tale-bearer and mischief-maker among his comrades, and methinks I would not willingly fall under that accusation.'

'Speak frankly to me,' answered De Walton, 'and have no fear of being misconstrued, whosoever the conversation may concern.'

'Nay, in plain truth,' answered Gilbert, 'I fear not

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the greatness of this young knight, being, as I am, the oldest soldier in the garrison, and having drawn a bow-string long and many a day ere he was weaned from his nurse's breast.'

'It is then,' said De Walton, 'my lieutenant and friend, Aymer de Valence, at whom your suspicions point?'

'At nothing,' replied the archer, 'touching the honour of the young knight himself, who is as brave as the sword he wears, and, his youth considered, stands high in the roll of English chivalry; but he is young, as your worship knows, and I own that in the choice of his company he disturbs and alarms me.'

'Why, you know, Greenleaf,' answered the governor, 'that in the leisure of a garrison a knight cannot always confine his sports and pleasures among those of his own rank, who are not numerous, and may not be so game-some or fond of frolic as he would desire them to be.'

'I know that well,' answered the archer, 'nor would I say a word concerning your honour's lieutenant for joining any honest fellows, however inferior their rank, in the wrestling-ring or at a bout of quarter-staff. But if Sir Aymer de Valence has a fondness for martial tales of former days, methinks he had better learn them from the ancient soldiers who have followed Edward the First — whom God assoilzie! — and who have known before his time the barons' wars and other onslaughts, in which the knights and archers of Merry England transmitted so many gallant actions to be recorded by fame; this truly, I say, were more beseeeming the Earl of Pembroke's nephew than to see him closet himself day after day with a strolling minstrel, who gains his livelihood by reciting nonsense and lies to such young men as are

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fond enough to believe him, of whom hardly any one knows whether he be English or Scottish in his opinions, and still less can any one pretend to say whether he is of English or Scottish birth, or with what purpose he lies lounging about this castle, and is left free to communicate everything which passes within it to those old mutterers of matins at St. Bride's, who say with their tongues "God save King Edward," but pray in their hearts "God save King Robert the Bruce." Such a communication he can easily carry on by means of his son, who lies at St. Bride's cell, as your worship knows, under pretence of illness.'

'How do you say?' exclaimed the governor — 'under pretence? Is he not then really indisposed?'

'Nay, he may be sick to the death for aught I know,' said the archer; 'but if so, were it not then more natural that the father should attend his son's sick-bed than that he should be ranging about this castle, where one eternally meets him in the old baron's study, or in some corner, where you least expect to find him?'

'If he has no lawful object,' replied the knight, 'it might be as you say; but he is said to be in quest of ancient poems or prophecies of Merlin, of the Rhymer, or some other old bard; and in truth it is natural for him to wish to enlarge his stock of knowledge and power of giving amusement, and where should he find the means save in a study filled with ancient books?'

'No doubt,' replied the archer, with a sort of dry, civil sneer of incredulity; 'I have seldom known an insurrection in Scotland but that it was prophesied by some old forgotten rhyme, conjured out of dust and cobwebs, for the sake of giving courage to those North

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Country rebels who durst not otherwise have abidden the whistling of the grey-goose shaft; but curled heads are hasty, and, with license, even your own train, sir knight, retains too much of the fire of youth for such uncertain times as the present.'

'Thou hast convinced me, Gilbert Greenleaf, and I will look into this man's business and occupation more closely than hitherto. This is no time to peril the safety of a royal castle for the sake of affecting generosity towards a man of whom we know so little, and to whom, till we receive a very full explanation, we may, without doing him injustice, attach grave suspicions. Is he now in the apartment called the baron's study?'

'Your worship will be certain to find him there,' replied Greenleaf.

'Then follow me, with two or three of thy comrades, and keep out of sight, but within hearing: it may be necessary to arrest this man.'

'My assistance,' said the old archer, 'shall be at hand when you call, but —'

'But what?' said the knight; 'I hope I am not to find doubts and disobedience on all hands?'

'Certainly not on mine,' replied Greenleaf; 'I would only remind your worship that what I have said was a sincere opinion expressed in answer to your worship's question, and that, as Sir Aymer de Valence has avowed himself the patron of this man, I would not willingly be left to the hazard of his revenge.'

'Pshaw!' answered De Walton, 'is Aymer de Valence governor of this castle or am I? or to whom do you imagine you are responsible for answering such questions as I may put to you?'

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‘Nay,’ replied the archer, secretly not displeased at seeing De Walton show some little jealousy of his own authority, ‘believe me, sir knight, that I know my own station and your worship’s, and that I am not now to be told to whom I owe obedience.’

‘To the study then, and let us find the man,’ said the governor.

‘A fine matter indeed,’ subjoined Greenleaf, following him, ‘that your worship should have to go in person to look after the arrest of so mean an individual. But your honour is right: these minstrels are often jugglers, and possess the power of making their escape by means which borrel folk like myself are disposed to attribute to necromancy.’

Without attending to these last words, Sir John de Walton set forth towards the study, walking at a quick pace, as if this conversation had augmented his desire to find himself in possession of the person of the suspected minstrel.

Traversing the ancient passages of the castle, the governor had no difficulty in reaching the study, which was strongly vaulted with stone, and furnished with a sort of iron cabinet, intended for the preservation of articles and papers of value, in case of fire. Here he found the minstrel seated at a small table, sustaining before him a manuscript, apparently of great antiquity, from which he seemed engaged in making extracts. The windows of the room were very small, and still showed some traces that they had originally been glazed with a painted history of St. Bride — another mark of the devotion of the great family of Douglas to their tutelar saint.

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The minstrel, who had seemed deeply wrapt in the contemplation of his task, on being disturbed by the unlooked-for entrance of Sir John de Walton, rose with every mark of respect and humility, and, remaining standing in the governor's presence, appeared to wait for his interrogations, as if he had anticipated that the visit concerned himself particularly.

'I am to suppose, sir minstrel,' said Sir John de Walton, 'that you have been successful in your search, and have found the roll of poetry or prophecies that you proposed to seek after amongst these broken shelves and tattered volumes?'

'More successful than I could have expected,' replied the minstrel, 'considering the effects of the conflagration. This, sir knight, is apparently the fatal volume for which I sought, and strange it is, considering the heavy chance of other books contained in this library, that I have been able to find a few, though imperfect, fragments of it.'

'Since, therefore, you have been permitted to indulge your curiosity,' said the governor, 'I trust, minstrel, you will have no objection to satisfy mine?'

The minstrel replied with the same humility, 'that, if there was anything within the poor compass of his skill which could gratify Sir John de Walton in any degree, he would but reach his lute and presently obey his commands.'

'You mistake, sir,' said Sir John, somewhat harshly. 'I am none of those who have hours to spend in listening to tales or music of former days: my life has hardly given me time enough for learning the duties of my profession, far less has it allowed me leisure for such twang-

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ling follies. I care not who knows it, but my ear is so incapable of judging of your art, which you doubtless think a noble one, that I can scarcely tell the modulation of one tune from another.'

'In that case,' replied the minstrel, composedly, 'I can hardly promise myself the pleasure of affording your worship the amusement which I might otherwise have done.'

'Nor do I look for any at your hand,' said the governor, advancing a step nearer to him, and speaking in a sterner tone. 'I want information, sir, which I am assured you can give me, if you incline; and it is my duty to tell you that, if you show unwillingness to speak the truth, I know means by which it will become my painful duty to extort it in a more disagreeable manner than I would wish.'

'If your questions, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'be such as I can or ought to answer, there shall be no occasion to put them more than once. If they are such as I cannot or ought not to reply to, believe me that no threats of violence will extort an answer from me.'

'You speak boldly,' said Sir John de Walton; 'but take my word for it, that your courage will be put to the test. I am as little fond of proceeding to such extremities as you can be of undergoing them, but such will be the natural consequence of your own obstinacy. I therefore ask you, whether Bertram be your real name; whether you have any other profession than that of a travelling minstrel; and, lastly, whether you have any acquaintance or connexion with any Englishman or Scottishman beyond the walls of this Castle of Douglas?'

'To these questions,' replied the minstrel, 'I have

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already answered the worshipful knight, Sir Aymer de Valence, and, having fully satisfied him, it is not, I conceive, necessary that I should undergo a second examination; nor is it consistent either with your worship's honour or that of the lieutenant-governor that such a re-examination should take place.'

'You are very considerate,' replied the governor, 'of my honour and of that of Sir Aymer de Valence. Take my word for it, they are both in perfect safety in our own keeping, and may dispense with your attention. I ask you, will you answer the inquiries which it is my duty to make, or am I to enforce obedience by putting you under the penalties of the question? I have already, it is my duty to say, seen the answers you have returned to my lieutenant, and they do not satisfy me.'

He at the same time clapped his hands, and two or three archers showed themselves, stripped of their tunics and only attired in their shirts and hose.

'I understand,' said the minstrel, 'that you intend to inflict upon me a punishment which is foreign to the genius of the English laws, in that no proof is adduced of my guilt. I have already told that I am by birth an Englishman, by profession a minstrel, and that I am totally unconnected with any person likely to nourish any design against this Castle of Douglas, Sir John de Walton, or his garrison. What answers you may extort from me by bodily agony, I cannot, to speak as a plain-dealing Christian, hold myself responsible for. I think that I can endure as much pain as any one; I am sure that I never yet felt a degree of agony that I would not willingly prefer to breaking my plighted word, or becoming a false informer against innocent persons; but I

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own I do not know the extent to which the art of torture may be carried; and though I do not fear you, Sir John de Walton, yet I must acknowledge that I fear myself, since I know not to what extremity your cruelty may be capable of subjecting me, or how far I may be enabled to bear it. I, therefore, in the first place, protest, that I shall in no manner be liable for any words which I may utter in the course of any examination enforced from me by torture; and you must therefore, under such circumstances, proceed to the execution of an office which, permit me to say, is hardly that which I expected to have found thus administered by an accomplished knight like yourself.'

'Hark you, sir,' replied the governor, 'you and I are at issue, and in doing my duty I ought instantly to proceed to the extremities I have threatened; but perhaps you yourself feel less reluctance to undergo the examination as proposed than I shall do in commanding it; I will therefore consign you for the present to a place of confinement suitable to one who is suspected of being a spy upon this fortress. Until you are pleased to remove such suspicions, your lodgings and nourishment are those of a prisoner. In the meantime, before subjecting you to the question, take notice, I will myself ride to the abbey of St. Bride, and satisfy myself whether the young person whom you would pass as your son is possessed of the same determination as that which you yourself seem to assert. It may so happen that his examination and yours may throw such light upon each other as will decidedly prove either your guilt or innocence, without its being confirmed by the use of the extraordinary question. If it be otherwise, tremble for your son's sake,

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if not for your own. Have I shaken you, sir; or do you fear for your boy's young sinews and joints the engines which, in your own case, you seem willing to defy?'

'Sir,' answered the minstrel, recovering from the momentary emotion he had shown, 'I leave it to yourself, as a man of honour and candour, whether you ought, in common fairness, to form a worse opinion of any man because he is not unwilling to incur in his own person severities which he would not desire to be inflicted upon his child, a sickly youth, just recovering from a dangerous disease.'

'It is my duty,' answered De Walton, after a short pause, 'to leave no stone unturned by which this business may be traced to the source; and if thou desirest mercy for thy son, thou wilt thyself most easily attain it by setting him the example of honesty and plain-dealing.'

The minstrel threw himself back on the seat, as if fully resolved to bear every extremity that could be inflicted, rather than make any further answer than he had already offered. Sir John de Walton himself seemed in some degree uncertain what might now be his best course. He felt an invincible repugnance to proceed, without due consideration, in what most people would have deemed the direct line of his duty, by inflicting the torture both upon father and son; but deep as was his sense of devotion towards the King, and numerous as were the hopes and expectations he had formed upon the strict discharge of his present high trust, he could not resolve upon having recourse at once to this cruel method of cutting the knot. Bertram's appearance was

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venerable, and his power of words not unworthy of his aspect and bearing. The governor remembered that Aymer de Valence, whose judgment in general it was impossible to deny, had described him as one of those rare individuals who vindicated the honour of a corrupted profession by their personal good behaviour; and he acknowledged to himself that there was gross cruelty and injustice in refusing to admit the prisoner to the credit of being a true and honest man until, by way of proving his rectitude, he had strained every sinew and crushed every joint in his body, as well as those of his son. 'I have no touchstone,' he said internally, 'which can distinguish truth from falsehood. The Bruce and his followers are on the alert: he has certainly equipped the galleys which lay at Rachrin during winter. This story, too, of Greenleaf, about arms being procured for a new insurrection, tallies strangely with the appearance of that savage-looking forester at the hunt; and all tends to show that something is upon the anvil which it is my duty to provide against. I will, therefore, pass over no circumstance by which I can affect the mind through hope or fear; but, please God to give me light from any other source, I will not think it lawful to torment these unfortunate, and, it may yet be, honest men.' He accordingly took his departure from the library, whispering a word to Greenleaf respecting the prisoner.

He had reached the outward door of the study, and his satellites had already taken the minstrel into their grasp, when the voice of the old man was heard calling upon De Walton to return for a single moment.

'What hast thou to say, sir?' said the governor. 'Be speedy, for I have already lost more time in listening to

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thee than I am answerable for, and so I advise thee for thine own sake —'

'I advise thee,' said the minstrel, 'for thine own sake, Sir John de Walton, to beware how thou dost insist on thy present purpose, by which thou thyself alone, of all men living, will most severely suffer. If thou harmest a hair of that young man's head — nay, if thou permittest him to undergo any privation which it is in thy power to prevent — thou wilt, in doing so, prepare for thine own suffering a degree of agony more acute than anything else in this mortal world could cause thee. I swear by the most blessed objects of our holy religion, I call to witness that holy sepulchre, of which I have been an unworthy visitor, that I speak nothing but the truth, and that thou wilt one day testify thy gratitude for the part I am now acting. It is my interest, as well as yours, to secure you in the safe possession of this castle, although assuredly I know some things respecting it, and respecting your worship, which I am not at liberty to tell without the consent of that youth. Bring me but a note under his hand, consenting to my taking you into our mystery, and believe me, you will soon see those clouds charmed away; since there was never a doleful uncertainty which more speedily changed to joy, or a thunder-cloud of adversity which more instantly gave way to sunshine, than would then the suspicions which appear now so formidable.'

He spoke with so much earnestness as to make some impression upon Sir John de Walton, who was once more wholly at a loss to know what line his duty called upon him to pursue.

'I would most gladly,' said the governor, 'follow out

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my purpose by the gentlest means in my power, and I shall bring no further distress upon this poor lad than thine own obstinacy and his shall appear to deserve. In the meantime, think, sir minstrel, that my duty has limits, and if I slack it for a day, it will become thee to exert every effort in thy power to meet my condescension. I will give thee leave to address thy son by a line under thy hand, and I will await his answer before I proceed further in this matter, which seems to be very mysterious. Meantime, if thou hast a soul to be saved, I conjure thee to speak the truth, and tell me whether the secrets of which thou seemest to be a too faithful treasurer have regard to the practices of Douglas, of Bruce, or of any in their names, against this Castle of Douglas.'

The prisoner thought a moment, and then replied — 'I am aware, sir knight, of the severe charge under which this command is entrusted to your hands, and were it in my power to assist you, as a faithful minstrel and loyal subject, either with hand or tongue, I should feel myself called upon so to do; but so far am I from being the character your suspicions have apprehended, that I should have held it for certain that the Bruce and Douglas had assembled their followers, for the purpose of renouncing their rebellious attempts, and taking their departure for the Holy Land, but for the apparition of the forester who, I hear, bearded you at the hunting, which impresses upon me the belief that, when so resolute a follower and henchman of the Douglas was sitting fearless among you, his master and comrades could be at no great distance. How far his intentions could be friendly to you, I must leave it to yourself to judge;

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only believe me thus far, that the rack, pulley, or pincers would not have compelled me to act the informer, or adviser, in a quarrel wherein I have little or no share, if I had not been desirous of fixing the belief upon you that you are dealing with a true man, and one who has your welfare at heart. Meanwhile, permit me to have writing-materials, or let my own be restored, for I possess, in some degree, the higher arts of my calling; nor do I fear but that I can procure for you an explanation of these marvels, without much more loss of time.'

'God grant it prove so,' said the governor; 'though I see not well how I can hope for so favourable a termination, and I may sustain great harm by trusting too much on the present occasion. My duty, however, requires that, in the meantime, you be removed into strict confinement.'

He handed to the prisoner as he spoke the writing-materials which had been seized upon by the archers on their first entrance, and then commanded those satellites to unhand the minstrel.

'I must, then,' said Bertram, 'remain subjected to all the severities of a strict captivity? But I deprecate no hardship whatever in my own person, so I may secure you from acting with a degree of rashness of which you will all your life repent, without the means of atoning.'

'No more words, minstrel,' said the governor; 'but since I have made my choice, perhaps a very dangerous one for myself, let us carry this spell into execution, which thou sayest is to serve me, as mariners say that oil spread upon the raging billows will assuage their fury.'

CHAPTER IX

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar.
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night,
Nor wine nor wassel could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Don Juan, Canto xvi.

THE minstrel made no vain boast of the skill which he possessed in the use of pen and ink. In fact, no priest of the time could have produced his little scroll more speedily, more neatly composed, or more fairly written, than were the lines addressed 'To the youth called Augustine, son of Bertram the Minstrel.'

'I have not folded this letter,' said he, 'nor tied it with silk, for it is not expressed so as to explain the mystery to you; nor, to speak frankly, do I think that it can convey to you any intelligence; but it may be satisfactory to show you what the letter does not contain, and that it is written from and to a person who both mean kindly towards you and your garrison.'

'That,' said the governor, 'is a deception which is easily practised; it tends, however, to show, though not with certainty, that you are disposed to act upon good faith; and until the contrary appear, I shall consider a point of duty to treat you with as much gentleness as the matter admits of. Meantime, I will myself ride to the abbey of St. Bride, and in person examine the young prisoner; and as you say he has the power, so I pray to

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Heaven he may have the will, to read this riddle, which seems to throw us all into confusion.' So saying, he ordered his horse, and while it was getting ready, he perused with great composure the minstrel's letter. Its contents ran thus: —

DEAR AUGUSTINE —

Sir John de Walton, the governor of this castle, has conceived those suspicions which I pointed out as likely to be the consequence of our coming to this country without an avowed errand. I at least am seized, and threatened with examination under torture, to force me to tell the purpose of our journey; but they shall tear my flesh from my bones ere they force me to break the oath which I have taken. And the purport of this letter is to apprise you of the danger in which you stand of being placed in similar circumstances, unless you are disposed to authorise me to make the discovery to this knight; but on this subject you have only to express your own wishes, being assured they shall be in every respect attended to by your devoted

BERTRAM.

This letter did not throw the smallest light upon the mystery of the writer. The governor read it more than once, and turned it repeatedly in his hand, as if he had hoped by that mechanical process to draw something from the missive which at a first view the words did not express; but as no result of this sort appeared, De Walton retired to the hall, where he informed Sir Aymer de Valence that he was going abroad as far as the abbey of St. Bride, and that he would be obliged by his taking upon him the duties of governor during his absence. Sir

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Aymer, of course, intimated his acquiescence in the charge; and the state of disunion in which they stood to each other permitted no further explanation.

Upon the arrival of Sir John de Walton at the dilapidated shrine, the abbot, with trembling haste, made it his business immediately to attend the commander of the English garrison, upon whom, for the present, their house depended for every indulgence they experienced, as well as for the subsistence and protection necessary to them in so perilous a period. Having interrogated this old man respecting the youth residing in the abbey, De Walton was informed that he had been indisposed since left there by his father, Bertram, a minstrel. It appeared to the abbot that his indisposition might be of that contagious kind which, at that period, ravaged the English Borders, and made some incursions into Scotland, where it afterwards worked a fearful progress. After some further conversation, Sir John de Walton put into the abbot's hand the letter to the young person under his roof; on delivering which to Augustine, the reverend father was charged with a message to the English governor so bold that he was afraid to be the bearer of it. It signified that the youth could not, and would not, at that moment receive the English knight; but that, if he came back on the morrow after mass, it was probable he might learn something of what was requested.

'This is not an answer,' said Sir John de Walton, 'to be sent by a boy like this to a person in my charge; and methinks, father abbot, you consult your own safety but slenderly in delivering such an insolent message.'

The abbot trembled under the folds of his large coarse

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habit; and De Walton, imagining that his discomposure was the consequence of guilty fear, called upon him to remember the duties which he owed to England, the benefits which he had received from himself, and the probable consequence of taking part in a pert boy's insolent defiance of the power of the governor of the province.

The abbot vindicated himself from these charges with the utmost anxiety. He pledged his sacred word that the inconsiderate character of the boy's message was owing to the waywardness arising from indisposition. He reminded the governor that, as a Christian and an Englishman, he had duties to observe towards the community of St. Bride, which had never given the English government the least subject of complaint. As he spoke, the churchman seemed to gather courage from the immunities of his order. He said he could not permit a sick boy, who had taken refuge within the sanctuary of the church, to be seized or subjected to any species of force, unless he was accused of a specific crime, capable of being immediately proved. The Douglasses, a headstrong race, had, in former days, uniformly respected the sanctuary of St. Bride, and it was not to be supposed that the King of England, the dutiful and obedient child of the Church of Rome, would act with less veneration for her rights than the followers of a usurper, homicide, and excommunicated person like Robert Bruce.

Walton was considerably shaken with this remonstrance. He knew that, in the circumstances of the times, the Pope had great power in every controversy in which it was his pleasure to interfere. He knew that, even in the dispute respecting the supremacy of Scotland, his

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Holiness had set up a claim to the kingdom which, in the temper of the times, might perhaps have been deemed superior both to that of Robert Bruce and that of Edward of England, and he conceived his monarch would give him little thanks for any fresh embroilment which might take place with the church. Moreover, it was easy to place a watch, so as to prevent Augustine from escaping during the night; and on the following morning he would be still as effectually in the power of the English governor as if he were seized on by open force at the present moment. Sir John de Walton, however, so far exerted his authority over the abbot, that he engaged, in consideration of the sanctuary being respected for this space of time, that, when it expired, he would be aiding and assisting with his spiritual authority to surrender the youth, should he not allege a sufficient reason to the contrary. This arrangement, which appeared still to flatter the governor with the prospect of an easy termination of this troublesome dispute, induced him to grant the delay which Augustine rather demanded than petitioned for.

‘At your request, father abbot, whom I have hitherto found a true man, I will indulge this youth with the grace he asks before taking him into custody, understanding that he shall not be permitted to leave this place; and thou art to be responsible to this effect, giving thee, as is reasonable, power to command our little garrison at Hazelside, to which I will send a reinforcement on my return to the castle, in case it should be necessary to use the strong hand, or circumstances impose upon me other measures.’

‘Worthy sir knight,’ replied the abbot, ‘I have no

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idea that the frowardness of this youth will render any course necessary saving that of persuasion; and I venture to say that you yourself will in the highest degree approve of the method in which I shall acquit myself of my present trust.'

The abbot went through the duties of hospitality, enumerating what simple cheer the cloister of the convent permitted him to offer to the English knight. Sir John de Walton declined the offer of refreshment, however, took a courteous leave of the churchman, and did not spare his horse until the noble animal had brought him again before the Castle of Douglas.

Sir Aymer de Valence met him on the drawbridge, and reported the state of the garrison to be the same in which he had left it, excepting that intimation had been received that twelve or fifteen men were expected on their way to the town of Lanark; and being on march from the neighbourhood of Ayr, would that night take up their quarters at the outpost of Hazelside.

'I am glad of it,' replied the governor: 'I was about to strengthen that detachment. This stripling, the son of Bertram the minstrel, or whoever he is, has engaged to deliver himself up for examination in the morning. As this party of soldiers are followers of your uncle, Lord Pembroke, may I request you will ride to meet them, and command them to remain at Hazelside until you make further inquiries about this youth, who has still to clear up the mystery which hangs about him, and reply to a letter which I delivered with my own hand to the abbot of St. Bride. I have shown too much forbearance in this matter, and I trust to your looking to the security of this young man, and convey him hither, with

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all due care and attention, as being a prisoner of some importance.'

'Certainly, Sir John,' answered Sir Aymer; 'your orders shall be obeyed, since you have none of greater importance for one who hath the honour to be second only to yourself in this place.'

'I crave your mercy, Sir Aymer,' returned the governor, 'if the commission be in any degree beneath your dignity; but it is our misfortune to misunderstand each other, when we endeavour to be most intelligible.'

'But what am I to do,' said Sir Aymer — 'no way disputing your command, but only asking for information — what am I to do, if the abbot of St. Bride offers opposition?'

'How!' answered Sir John de Walton; 'with the reinforcement from my Lord of Pembroke, you will command at least twenty war-men, with bow and spear, against five or six timid old monks, with only gown and hood.'

'True,' said Sir Aymer, 'but ban and excommunication are sometimes, in the present day, too hard for the mail coat, and I would not willingly be thrown out of the pale of the Christian church.'

'Well, then, thou very suspicious and scrupulous young man,' replied De Walton, 'know that, if this youth does not deliver himself up to thee of his own accord, the abbot has promised to put him into thy hands.'

There was no further answer to be made, and De Valence, though still thinking himself unnecessarily harassed with the charge of a petty commission, took the sort of half arms which were always used when the

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knights stirred beyond the walls of the garrison, and proceeded to execute the commands of De Walton. A horseman or two, together with his squire Fabian, accompanied him.

The evening closed in with one of those Scottish mists which are commonly said to be equal to the showers of happier climates; the path became more and more dark, the hills more wreathed in vapours, and more difficult to traverse; and all the little petty inconveniences which rendered travelling through the district slow and uncertain were augmented by the density of the fog which overhung everything.

Sir Aymer, therefore, occasionally mended his pace, and often incurred the fate of one who is over-late, delaying himself by his efforts to make greater expedition. The knight bethought himself that he would get into a straight road by passing through the almost deserted town of Douglas, the inhabitants of which had been treated so severely by the English, in the course of those fierce troubles, that most of them who were capable of bearing arms had left it, and withdrawn themselves to different parts of the country. This almost deserted place was defended by a rude palisade, and a ruder drawbridge, which gave entrance into streets so narrow as to admit with difficulty three horses abreast, and evincing with what strictness the ancient lords of the village adhered to their prejudice against fortifications, and their opinion in favour of keeping the field, so quaintly expressed in the well-known proverb of the family — ‘It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep.’ The streets, or rather the lanes, were dark but for a shifting gleam of moonlight, which, as that

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planet began to rise, was now and then visible upon some steep and narrow gable. No sound of domestic industry or domestic festivity was heard, and no ray of candle or firelight glanced from the windows of the houses: the ancient ordinance called the curfew, which the Conqueror had introduced into England, was at this time in full force in such parts of Scotland as were thought doubtful, and likely to rebel, under which description it need not be said the ancient possessions of the Douglas were most especially regarded. The church, whose Gothic monuments were of a magnificent character, had been, as far as possible, destroyed by fire; but the ruins, held together by the weight of the massive stones of which they were composed, still sufficiently evinced the greatness of the family at whose cost it had been raised, and whose bones, from immemorial time, had been entombed in its crypts.

Paying little attention to these relics of departed splendour, Sir Aymer de Valence advanced with his small detachment, and had passed the scattered fragments of the cemetery of the Douglasses, when, to his surprise, the noise of his horse's feet was seemingly replied to by sounds which rung like those of another knightly steed advancing heavily up the street, as if it were to meet him. Valence was unable to conjecture what might be the cause of these warlike sounds; the ring and the clang of armour was distinct, and the heavy tramp of a war-horse was not to be mistaken by the ear of a warrior. The difficulty of keeping soldiers from straying out of quarters by night would have sufficiently accounted for the appearance of a straggling foot-soldier; but it was more difficult to account for a

mounted horseman, in full armour; and such was the apparition which a peculiarly bright glimpse of moonlight now showed at the bottom of the causewayed hill. Perhaps the unknown warrior obtained at the same time a glance of Aymer de Valence and his armed followers — at least each of them shouted, ‘Who goes there?’ the alarm of the times; and on the instant the deep answers of ‘St. George!’ on the one side, and ‘The Douglas!’ on the other, awakened the still echoes of the small and ruinous street, and the silent arches of the dilapidated church. Astonished at a war-cry with which so many recollections were connected, the English knight spurred his horse at full gallop down the steep and broken descent leading out at the south or south-east gate of the town; and it was the work of an instant to call out, ‘Ho! St. George! upon the insolent villain, all of you! To the gate, Fabian, and cut him off from flight! St. George! I say, for England! Bows and bills! bows and bills!’ At the same time Aymer de Valence laid in rest his own long lance, which he snatched from the squire by whom it was carried. But the light was seen and gone in an instant, and though De Valence concluded that the hostile warrior had hardly room to avoid his career, yet he could take no aim for the encounter, unless by mere guess, and continued to plunge down the dark declivity, among shattered stones and other encumbrances, without groping out with his lance the object of his pursuit. He rode, in short, at a broken gallop, a descent of about fifty or sixty yards, without having any reason to suppose that he had met the figure which had appeared to him, although the narrowness of the street scarcely admitted his having passed him, unless both horse and

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horseman could have melted at the moment of encounter like an air-bubble. The riders of his suite, meanwhile, were struck with a feeling like supernatural terror, which a number of singular adventures had caused most of them to attach to the name of Douglas; and when he reached the gate by which the broken street was terminated, there was none close behind him but Fabian, in whose head no suggestions of a timorous nature could outlive the sound of his dear master's voice.

Here there was a post of English archers, who were turning out in considerable alarm, when De Valence and his page rode in amongst them. 'Villains!' shouted De Valence, 'why were ye not upon your duty? Who was it passed through your post even now, with the traitorous cry of "Douglas"?'

'We know of no such,' said the captain of the watch.

'That is to say, you besotted villains,' answered the young knight, 'you have been drinking, and have slept?'

The men protested the contrary, but in a confused manner, which was far from overcoming De Valence's suspicions. He called loudly to bring cressets, torches, and candles; and a few remaining inhabitants began to make their unwilling appearance, with such various means of giving light as they chanced to possess. They heard the story of the young English knight with wonder; nor, although it was confirmed by all his retinue, did they give credit to the recital, more than that the Englishmen wished somehow or other to pick a quarrel with the people of the place, under the pretence of their having admitted a retainer of their ancient lord by night

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into the town. They protested, therefore, their innocence of the cause of tumult, and endeavoured to seem active in hastening from house to house, and corner to corner, with their torches, in order to discover the invisible cavalier. The English suspected them no less of treachery than the Scottish imagined the whole matter a pretext for bringing an accusation, on the part of the young knight, against the citizens. The women, however, who now began to issue from the houses, had a key for the solution of the apparition, which at that time was believed of efficacy sufficient to solve any mystery. 'The Devil,' they said, 'must have appeared visibly amongst them' — an explanation which had already occurred to the followers of the young knight; for that a living man and horse, both, as it seemed, of a gigantic size, could be conjured in the twinkling of an eye, and appear in a street secured at one end by the best of the archers, and at the other by the horsemen under Valence himself, was altogether, it seemed, a thing impossible. The inhabitants did not venture to put their thoughts on the subject into language, for fear of giving offence, and only indicated by a passing word to each other the secret degree of pleasure which they felt in the confusion and embarrassment of the English garrison. Still, however, they continued to affect a great deal of interest in the alarm which De Valence had received, and the anxiety which he expressed to discover the cause.

At length a female voice spoke above the Babel of confused sounds, saying, 'Where is the Southern knight? I am sure that I can tell him where he can find the only person who can help him out of his present difficulty.'

'And who is that, good woman?' said Aymer de

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Valence, who was growing every moment more impatient at the loss of time, which was flying fast, in an investigation which had something in it vexatious, and even ridiculous. At the same time, the sight of an armed partizan of the Douglasses, in their own native town, seemed to bode too serious consequences, if it should be suffered to pass without being probed to the bottom.

‘Come hither to me,’ said the female voice, ‘and I will name to you the only person who can explain all matters of this kind that chance in this country.’ On this the knight snatched a torch from some of those who were present, and, holding it up, descried the person who spoke — a tall woman, who evidently endeavoured to render herself remarkable. When he approached her, she communicated her intelligence in a grave and sententious tone of voice.

‘We had once wise men that could have answered any parables which might have been put to them for explanation in this country-side. Whether you yourselves, gentlemen, have not had some hand in weeding them out, good troth, it is not for the like of me to say; at any rate, good counsel is not so easy come by as it was in this Douglas country, nor, maybe, is it a safe thing to pretend to the power of giving it.’

‘Good woman,’ said De Valence, ‘if you will give me an explanation of this mystery, I will owe you a kirtle of the best raploch grey.’

‘It is not I,’ said the old woman, ‘that pretend to possess the knowledge which may assist you; but I would fain know that the man whom I shall name to you shall be scaithless and harmless. Upon your knight-hood and your honour, will you promise to me so much?’

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‘Assuredly,’ said De Valence, ‘such a person shall even have thanks and reward, if he is a faithful informer; ay, and pardon, moreover, although he may have listened to any dangerous practices, or been concerned in any plots.’

‘Oh! not he,’ replied the female; ‘it is old Goodman Powheid, who has the charge of the muniments (meaning probably monuments) — that is, such part of them as you English have left standing; I mean the old sexton of the kirk of Douglas, who can tell more stories of these old folk, whom your honour is not very fond of hearing named, than would last us from this day to Yule.’

‘Does anybody,’ said the knight, ‘know whom it is that this old woman means?’

‘I conjecture,’ replied Fabian, ‘that she speaks of an old dotard, who is, I think, the general referee concerning the history and antiquities of this old town, and of the savage family that lived here, perhaps before the flood.’

‘And who, I daresay,’ said the knight, ‘knows as much about the matter as she herself does. But where is this man? A sexton is he? He may be acquainted with places of concealment, which are often fabricated in Gothic buildings, and known to those whose business calls them to frequent them. Come, my good old dame, bring this man to me; or, what may be better, I will go to him, for we have already spent too much time.’

‘Time!’ replied the old woman — ‘is time an object with your honour? I am sure I can hardly get so much for mine as will hold soul and body together. You are not far from the old man’s house.’

She led the way accordingly, blundering over heaps of

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rubbish, and encountering all the embarrassments of a ruinous street, in lighting the way to Sir Aymer, who, giving his horse to one of his attendants, and desiring Fabian to be ready at a call, scrambled after as well as the slowness of his guide would permit.

Both were soon involved in the remains of the old church, much dilapidated as it had been by wanton damage done to it by the soldiery, and so much impeded by rubbish, that the knight marvelled how the old woman could find the way. She kept talking all the while as she stumbled onward. Sometimes she called out in a screeching tone, 'Powheid! — Lazarus Powheid!' and then muttered — 'Ay — ay, the old man will be busy with some of his duties, as he calls them; I wonder he fashes wi' them in these times. But never mind, I warrant they will last for his day, and for mine; and the times, Lord help us! for all that I can see, are well enough for those that are to live in them.'

'Are you sure, good woman,' replied the knight, 'that there is any inhabitant in these ruins? For my part, I should rather suppose that you are taking me to the charnel-house of the dead.'

'Maybe you are right,' said the old woman, with a ghastly laugh; 'carles and carlines agree weel with funeral vaults and charnel-houses, and when an auld bedral dwells near the dead, he is living, ye ken, among his customers. Halloo, Powheid! — Lazarus Powheid! there is a gentleman would speak with you'; and she added, with some sort of emphasis — 'an English noble gentleman, one of the honourable garrison.'

An old man's step was now heard advancing, so slowly that the glimmering light which he held in his hand was

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visible on the ruined walls of the vault some time before it showed the person who bore it.

The shadow of the old man was also projected upon the illuminated wall ere his person came in view; his dress was in considerable confusion, owing to his having been roused from his bed; and since artificial light was forbidden by the regulations of the garrison, the natives of Douglas Dale spent in sleep the time that they could not very well get rid of by any other means. The sexton was a tall, thin man, emaciated by years and by privations; his body was bent habitually by his occupation of grave-digging, and his eye naturally inclined downwards to the scene of his labours. His hand sustained the cruise or little lamp, which he held so as to throw light upon his visitant; at the same time it displayed to the young knight the features of the person with whom he was now confronted, which, though neither handsome nor pleasing, were strongly marked, sagacious, and venerable, indicating, at the same time, a certain air of dignity, which age, even mere poverty, may be found occasionally to bestow, as conferring that last melancholy species of independence proper to those whose situation can hardly, by any imaginable means, be rendered much worse than years and fortune have already made it. The habit of a lay brother added somewhat of religious importance to his appearance.

‘What would you with me, young man?’ said the sexton. ‘Your youthful features and your gay dress bespeak one who stands in need of my ministry neither for himself nor for others.’

‘I am, indeed,’ replied the knight, ‘a living man, and therefore need not either shovel or pick-axe for my own

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behoof. I am not, as you see, attired in mourning, and therefore need not your offices in behalf of any friend: I would only ask you a few questions.'

'What you would have done must needs be done, you being at present one of our rulers, and, as I think, a man of authority,' replied the sexton. 'Follow me this way into my poor habitation; I have had a better in my day, and yet, Heaven knows, it is good enough for me, when many men of much greater consequence must perforce content themselves with worse.'

He opened a lowly door, which was fitted, though irregularly, to serve as the entrance of a vaulted apartment, where it appeared that the old man held, apart from the living world, his wretched and solitary dwelling.¹ The floor, composed of paving-stones, laid together with some accuracy, and here and there inscribed with letters and hieroglyphics, as if they had once upon a time served to distinguish sepulchres, was indifferently well swept, and a fire at the upper end directed its smoke into a hole which served for a chimney. The spade and pick-axe, with other tools, which the chamberlain of mortality makes use of, lay scattered about the apartment, and, with a rude stool or two and a table, where some inexperienced hand had unquestionably supplied the labours of the joiner, were nearly the only furniture, if we include the old man's bed of straw, lying in a corner, and discomposed, as if he had been just raised from it. At the lower end of the apartment the wall was almost entirely covered by a large escutcheon, such as is usually hung over the graves of men of very high rank, having the appropriate quarters, to the number of six.

¹ See Note 5.

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teen, each properly blazoned and distinct, placed as ornaments around the principal armorial coat itself.

‘Let us sit,’ said the old man: ‘the posture will better enable my failing ears to apprehend your meaning, and the asthma will deal with me more mercifully in permitting me to make you understand mine.’

A peal of short asthmatic coughs attested the violence of the disorder which he had last named, and the young knight followed his host’s example, in sitting down on one of the rickety stools by the side of the fire. The old man brought from one corner of the apartment an apron, which he occasionally wore, full of broken boards in irregular pieces, some of which were covered with black cloth, or driven full of nails, black, as it might happen, or gilded.

‘You will find this fresh fuel necessary,’ said the old man, ‘to keep some degree of heat within this waste apartment; nor are the vapours of mortality, with which this vault is apt to be filled, if the fire is permitted to become extinct, indifferent to the lungs of the dainty and the healthy, like your worship, though to me they are become habitual. The wood will catch fire, although it is some time ere the damps of the grave are overcome by the drier air and the warmth of the chimney.’

Accordingly, the relics of mortality with which the old man had heaped his fireplace began by degrees to send forth a thick, unctuous vapour, which at length leaped to light, and, blazing up the aperture, gave a degree of liveliness to the gloomy scene. The blazonry of the huge escutcheon met and returned the rays with as brilliant a reflection as that lugubrious object was capable of, and the whole apartment looked with a fan-

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tastic gaiety, strangely mingled with the gloomy ideas which its ornaments were calculated to impress upon the imagination.

‘You are astonished,’ said the old man, ‘and perhaps, sir knight, you have never before seen these relics of the dead applied to the purpose of rendering the living, in some degree, more comfortable than their condition would otherwise admit of.’

‘Comfortable!’ returned the knight of Valence, shrugging his shoulders; ‘I should be sorry, old man, to know that I had a dog that was as indifferently quartered as thou art, whose grey hairs have certainly seen better days.’

‘It may be,’ answered the sexton, ‘and it may be otherwise; but it was not, I presume, concerning my own history that your worship seemed disposed to ask me some questions; and I would venture to inquire, therefore, to whom they have relation?’

‘I will speak plainly to you,’ replied Sir Aymer, ‘and you will at once acknowledge the necessity of giving a short and distinct reply. I have even now met in the streets of this village a person only shown to me by a single flash of light, who had the audacity to display the armorial insignia and utter the war-cry of the Douglasses; nay, if I could trust a transient glance, this daring cavalier had the features and the dark complexion proper to the Douglas. I am referred to thee as to one who possesses means of explaining this extraordinary circumstance, which, as an English knight, and one holding a charge under King Edward, I am particularly called upon to make inquiry into.’

‘Let me make a distinction,’ said the old man. ‘The

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Douglasses of former generations are my near neighbours, and, according to my superstitious townsmen, my acquaintances and visitors; I can take it upon my conscience to be answerable for their good behaviour, and to become bound that none of the old barons, to whom the roots of that mighty tree may, it is said, be traced, will again disturb with their war-cry the towns or villages of their native country: not one will parade in moonshine the black armour which has long rusted upon their tombs.

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.¹

Look around, sir knight, you have above and around you the men of whom we speak. Beneath us, in a little aisle, which hath not been opened since these thin grey locks were thick and brown, there lies the first man whom I can name as memorable among those of this mighty line. It is he whom the Thane of Athol pointed out to the King of Scotland as Sholto Dhuglass, or the dark iron-coloured man, whose exertions had gained the battle for his native prince; and who, according to this legend, bequeathed his name to our dale and town, though others say that the race assumed the name of Douglas from the stream so called in unrecorded times, before they had their fastness on its banks. Others, his descendants, called Eachain, or Hector the first, and Orodh, or Hugh, William, the first of that name, and Gilmour, the theme of many a minstrel song, commemorating achievements done under the oriflamme of Charles the Great, Emperor of France, have all consigned themselves to their last

¹ See Note 6.

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sleep, nor has their memory been sufficiently preserved from the waste of time. Something we know concerning their great deeds, their great power, and, alas! their great crimes. Something we also know of a Lord of Douglas who sat in a parliament at Forfar, held by King Malcolm the First, and we are aware that, from his attachment to hunting the wild hart, he built himself a tower called Blackhouse, in the Forest of Ettrick, which perhaps still exists.'

'I crave your forgiveness, old man,' said the knight, 'but I have no time at present to bestow upon the recitation of the pedigree of the house of Douglas. A less matter would hold a well-breathed minstrel in subject for recitation for a calendar month, Sundays and holy-days included.'

'What other information can you expect from me,' said the sexton, 'than that respecting those heroes, some of whom it has been my lot to consign to that eternal rest which will for ever divide the dead from the duties of this world? I have told you where the race sleep down to the reign of the royal Malcolm. I can tell you also of another vault, in which lie Sir John of Douglas Burn, with his son Lord Archibald, and a third William, known by an indenture with Lord Abernethy. Lastly, I can tell you of him to whom that escutcheon, with its appurtenances of splendour and dignity, justly belong. Do you envy that nobleman, whom, if death were in the sound, I would not hesitate to term my honourable patron? and have you any design of dishonouring his remains? It will be a poor victory; nor does it become a knight and nobleman to come in person to enjoy such a triumph over the dead, against whom, when he lived,

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there were few knights dared spur their horses. He fought in defence of his country, but he had not the good fortune of most of his ancestors, to die on the field of battle. Captivity, sickness, and regret for the misfortunes of his native land brought his head to the grave in his prison-house, in the land of the stranger.'

The old man's voice here became interrupted by emotion, and the English knight found it difficult to continue his examination in the stern fashion which his duty required.

'Old man,' he said, 'I do not require from thee this detail, which must be useless to me, as well as painful to thyself. Thou dost but thy duty in rendering justice to thy ancient lord; but thou hast not yet explained to me why I have met in this town, this very night, and not half an hour since, a person in the arms, and bearing the complexion, of one of the Black Douglasses, who cried his war-cry as if in contempt of his conquerors.'

'Surely,' replied the sexton, 'it is not my business to explain such a fancy, otherwise than by supposing that the natural fears of the Southron will raise the spectre of a Douglas at any time, when he is within sight of their sepulchre. Methinks, in such a night as this, the fairest cavalier would wear the complexion of this swarthy race; nor can I hold it wonderful that the war-cry which was once in the throats of so many thousands in this country should issue upon occasion from the mouth of a single champion.'

'You are bold, old man,' returned the English knight; 'do you consider that your life is in my power, and that it may, in certain cases, be my duty to inflict death with that degree of pain at which humanity shudders?'

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The old man rose up slowly in the light of the blazing fire, displaying his emaciated features, which resembled those ascribed by artists to St. Anthony of the desert, and pointing to the feeble lamp, which he placed upon the coarse table, thus addressed his interrogator, with an appearance of perfect firmness, and something even resembling dignity:

‘Young knight of England, you see that utensil constructed for the purpose of dispensing light amidst these fatal vaults; it is as frail as anything can well be, whose flame is supplied by living element, contained in a frame composed of iron. It is doubtless in your power entirely to end its service, by destroying the frame or extinguishing the light. Threaten it with such annihilation, sir knight, and see whether your menace will impress any sense of fear either on the element or the iron. Know that you have no more power over the frail mortal whom you threaten with similar annihilation. You may tear from my body the skin in which it is now swathed; but although my nerves might glow with agony during the inhuman operation, it would produce no more impression on me than flaying on the stag which an arrow has previously pierced through the heart. My age sets me beyond your cruelty: if you think otherwise, call your agents, and commence your operations; neither threats nor inflictions will enable you to extort from me anything that I am not ready to tell you of my own accord.’

‘You trifle with me, old man,’ said De Valence: ‘you talk as if you possessed some secret respecting the motions of these Douglasses, who are to you as gods, yet you communicate no intelligence to me whatever.’

‘You may soon know,’ replied the old man, ‘all that a

poor sexton has to communicate; and it will not increase your knowledge respecting the living, though it may throw some light upon my proper domains, which are those of the dead. The spirits of the deceased Douglasses do not rest in their graves during the dishonour of their monuments and the downfall of their house. That, upon death, the greater part of any line are consigned to the regions of eternal bliss or of never-ending misery religion will not suffer us to believe, and, amidst a race who had so great a share of worldly triumph and prosperity, we must suppose there have existed many who have been justly subjected to the doom of an intermediate space of punishment. You have destroyed the temples which were built by their posterity to propitiate Heaven for the welfare of their souls; you have silenced the prayers and stopt the choirs by the mediation of which the piety of children had sought to appease the wrath of Heaven in behalf of their ancestors, subjected to expiatory fires. Can you wonder that the tormented spirits, thus deprived of the relief which had been proposed to them, should not, according to the common phrase, rest in their graves? Can you wonder they should show themselves like discontented loiterers near to the places which, but for the manner in which you have prosecuted your remorseless warfare, might have ere now afforded them rest? Or do you marvel that these fleshless warriors should interrupt your marches, and do what else their airy nature may permit to disturb your councils, and meet as far as they may the hostilities which you make it your boast to carry on, as well against those who are deceased as against any who may yet survive your cruelty?’

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‘Old man,’ replied Aymer de Valence, ‘you cannot expect that I am to take for answer a story like this, being a fiction too gross to charm to sleep a schoolboy tormented with the toothache; nevertheless, I thank God that thy doom does not remain in my hands. My squire and two archers shall carry thee captive to the worshipful Sir John de Walton, governor of the castle and valley, that he may deal with thee as seems meet; nor is he a person to believe in your apparitions and ghosts from purgatory. What ho! Fabian! Come hither, and bring with thee two archers of the guard.’

Fabian accordingly, who had waited at the entrance of the ruined building, now found his way, by the light of the old sexton’s lamp, and the sound of his master’s voice, into the singular apartment of the old man, the strange decorations of which struck the youth with great surprise and some horror.

‘Take the two archers with thee, Fabian,’ said the knight of Valence, ‘and, with their assistance, convey this old man, on horseback or in a litter, to the presence of the worshipful Sir John de Walton. Tell him what we have seen, which thou didst witness as well as I; and tell him that this old sexton, whom I send to be examined by his superior wisdom, seems to know more than he is willing to disclose respecting our ghostly cavalier, though he will give us no account of him, except intimating that he is a spirit of the old Douglasses from purgatory, to which Sir John de Walton will give what faith he pleases. You may say that, for my part, my belief is, either that the sexton is crazed by age, want, and enthusiasm, or that he is connected with some plot which the country people are hatching. You may also

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say, that I shall not use much ceremony with the youth under the care of the abbot of St. Bride; there is something suspicious in all the occurrences that are now passing around us.'

Fabian promised obedience; and the knight, pulling him aside, gave him an additional caution to behave with attention in this business, seeing he must recollect that neither the judgment of himself nor that of his master were apparently held in very much esteem by the governor, and that it would ill become them to make any mistake in a matter where the safety of the castle was perhaps concerned.

'Fear me not, worshipful sir,' replied the youth; 'I am returning to pure air in the first place, and a good fire in the second, both acceptable exchanges for this dungeon of suffocating vapours and execrable smells. You may trust to my making no delay: a very short time will carry me back to Castle Douglas, even moving with suitable attention to this old man's bones.'

'Use him humanely,' answered the knight. 'And thou, old man, if thou art insensible to threats of personal danger in this matter, remember that, if thou art found paltering with us, thy punishment will perhaps be more severe than any we can inflict upon thy person.'

'Can you administer the torture to the soul?' said the sexton.

'As to thee,' answered the knight, 'we have that power: we will dissolve every monastery or religious establishment held for the souls of these Douglasses, and will only allow the religious people to hold their residence there upon condition of their praying for the soul of King

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Edward the First of glorious memory, the *malleus Scottorum*; and if the Douglasses are deprived of the ghostly benefit of the prayers and services of such shrines, they may term thy obstinacy the cause.'

'Such a species of vengeance,' answered the old man, in the same bold unsubdued tone which he had hitherto used, 'were more worthy of the infernal fiends than of Christian men.'

The squire raised his hand. The knight interposed. 'Forbear him,' he said, 'Fabian, he is very old, and perhaps insane. And you, sexton, remember that the vengeance threatened is lawfully directed towards a family which have been the obstinate supporters of the excommunicated rebel who murdered the Red Comyn at the High Church in Dumfries.'

So saying, Aymer strode out of the ruins, picking his way with some difficulty; took his horse, which he found at the entrance; repeated a caution to Fabian to conduct himself with prudence; and, passing on to the southwestern gate, gave the strongest injunctions concerning the necessity of keeping a vigilant watch, both by patrols and by sentinels, intimating at the same time that it must have been neglected during the preceding part of the evening. The men murmured an apology, the confusion of which seemed to express that there had existed some occasion for the reprimand.

Sir Aymer then proceeded on his journey to Hazelside, his train diminished by the absence of Fabian and his assistants. After a hasty but not a short journey, the knight alighted at Thomas Dickson's, where he found the detachment from Ayr had arrived before him, and were snugly housed for the night. He sent one of the

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archers to announce his approach to the abbot of St. Bride and his young guest, intimating at the same time that the archer must keep sight of the latter until he himself arrived at the chapel, which would be instantly.

CHAPTER X

When the nightengale singes the wodes waxen grene,
Lef, and gras, and blosme springeth in April I wene,
And love is to myne herte gone with one speare so kene.
Night and day my blood hyt drynkes, mine herte deth me tene.

MSS. Hail. Quoted by Warton.

SIR AYMER DE VALENCE had no sooner followed his archer to the convent of St. Bride than he summoned the abbot to his presence, who came with the air of a man who loves his ease, and who is suddenly called from the couch where he has consigned himself to a comfortable repose, at the summons of one whom he does not think it safe to disobey, and to whom he would not disguise his sense of peevishness, if he durst.

‘It is a late ride,’ he said, ‘which has brought your worthy honour hither from the castle. May I be informed of the cause, after the arrangement so recently gone into with the governor?’

‘It is my hope,’ replied the knight, ‘that you, father abbot, are not already conscious of it; suspicions are afloat, and I myself have this night seen something to confirm them, that some of the obstinate rebels of this country are again setting afoot dangerous practices, to the peril of the garrison; and I come, father, to see whether, in requital of many favours received from the English monarch, you will not merit his bounty and protection by contributing to the discovery of the design of his enemies.’

‘Assuredly so,’ answered Father Jerome, in an agitated

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voice. 'Most unquestionably my information should stand at your command; that is, if I knew anything the communication of which could be of advantage to you.'

'Father abbot,' replied the English knight, 'although it is rash to make myself responsible for a North Country man in these times, yet I own I do consider you as one who has ever been faithfully subject to the King of England, and I willingly hope that you will still continue so.'

'And a fine encouragement I have!' said the abbot; 'to be called out of my bed at midnight, in this raw weather, to undergo the examination of a knight who is the youngest, perhaps, of his own honourable rank, and who will not tell me the subject of the interrogatories, but detains me on this cold pavement till, according to the opinion of Celsus, the podagra which lurks in my feet may be driven into my stomach, and then good-night to abbacy and examinations from henceforward.'

'Good father,' said the young man, 'the spirit of the times must teach thee patience; recollect that I can feel no pleasure in this duty, and that, if an insurrection should take place, the rebels, who are sufficiently displeased with thee for acknowledging the English monarch, would hang thee from thine own steeple to feed the crows; or that, if thou hast secured thy peace by some private compact with the insurgents, the English governor, who will sooner or later gain the advantage, will not fail to treat thee as a rebel to his sovereign.'

'It may appear to you, my noble son,' answered the abbot, obviously discomposed, 'that I am hung up, in this case, on the horns of the dilemma which you have stated; nevertheless, I protest to you that, if any one

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accuses me of conspiring with the rebels against the King of England, I am ready, provided you give me time to swallow a potion recommended by Celsus in my perilous case, to answer with the most perfect sincerity every question which thou canst put to me upon that subject.' So saying, he called upon a monk who had attended at his levée, and, giving him a large key, whispered something in his ear. The cup which the monk brought was of such capacity as proved Celsus's draught required to be administered in considerable quantity, and a strong smell which it spread through the apartment accredited the knight's suspicion that the medicine chiefly consisted of what were then termed distilled waters — a preparation known in the monasteries for some time before that comfortable secret had reached the laity in general. The abbot, neither overawed by the strength nor by the quantity of the potion, took it off with what he himself would have called a feeling of solace and pleasance, and his voice became much more composed; he signified himself as comforted extraordinarily by the medicine, and willing to proceed to answer any questions which could be put to him by his gallant young friend.

'At present,' said the knight, 'you are aware, father, that strangers travelling through this country must be the first objects of our suspicions and inquiries. What is, for example, your own opinion of the youth termed Augustine, the son, or calling himself so, of a person called Bertram the minstrel, who has resided for some days in your convent?'

The abbot heard the question with eyes expressive of surprise at the quarter from which it came.

'Assuredly,' said he, 'I think of him as a youth who,

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from anything I have seen, is of that excellent disposition, both with respect to loyalty and religion, which I should have expected, were I to judge from the estimable person who committed him to my care.'

With this the abbot bowed to the knight, as if he had conceived that this repartee gave him a silencing advantage in any question which could follow upon that subject, and he was probably therefore surprised when Sir Aymer replied as follows: —

'It is very true, father abbot, that I myself did recommend this stripling to you as a youth of a harmless disposition, and with respect to whom it would be unnecessary to exercise the strict vigilance extended to others in similar circumstances; but the evidence which seemed to me to vouch for this young man's innocence has not appeared so satisfactory to my superior and commander, and it is by his orders that I now make further inquiries of you. You must think they are of consequence, since we again trouble you, and at so unwonted an hour.'

'I can only protest by my order and by the veil of St. Bride,' replied the abbot, the spirit of Celsus appearing to fail his pupil, 'that whatever evil may be in this matter is totally unknown to me, nor could it be extorted from me by racks or implements of torture. Whatever signs of disloyalty may have been evinced by this young man, I have witnessed none of them, although I have been strictly attentive to his behaviour.'

'In what respect?' said the knight, 'and what is the result of your observation?'

'My answer,' said the abbot of St. Bride, 'shall be sincere and downright. The youth condescended upon payment of a certain number of gold crowns, not by any

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means to repay the hospitality of the church of St. Bride, but merely —'

'Nay, father,' interrupted the knight, 'you may cut that short, since the governor and I well understand the terms upon which the monks of St. Bride exercise their hospitality. In what manner, it is more necessary to ask, was it received by this boy?'

'With the utmost gentleness and moderation, noble sir,' answered the abbot. 'Indeed, it appeared to me at first that he might be a troublesome guest, since the amount of his benevolence to the convent was such as to encourage, and in some degree to authorise, his demanding accommodation of a kind superior to what we had to bestow.'

'In which case,' said Sir Aymer, 'you would have had the discomfort of returning some part of the money you had received?'

'That,' replied the abbot, 'would have been a mode of settlement contrary to our vows. What is paid to the treasury of St. Bridget cannot, agreeably to our rule, be on any account restored. But, noble knight, there was no occasion for this: a crust of white bread and a draught of milk were diet sufficient to nourish this poor youth for a day, and it was my own anxiety for his health that dictated the furnishing of his cell with a softer bed and coverlet than are quite consistent with the rules of our order.'

'Now hearken to what I say, sir abbot, and answer me truly,' said the knight of Valence. 'What communication has this youth held with the inmates of your convent, or with those beyond your house? Search your memory concerning this, and let me have a distinct

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answer, for your guest's safety and your own depend upon it.'

'As I am a Christian man,' said the abbot, 'I have observed nothing which could give ground for your worship's suspicions. The boy Augustine, unlike those whom I have observed who have been educated in the world, showed a marked preference to the company of such sisters as the house of St. Bride contains, rather than for that of the monks, my brethren, although there are among them pleasant and conversible men.'

'Scandal,' said the young knight, 'might find a reason for that preference.'

'Not in the case of the sisters of St. Bridget,' said the abbot, 'most of whom have been either sorely misused by time, or their comeliness destroyed by some mishap previously to their being received into the seclusion of the house.'

This observation the good father made with some internal movement of mirth, which was apparently excited at the idea of the sisterhood of St. Bridget becoming attractive to any one by dint of their personal beauty, in which, as it happened, they were all notably, and almost ludicrously, deficient. The English knight, to whom the sisterhood were well known, felt also inclined to smile at this conversation.

'I acquit,' he said, 'the pious sisterhood of charming, otherwise than by their kind wishes and attention to the wants of the suffering stranger.'

'Sister Beatrice,' continued the father, resuming his gravity, 'is indeed blessed with a winning gift of making comfits and syllabubs; but, on minute inquiry, I do not find that the youth has tasted any of them. Neither is

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sister Ursula so hard-favoured by nature as from the effects of an accident; but your honour knows that, when a woman is ugly, the men do not trouble themselves about the cause of her hard favour. I will go, with your leave, and see in what state the youth now is, and summon him before you.'

'I request you to do so, father, for the affair is instant; and I earnestly advise you to watch, in the closest manner, this Augustine's behaviour: you cannot be too particular. I will wait your return, and either carry the boy to the castle, or leave him here, as circumstances may seem to require.'

The abbot bowed, promised his utmost exertions, and hobbled out of the room to wait on the youth Augustine in his cell, anxious to favour, if possible, the wishes of De Valence, whom he looked upon as rendered by circumstances his military patron.

He remained long absent, and Sir Aymer began to be of opinion that the delay was suspicious, when the abbot returned with perplexity and discomposure in his countenance.

'I crave your pardon for keeping your worship waiting,' said Jerome, with much anxiety; 'but I have myself been detained and vexed by unnecessary formalities and scruples on the part of this peevish boy. In the first place, hearing my foot approaching his bedroom, my youth, instead of undoing the door, which would have been but proper respect to my place, on the contrary draws a strong bolt on the inside; and this fastening, forsooth, has been placed on his chamber by Ursula's command, that his slumbers might be suitably respected. I intimated to him as I best could that he must attend

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you without delay, and prepare to accompany you to the Castle of Douglas; but he would not answer a single word, save recommending to me patience, to which I was fain to have recourse, as well as your archer, whom I found standing sentinel before the door of the cell, and contenting himself with the assurance of the sisters that there was no other passage by which Augustine could make his escape. At length the door opens, and my young master presents himself fully arrayed for his journey. The truth is, I think some fresh attack of his malady has affected the youth: he may perhaps be disturbed with some touch of hypochondria or black choler — a species of dotage of the mind which is sometimes found concomitant with and symptomatic of this disorder; but he is at present composed, and if your worship chooses to see him, he is at your command.'

'Call him hither,' said the knight. And a considerable space of time again elapsed ere the eloquence of the abbot, half chiding and half soothing, prevailed on the lady, in her adopted character, to approach the parlour, in which at last she made her appearance, with a countenance on which the marks of tears might still be discovered, and a pettish sullenness, like that of a boy, or, with reverence, that of a girl, who is determined upon taking her own way in any matter, and equally resolved to give no reason for her doing so. Her hurried levée had not prevented her attending closely to all the mufflings and disguisings by which her pilgrim's dress was arranged so as to alter her appearance, and effectually disguise her sex. But as civility prevented her wearing her large slouched hat, she necessarily exposed her countenance more than in the open air; and though the knight beheld

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a most lovely set of features, yet they were not such as were inconsistent with the character she had adopted, and which she had resolved upon maintaining to the last. She had, accordingly, mustered up a degree of courage which was not natural to her, and which she perhaps supported by hopes which her situation hardly admitted. So soon as she found herself in the same apartment with De Valence, she assumed a style of manners bolder and more determined than she had hitherto displayed.

‘Your worship,’ she said, addressing him even before he spoke, ‘is a knight of England, and possessed, doubtless, of the virtues which become that noble station. I am an unfortunate lad, obliged, by reasons which I am under the necessity of keeping secret, to travel in a dangerous country, where I am suspected, without any just cause, of becoming accessory to plots and conspiracies which are contrary to my own interest, and which my very soul abhors, and which I might safely abjure, by imprecating upon myself all the curses of our religion and renouncing all its promises, if I were accessory to such designs in thought, word, or deed. Nevertheless, you, who will not believe my solemn protestations, are about to proceed against me as a guilty person, and in so doing I must warn you, sir knight, that you will commit a great and cruel injustice.’

‘I shall endeavour to avoid that,’ said the knight, ‘by referring the duty to Sir John de Walton, the governor, who will decide what is to be done; in this case, my only duty will be to place you in his hands at Douglas Castle.’

‘Must you do this?’ said Augustine.

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‘Certainly,’ replied the knight, ‘or be answerable for neglecting my duty.’

‘But if I become bound to answer your loss with a large sum of money, a large tract of land —’

‘No treasure, no land, supposing such at your disposal,’ answered the knight, ‘can atone for disgrace; and besides, boy, how should I trust to your warrant, were my avarice such as would induce me to listen to such proposals?’

‘I must then prepare to attend you instantly to the Castle of Douglas and the presence of Sir John de Walton?’ replied Augustine.

‘Young man,’ answered De Valence, ‘there is no remedy, since, if you delay me longer, I must carry you thither by force.’

‘What will be the consequence to my father?’ said the youth.

‘That,’ replied the knight, ‘will depend exactly on the nature of your confession and his; something you both have to say, as is evident from the terms of the letter Sir John de Walton conveyed to you; and I assure you, you were better to speak it out at once than to risk the consequences of more delay. I can admit of no more trifling; and, believe me, that your fate will be entirely ruled by your own frankness and candour.’

‘I must prepare, then, to travel at your command,’ said the youth. ‘But this cruel disease still hangs around me, and Abbot Jerome, whose leechcraft is famous, will himself assure you that I cannot travel without danger of my life; and that, while I was residing in this convent, I declined every opportunity of exercise which was offered me by the kindness of the garrison of Hazelside,

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lest I might by mishap bring the contagion among your men.'

'The youth says right,' said the abbot: 'the archers and men-at-arms have more than once sent to invite this lad to join in some of their military games, or to amuse them, perhaps, with some of his minstrelsy; but he has uniformly declined doing so; and, according to my belief, it is the effects of this disorder which have prevented his accepting an indulgence so natural to his age, and in so dull a place as the convent of St. Bride must needs seem to a youth bred up in the world.'

'Do you then hold, reverend father,' said Sir Aymer, 'that there is real danger in carrying this youth to the castle to-night, as I proposed?'

'I conceive such danger,' replied the abbot, 'to exist, not only as it may occasion the relapse of the poor youth himself, but as particularly likely, no preparations having been made, to introduce the infection among your honourable garrison; for it is in these relapses, more than in the first violence of the malady, that it has been found most contagious.'

'Then,' said the knight, 'you must be content, my friend, to give a share of your room to an archer, by way of sentinel.'

'I cannot object,' said Augustine, 'provided my unfortunate vicinity does not endanger the health of the poor soldier.'

'He will be as ready to do his duty,' said the abbot, 'without the door of the apartment as within it; and if the youth should sleep soundly, which the presence of a guard in his chamber might prevent, he is the more likely to answer your purpose on the morrow.'

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‘Let it be so,’ said Sir Aymer, ‘so you are sure that you do not minister any facility of escape.’

‘The apartment,’ said the monk, ‘hath no other entrance than that which is guarded by the archer; but to content you I shall secure the door in your presence.’

‘So be it, then,’ said the knight of Valence; ‘this done, I myself will lie down without doffing my mail-shirt, and snatch a sleep till the ruddy dawn calls me again to duty, when you, Augustine, will hold yourself ready to attend me to our Castle of Douglas.’

The bells of the convent summoned the inhabitants and inmates of St. Bride to morning prayers at the first peep of day. When this duty was over, the knight demanded his prisoner. The abbot marshalled him to the door of Augustine’s chamber. The sentinel who was stationed there, armed with a brown-bill, or species of partizan, reported that he had heard no motion in the apartment during the whole night. The abbot tapped at the door, but received no answer. He knocked again louder, but the silence was unbroken from within.

‘What means this?’ said the reverend ruler of the convent of St. Bride; ‘my young patient has certainly fallen into a syncope or swoon!’

‘I wish, father abbot,’ said the knight, ‘that he may not have made his escape instead — an accident which both you and I may be required to answer, since, according to our strict duty, we ought to have kept sight of him, and detained him in close custody until daybreak.’

‘I trust your worship,’ said the abbot, ‘only anticipates a misfortune which I cannot think possible.’

‘We shall speedily see,’ said the knight; and, raising his voice, he called aloud, so as to be heard within,

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'Bring crowbars and levers, and burst me that door into splinters without an instant's delay!'

The loudness of his voice, and the stern tone in which he spoke, soon brought around him the brethren of the house, and two or three soldiers of his own party, who were already busy in caparisoning their horses. The displeasure of the young knight was manifested by his flushed features and the abrupt manner in which he again repeated his commands for breaking open the door. This was speedily performed, though it required the application of considerable strength, and as the shattered remains fell crashing into the apartment, De Valence sprung, and the abbot hobbled, into the cell of the prisoner, which, to the fulfilment of their worst suspicions, they found empty.

CHAPTER XI

Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd him?
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the young sun?
Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows?

Anonymous

THE disappearance of the youth, whose disguise and whose fate have, we hope, inclined our readers to take some interest in him, will require some explanation ere we proceed with the other personages of the story, and we shall set about giving it accordingly.

When Augustine was consigned to his cell for the second time on the preceding evening, both the monk and the young knight of Valence had seen the key turned upon him, and had heard him secure the door on the inside with the bolt which had been put on at his request by Sister Ursula, in whose affections the youth of Augustine, his extreme handsomeness, and, above all, his indisposition of body and his melancholy of mind, had gained him considerable interest.

So soon, accordingly, as Augustine re-entered his apartment, he was greeted in a whisper by the sister, who, during the interval of his absence, had contrived to slip into the cell, and having tappiced herself behind the little bed, came out, with great appearance of joy, to greet the return of the youth. The number of little attentions, the disposal of holly boughs and such other evergreens as the season permitted, showed the anxiety

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of the holy sister to decorate the chamber of their guest, and the greetings of Sister Ursula expressed the same friendly interest, at the same time intimating that she was already in some degree in possession of the stranger's mystery.

As Augustine and the holy sister were busied in exchange of confidence, the extraordinary difference between their countenances and their persons must have struck any one who might have been accidentally a witness of their interview. The dark pilgrim's robe of the disguised female was not a stronger contrast to the white woollen garment worn by the votaress of St. Bride than the visage of the nun, seamed with many a ghastly scar, and the light of one of her eyes extinguished for ever, causing it to roll a sightless luminary in her head, was to the beautiful countenance of Augustine, now bent with a confidential, and even affectionate, look upon the extraordinary features of her companion.

'You know,' said the supposed Augustine, 'the principal part of my story; can you, or will you, lend me your assistance? If not, my dearest sister, you must consent to witness my death, rather than my shame. Yes, Sister Ursula, I will not be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as the thoughtless maiden who sacrificed so much for a young man of whose attachment she was not so well assured as she ought to have been. I will not be dragged before De Walton, for the purpose of being compelled, by threats of torture, to declare myself the female in honour of whom he holds the Dangerous Castle. No doubt he might be glad to give his hand in wedlock to a damsel whose dowry is so ample; but who can tell whether he will regard me with that respect

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which every woman would wish to command, or pardon that boldness of which I have been guilty, even though its consequences have been in his own favour?’

‘Nay, my darling daughter,’ answered the nun, ‘comfort yourself; for in all I can aid you, be assured I will. My means are somewhat more than my present situation may express, and be assured they shall be tried to the uttermost. Methinks I still hear that lay which you sung to the other sisters and myself, although I alone, touched by feelings kindred to yours, had the address to comprehend that it told your own tale.’

‘I am yet surprised,’ said Augustine, speaking beneath her breath, ‘how I had the boldness to sing in your ears the lay which, in fact, was the history of my disgrace.’

‘Alas! that you will say so,’ returned the nun; ‘there was not a word but what resembled those tales of love and of high-spirited daring which the best minstrels love to celebrate, and the noblest knights and maidens weep at once and smile to hear. The Lady Augusta of Berkely, a great heiress, according to the world, both in land and movable goods, becomes the king’s ward by the death of her parents; and thus is on the point of being given away in marriage to a minion of the King of England, whom in these Scottish valleys we scruple not to call a peremptory tyrant.’

‘I must not say so, my sister,’ said the pilgrim; ‘and yet, true it is that the cousin of the obscure parasite Gaveston, on whom the King wished to confer my poor hand, was neither by birth, merit, nor circumstance worthy of such an alliance. Meantime I heard of the fame of Sir John de Walton; and I heard of it not with the less interest that his feats of chivalry were said to

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adorn a knight who, rich in everything else, was poor in worldly goods and in the smiles of fortune. I saw this Sir John de Walton, and I acknowledge that a thought, which had already intruded itself on my imagination, became after this interview, by frequent recurrence, more familiar and more welcome to me. Methought that the daughter of a powerful English family, if she could give away with her hand such wealth as the world spoke of, would more justly and honourably bestow it in remedying the errors of fortune in regard to a gallant knight like De Walton than in patching the revenues of a beggarly Frenchman, whose only merit was in being the kinsman of a man who was very generally destested by the whole kingdom of England, excepting the infatuated monarch himself.'

'Nobly designed, my daughter,' said the nun; 'what more worthy of a noble heart, possessing riches, beauty, birth, and rank, than to confer them all upon indigent and chivalrous merit?'

'Such, dearest sister, was my intention,' replied Augustine; 'but I have, perhaps, scarce sufficiently explained the manner in which I meant to proceed. By the advice of the minstrel of our house, the same who is now prisoner at Douglas, I caused exhibit a large feast upon Christmas eve, and sent invitations abroad to the young knights of noble name who were known to spend their leisure in quest of arms and adventures. When the tables were drawn and the feast concluded, Bertram, as had been before devised, was called upon to take his harp. He sung, receiving from all who were present the attention due to a minstrel of so much fame. The theme which he chose was the frequent capture of

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this Douglas Castle, or, as the poet termed it, Castle Dangerous. "Where are the champions of the renowned Edward the First," said the minstrel, "when the realm of England cannot furnish a man brave enough, or sufficiently expert in the wars, to defend a miserable hamlet of the North against the Scottish rebels, who have vowed to retake it over our soldiers' heads ere the year rolls to an end? Where are the noble ladies whose smiles used to give countenance to the knights of St. George's cross? Alas! the spirit of love and of chivalry is alike dead amongst us: our knights are limited to petty enterprises, and our noblest heiresses are given as prizes to strangers, as if their own country had no one to deserve them." Here stopt the harp; and I shame to say that I myself, as if moved to enthusiasm by the song of the minstrel, arose, and taking from my neck the chain of gold which supported a crucifix of special sanctity, I made my vow, always under the King's permission, that I would give my hand, and the inheritance of my fathers, to the good knight, being of noble birth and lineage, who should keep the Castle of Douglas in the King of England's name for a year and a day. I sat down, my dearest sister, deafened with the jubilee in which my guests expressed their applause of my supposed patriotism. Yet some degree of pause took place amidst the young knights, who might reasonably have been supposed ready to embrace this offer, although at the risk of being encumbered with Augusta of Berkely.'

'Shame on the man,' said Sister Ursula, 'who should think so? Put your beauty alone, my dearest, into consideration, and a true knight ought to have embraced the dangers of twenty Castles of Douglas, rather than

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let such an invaluable opportunity of gaining your favour be lost.'

'It may be that some in reality thought so,' said the pilgrim; 'but it was supposed that the King's favour might be lost by those who seemed too anxious to thwart his royal purpose upon his ward's hand. At any rate, greatly to my joy, the only person who availed himself of the offer I had made was Sir John de Walton; and as his acceptance of it was guarded by a clause, saving and reserving the King's approbation, I hope he has not suffered any diminution of Edward's favour.'

'Assure yourself, noble and high-spirited young lady,' replied the nun, 'that there is no fear of thy generous devotion hurting thy lover with the King of England. Something we hear concerning worldly passages, even in this remote nook of St. Bride's cloister, and the report goes among the English soldiers that their king was indeed offended at your putting your will in opposition to his own; yet, on the other hand, this preferred lover, Sir John de Walton, was a man of such extensive fame, and your offer was so much in the character of better but not forgotten times, that even a king could not at the beginning of a long and stubborn war deprive an errant cavalier of his bride, if she should be duly won by his sword and lance.'

'Ah! dearest Sister Ursula!' sighed the disguised pilgrim, 'but, on the other hand, how much time must pass by in the siege by defeating which that suit must needs be advanced? While I sat in my lonely castle, tidings after tidings came to astound me with the numerous, or rather the constant, dangers with which my lover was surrounded, until at length, in a moment, I think, of

madness, I resolved to set out in this masculine disguise; and having myself with my own eyes seen in what situation I had placed my knight, I determined to take such measures in respect to shortening the term of his trial, or otherwise, as a sight of Douglas Castle, and — why should I deny it? — of Sir John de Walton, might suggest. Perhaps you, my dearest sister, may not so well understand my being tempted into flinching from the resolution which I had laid down for my own honour and that of my lover; but consider that my resolution was the consequence of a moment of excitation, and that the course which I adopted was the conclusion of a long, wasting, sickening state of uncertainty, the effect of which was to weaken the nerves which were once highly strung with love of my country, as I thought; but in reality, alas! with fond and anxious feelings of a more selfish description.'

'Alas!' said Sister Ursula, evincing the strongest symptoms of interest and compassion, 'am I the person, dearest child, whom you suspect of insensibility to the distresses which are the fruit of true love? Do you suppose that the air which is breathed within these walls has the property, upon the female heart, of such marvellous fountains as they say change into stone the substances which are immersed into their waters? Hear my tale, and judge if it can be thus with one who possesses my causes of grief. And do not fear for loss of time: we must let our neighbours at Hazelside be settled for the evening ere I furnish you with the means of escape; and you must have a trusty guide, for whose fidelity I will be responsible, to direct your path through these woods, and protect you in case of any danger, too likely to oc-

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cur in these troublesome times. It will thus be nigh an hour ere you depart; and sure I am that in no manner can you spend the time better than in listening to distresses too similar to your own, and flowing from the source of disappointed affection which you must needs sympathise with.'

The distresses of the Lady Augusta did not prevent her being in some degree affected almost ludicrously with the singular contrast between the hideous countenance of this victim of the tender passion and the cause to which she imputed her sorrows; but it was not a moment for giving way to a sense of the ridiculous, which would have been in the highest degree offensive to the sister of St. Bride, whose goodwill she had so many reasons to conciliate. She readily, therefore, succeeded in preparing herself to listen to the votary with an appearance of sympathy, which might reward that which she had herself experienced at the hands of Sister Ursula; while the unfortunate recluse, with an agitation which made her ugliness still more conspicuous, narrated, nearly in a whisper, the following circumstances:—

'My misfortunes commenced long before I was called Sister Ursula, or secluded as a votaress within these walls. My father was a noble Norman, who, like many of his countrymen, sought and found fortune at the court of the King of Scotland. He was endowed with the sheriffdom of this county, and Maurice de Hattley, or Hautlieu, was numbered among the wealthy and powerful barons of Scotland. Wherefore should I deny it, that the daughter of this baron, then called Margaret de Hautlieu, was also distinguished among the great and fair of the land? It can be no censurable vanity which

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provokes me to speak the truth; and unless I tell it myself, you could hardly suspect what a resemblance I once bore even to the lovely Lady Augusta of Berkely. About this time broke out those unfortunate feuds of Bruce and Baliol which have been so long the curse of this country. My father, determined in his choice of party by the arguments of his wealthy kinsmen at the court of Edward, embraced with passion the faction of the English interest, and became one of the keenest partizans, at first of John Baliol, and afterwards of the English monarch. None among the Anglicised Scottish, as his party was called, were so zealous as he for the red cross, and no one was more detested by his countrymen who followed the national standard of St. Andrew and the patriot Wallace. Among those soldiers of the soil, Malcolm Fleming of Biggar was one of the most distinguished by his noble birth, his high acquirements, and his fame in chivalry. I saw him; and the ghastly spectre who now addresses you must not be ashamed to say that she loved, and was beloved by, one of the handsomest youths in Scotland. Our attachment was discovered to my father almost ere we had owned it to each other, and he was furious both against my lover and myself; he placed me under the charge of a religious woman of this rule, and I was immured within the house of St. Bride, where my father shamed not to announce he would cause me to take the veil by force, unless I agreed to wed a youth bred at the English court, his nephew; and, as Heaven had granted him no son, the heir, as he had resolved, of the house of Hautlieu. I was not long in making my election. I protested that death should be my choice, rather than any other husband excepting Malcolm Fleming. Neither

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was my lover less faithful: he found means to communicate to me a particular night on which he proposed to attempt to storm the nunnery of St. Bride, and carry me from hence to freedom and the greenwood, of which Wallace was generally called the king. In an evil hour — an hour, I think, of infatuation and witchery — I suffered the abbess to wheedle the secret out of me, which I might have been sensible would appear more horribly flagitious to her than to any other woman that breathed; but I had not taken the vows, and I thought Wallace and Fleming had the same charms for everybody as for me, and the artful woman gave me reason to believe that her loyalty to Bruce was without a flaw of suspicion, and she took part in a plot of which my freedom was the object. The abbess engaged to have the English guards removed to a distance, and in appearance the troops were withdrawn. Accordingly, in the middle of the night appointed, the window of my cell, which was two stories from the ground, was opened without noise; and never were my eyes more gladdened than, as ready disguised and arrayed for flight, even in a horseman's dress, like yourself, fairest Lady Augusta, I saw Malcolm Fleming spring into the apartment. He rushed towards me; but at the same time my father with ten of his strongest men filled the room, and cried their war-cry of "Baliol." Blows were instantly dealt on every side. A form like a giant, however, appeared in the midst of the tumult, and distinguished himself, even to my half-giddy eye, by the ease with which he bore down and dispersed those who fought against our freedom. My father alone offered an opposition which threatened to prove fatal to him; for Wallace, it was said, could foil any two martial cham-

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pions that ever drew sword. Brushing from him the armed men, as a lady would drive away with her fan a swarm of troublesome flies, he secured me in one arm, used his other for our mutual protection, and I found myself in the act of being borne in safety down the ladder by which my deliverers had ascended from without; but an evil fate awaited this attempt.

‘My father, whom the Champion of Scotland had spared for my sake, or rather for Fleming’s, gained by his victor’s compassion and lenity a fearful advantage, and made a remorseless use of it. Having only his left hand to oppose to the maniac attempts of my father, even the strength of Wallace could not prevent the assailant, with all the energy of desperation, from throwing down the ladder, on which his daughter was perched like a dove in the grasp of an eagle. The Champion saw our danger, and, exerting his inimitable strength and agility, cleared himself and me from the ladder, and leaped free of the moat of the convent, into which we must otherwise have been precipitated. The Champion of Scotland was saved in the desperate attempt, but I, who fell among a heap of stones and rubbish — I, the disobedient daughter, wellnigh the apostate vestal — waked only from a long bed of sickness to find myself the disfigured wretch which you now see me. I then learned that Malcolm had escaped from the fray, and shortly after I heard, with feelings less keen, perhaps, than they ought to have been, that my father was slain in one of the endless battles which took place between the contending factions. If he had lived, I might have submitted to the completion of my fate; but since he was no more, I felt that it would be a preferable lot to be a beg-

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gar in the streets of a Scottish village than an abbess in this miserable house of St. Bride; nor was even that poor object of ambition, on which my father used to expatiate when desirous of persuading me to enter the monastic state, by milder means than throwing me off the battlements, long open to me. The old abbess died of a cold caught the evening of the fray; and the place, which might have been kept open until I was capable of filling it, was disposed of otherwise, when the English thought fit to reform, as they termed it, the discipline of the house; and, instead of electing a new abbess, sent hither two or three friendly monks, who have now the absolute government of the community, and wield it entirely according to the pleasure of the English. But I, for one, who have had the honour to be supported by the arms of the Champion of my country, will not remain here to be commanded by this Abbot Jerome. I will go forth, nor do I fear to find relations and friends who will provide a more fitting place of refuge for Margaret de Hautlieu than the convent of St. Bride; you, too, dearest lady, shall obtain your freedom, and it will be well to leave such information as will make Sir John de Walton aware of the devotion with which his happy fate has inspired you.'

'It is not, then, your own intention,' said the Lady Augusta, 'to return into the world again, and you are about to renounce the lover in a union with whom you and he once saw your joint happiness?'

'It is a question, my dearest child,' said Sister Ursula, 'which I dare not ask myself, and to which I am absolutely uncertain what answer I should return. I have not taken the final and irrevocable vows: I have done

nothing to alter my situation with regard to Malcolm Fleming. He also, by the vows plighted in the chancery of Heaven, is my affianced bridegroom, nor am I conscious that I less deserve his faith in any respect now than at the moment when it was pledged to me; but I confess, dearest lady, that rumours have reached me which sting me to the quick: the reports of my wounds and scars are said to have estranged the knight of my choice. I am now indeed poor,' she added, with a sigh, 'and I am no longer possessed of those personal charms which they say attract the love and fix the fidelity of the other sex. I teach myself, therefore, to think, in my moments of settled resolution, that all betwixt me and Malcolm Fleming is at an end, saving good wishes on the part of both towards the other; and yet there is a sensation in my bosom which whispers, in spite of my reason, that, if I absolutely believed that which I now say, there would be no object on earth worthy my living for in order to attain it. This insinuating prepossession whispers to my secret soul, and in very opposition to my reason and understanding, that Malcolm Fleming, who could pledge his all upon the service of his country, is incapable of nourishing the versatile affection of an ordinary, a coarse, or a venal character. Methinks, were the difference upon his part instead of mine, he would not lose his interest in my eyes because he was seamed with honourable scars, obtained in asserting the freedom of his choice, but that such wounds would, in my opinion, add to his merit, whatever they took away from his personal comeliness. Ideas rise on my soul, as if Malcolm and Margaret might yet be to each other all that their affections once anticipated with so much security, and

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that a change which took nothing from the honour and virtue of the beloved person must rather add to than diminish the charms of the union. Look at me, dearest Lady Augusta — look me, if you have courage, full in the face, and tell me whether I do not rave when my fancy is thus converting mere possibilities into that which is natural and probable.'

The Lady of Berkely, conscious of the necessity, raised her eyes on the unfortunate nun, afraid of losing her own chance of deliverance by the mode in which she should conduct herself in this crisis, yet not willing at the same time to flatter the unfortunate Ursula with suggesting ideas for which her own sense told her she could hardly find any rational grounds. But her imagination, stored with the minstrelsy of the time, brought back to her recollection the Loathly Lady in 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain,' and she conducted her reply in the following manner: —

'You ask me, my dear Lady Margaret, a trying question, which it would be unfriendly to answer otherwise than sincerely, and most cruel to answer with too much rashness. It is true, that what is called beauty is the first quality on which we of the weaker sex learn to set a value: we are flattered by the imputation of personal charms, whether we actually possess them or not; and no doubt we learn to place upon them a great deal more consequence than in reality is found to belong to them. Women, however, even such as are held by their own sex, and perhaps in secret by themselves, as devoid of all pretensions to beauty, have been known to become, from their understanding, their talents, or their accomplishments, the undoubted objects of the warmest attach-

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ment. Wherefore, then, should you, in the mere rashness of your apprehension, deem it impossible that your Malcolm Fleming should be made of that porcelain clay of the earth which despises the passing captivations of outward form, in comparison to the charms of true affection and the excellence of talents and virtue?’

The nun pressed her companion’s hand to her bosom, and answered with a deep sigh.

‘I fear,’ she said, ‘you flatter me; and yet, in a crisis like this, it does one good to be flattered, even as cordials, otherwise dangerous to the constitution, are wisely given to support a patient through a paroxysm of agony, and enable him to endure at least what they cannot cure. Answer only one question, and it will be time we drop this conversation. Could you, sweet lady — you upon whom fortune has bestowed so many charms — could any argument make you patient under the irretrievable loss of your personal advantages, with the concomitant loss, as in my case is most probable, of that lover for whom you have already done so much?’

The English lady cast her eyes again on her friend, and could not help shuddering a little at the thought of her own beautiful countenance being exchanged for the seamed and scarred features of the Lady of Hautlieu, irregularly lighted by the beams of a single eye.

‘Believe me,’ she said, looking solemnly upwards, ‘that even in the case which you suppose, I would not sorrow so much for myself as I would for the poor-spirited thoughts of the lover who could leave me because those transitory charms — which must in any case ere long take their departure — had fled ere yet the bridal day. It is, however, concealed by the decrees of Providence

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in what manner, or to what extent, other persons, with whose disposition we are not fully acquainted, may be affected by such changes. I can only assure you that my hopes go with yours, and that there is no difficulty which shall remain in your path in future, if it is in my power to remove it. Hark!’

‘It is the signal of our freedom,’ replied Ursula, giving attention to something resembling the whoop of the night-owl. ‘We must prepare to leave the convent in a few minutes. Have you anything to take with you?’

‘Nothing,’ answered the Lady of Berkely, ‘except the few valuables, which I scarce know why I brought with me on my flight hither. This scroll, which I shall leave behind, gives my faithful minstrel permission to save himself, by confessing to Sir John de Walton who the person really is whom he has had within his reach.’

‘It is strange,’ said the novice of St. Bride, ‘through what extraordinary labyrinths this Love, this will-of-the-wisp, guides his votaries. Take heed as you descend; this trap-door, carefully concealed, curiously jointed and oiled, leads to a secret postern, where I conceive the horses already wait, which will enable us speedily to bid adieu to St. Bride’s — Heaven’s blessing on her and on her convent! We can have no advantage from any light until we are in the open air.’

During this time, Sister Ursula, to give her for the last time her conventual name, exchanged her stole, or loose upper garment, for the more succinct cloak and hood of a horseman. She led the way through divers passages, studiously complicated, until the Lady of Berkely, with throbbing heart, stood in the pale and doubtful moonlight, which was shining with grey uncertainty upon the

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walls of the ancient building. The imitation of an owl's cry directed them to a neighbouring large elm, and on approaching it they were aware of three horses, held by one concerning whom they could only see that he was tall, strong, and accoutred in the dress of a man-at-arms.

'The sooner,' he said, 'we are gone from this place, Lady Margaret, it is so much the better. You have only to direct the course which we shall hold.'

Lady Margaret's answer was given beneath her breath; and replied to with a caution from the guide to ride slowly and silently for the first quarter of an hour, by which time inhabited places would be left at a distance.

CHAPTER XII

GREAT was the astonishment of the young knight of Valence and the reverend Father Jerome, when, upon breaking into the cell, they discovered the youthful pilgrim's absence; and, from the garments which were left, saw every reason to think that the one-eyed novice, Sister Ursula, had accompanied him in his escape from custody. A thousand thoughts thronged upon Sir Aymer, how shamefully he had suffered himself to be outwitted by the artifices of a boy and of a novice. His reverend companion in error felt no less contrition for having recommended to the knight a mild exercise of his authority. Father Jerome had obtained his preferment as abbot upon the faith of his zeal for the cause of the English monarch, with the affected interest in which he was at a loss to reconcile his proceedings of the last night. A hurried inquiry took place, from which little could be learned, save that the young pilgrim had most certainly gone off with the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu — an incident at which the females of the convent expressed surprise, mingled with a great deal of horror; while that of the males whom the news soon reached, was qualified with a degree of wonder, which seemed to be founded upon the very different personal appearance of the two fugitives.

'Sacred Virgin,' said a nun, 'who could have conceived the hopeful votaress, Sister Ursula, so lately drowned in tears for her father's untimely fate, capable of eloping with a boy scarce fourteen years old?'

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‘And, holy St. Bride!’ said the Abbot Jerome, ‘what could have made so handsome a young man lend his arm to assist such a nightmare as Sister Ursula in the commission of so great an enormity? Certainly he can neither plead temptation nor seduction, but must have gone, as the wordly phrase is, to the devil with a dish-clout.’

‘I must disperse the soldiers to pursue the fugitives,’ said De Valence, ‘unless this letter, which the pilgrim must have left behind him, shall contain some explanations respecting our mysterious prisoner.’

After viewing the contents with some surprise, he read aloud, — ‘The undersigned, late residing in the house of St. Bride, do you, Father Jerome, the abbot of said house, to know that, finding you were disposed to treat me as a prisoner and a spy, in the sanctuary to which you had received me as a distressed person, I have resolved to use my natural liberty, with which you have no right to interfere, and therefore have withdrawn myself from your abbacy. Moreover, finding that the novice called in your convent Sister Ursula — who hath, by monastic rule and discipline, a fair title to return to the world unless she is pleased, after a year’s noviciate, to profess herself sister of your order — is determined to use such privilege, I joyfully take the opportunity of her company in this her lawful resolution, as being what is in conformity to the law of God, and the precepts of St. Bride, which gave you no authority to detain any person in your convent by force, who hath not taken upon her irrevocably the vows of the order.

‘To you, Sir John de Walton, and Sir Aymer de Valence, knights of England, commanding the garrison of

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Douglas Dale, I have only to say, that you have acted and are acting against me under a mystery, the solution of which is comprehended in a secret known only to my faithful minstrel, Bertram of the many Lays, as whose son I have found it convenient to pass myself. But, as I cannot at this time prevail upon myself personally to discover a secret which cannot well be unfolded without feelings of shame, I not only give permission to the said Bertram the minstrel, but I charge and command him, that he tell to you the purpose with which I came originally to the Castle of Douglas. When this is discovered, it will only remain to express my feelings towards the two knights, in return for the pain and agony of mind which their violence and threats of further severities have occasioned me.

‘And first, respecting Sir Aymer de Valence, I freely and willingly forgive him for having been involved in a mistake to which I myself led the way, and I shall at all times be happy to meet with him as an acquaintance, and never to think further of his part in these few days’ history, saving as matter of mirth and ridicule.

‘But respecting Sir John de Walton, I must request of him to consider whether his conduct towards me, standing as we at present do towards each other, is such as he himself ought to forget, or I ought to forgive; and I trust he will understand me when I tell him that all former connexions must henceforth be at an end between him and the supposed

‘AUGUSTINE.’

‘This is madness,’ said the abbot, when he had read the letter — ‘very midsummer madness, not unfre-

quently an accompaniment of this pestilential disease, and I should do well in requiring of those soldiers who shall first apprehend this youth Augustine, that they reduce his victuals immediately to water and bread, taking care that the diet do not exceed in measure what is necessary to sustain nature; nay, I should be warranted by the learned, did I recommend a sufficient intermixture of flagellation with belts, stirrup-leathers, or surcingles, and flogging those, with riding-whips, switches, and the like.'

'Hush! my reverend father,' said De Valence, 'a light begins to break in upon me. John de Walton, if my suspicion be true, would sooner expose his own flesh to be hewn from his bones than have this Augustine's finger stung by a gnat. Instead of treating this youth as a madman, I, for my own part, will be contented to avow that I myself have been bewitched and fascinated; and by my honour, if I send out my attendants in quest of the fugitives, it shall be with the strict charge that, when apprehended, they treat them with all respect, and protect them, if they object to return to this house, to any honourable place of refuge which they may desire.'

'I hope,' said the abbot, looking strangely confused, 'I shall be first heard in behalf of the church concerning this affair of an abducted nun? You see yourself, sir knight, that this scapegrace of a minstrel avouches neither repentance nor contrition at his share in a matter so flagitious.'

'You shall be secured an opportunity of being fully heard,' replied the knight, 'if you shall find at last that you really desire one. Meantime, I must back, without a moment's delay, to inform Sir John de Walton of the

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turn which affairs have taken. Farewell, reverend father. By my honour, we may wish each other joy that we have escaped from a troublesome charge, which brought as much terror with it as the phantoms of a fearful dream, and is yet found capable of being dispelled by a cure as simple as that of awakening the sleeper. But, by St. Bride! both churchmen and laymen are bound to sympathise with the unfortunate Sir John de Walton. I tell thee, father, that if this letter' — touching the missive with his finger — 'is to be construed literally, as far as respects him, he is the man most to be pitied betwixt the brink of Solway and the place where we now stand. Suspend thy curiosity, most worthy churchman, lest there should be more in this matter than I myself see; so that, while thinking that I have lighted on the true explanation, I may not have to acknowledge that I have been again leading you into error. Sound to horse there! Ho!' he called out from the window of the apartment; 'and let the party I brought hither prepare to scour the woods on their return.'

'By my faith!' said Father Jerome, 'I am right glad that this young nutcracker is going to leave me to my own meditation. I hate when a young person pretends to understand whatever passes, while his betters are obliged to confess that it is all a mystery to them. Such an assumption is like that of the conceited fool, Sister Ursula, who pretended to read with a single eye a manuscript which I myself could not find intelligible with the assistance of my spectacles.'

This might not have quite pleased the young knight, nor was it one of those truths which the abbot would have chosen to deliver in his hearing. But the knight

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had shaken him by the hand, said adieu, and was already at Hazelside, issuing particular orders to little troops of the archers and others, and occasionally chiding Thomas Dickson, who, with a degree of curiosity which the English knight was not very willing to excuse, had been endeavouring to get some account of the occurrences of the night.

‘Peace, fellow!’ he said, ‘and mind thine own business, being well assured that the hour will come in which it will require all the attention thou canst give, leaving others to take care of their own affairs.’

‘If I am suspected of anything,’ answered Dickson, in a tone rather dogged and surly than otherwise, ‘methinks it were but fair to let me know what accusation is brought against me. I need not tell you that chivalry prescribes that a knight should not attack an enemy undefied.’

‘When you are a knight,’ answered Sir Aymer de Valence, ‘it will be time enough for me to reckon with you upon the points of form due to you by the laws of chivalry. Meanwhile, you had best let me know what share you have had in playing off the martial phantom which sounded the rebellious slogan of Douglas in the town of that name?’

‘I know nothing of what you speak,’ answered the Goodman of Hazelside.

‘See then,’ said the knight, ‘that you do not engage yourself in the affairs of other people, even if your conscience warrants that you are in no danger from your own.’

So saying, he rode off, not waiting any answer. The ideas which filled his head were to the following purpose: —

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‘I know not how it is, but one mist seems no sooner to clear away than we find ourselves engaged in another. I take it for granted that the disguised damsel is no other than the goddess of Walton’s private idolatry, who has cost him and me so much trouble, and some certain degree of misunderstanding, during these last weeks. By my honour! this fair lady is right lavish in the pardon which she has so frankly bestowed upon me, and if she is willing to be less complaisant to Sir John de Walton, why then — And what then? It surely does not infer that she would receive me into that place in her affections from which she has just expelled De Walton? Nor, if she did, could I avail myself of a change in favour of myself, at the expense of my friend and companion-in-arms. It were a folly even to dream of a thing so improbable. But with respect to the other business, it is worth serious consideration. Yon sexton seems to have kept company with dead bodies until he is unfit for the society of the living; and as to that Dickson of Hazelside, as they call him, there is no attempt against the English during these endless wars in which that man has not been concerned; had my life depended upon it, I could not have prevented myself from intimating my suspicions of him, let him take it as he lists.’

So saying, the knight spurred his horse, and arriving at Douglas Castle without further adventure, demanded, in a tone of greater cordiality than he had of late used, whether he could be admitted to Sir John de Walton, having something of consequence to report to him. He was immediately ushered into an apartment in which the governor was seated at his solitary breakfast. Considering the terms upon which they had lately stood, the

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governor of Douglas Dale was somewhat surprised at the easy familiarity with which De Valence now approached him.

‘Some uncommon news,’ said Sir John, rather gravely, ‘have brought me the honour of Sir Aymer de Valence’s company.’

‘It is,’ answered Sir Aymer, ‘what seems of high importance to your interest, Sir John de Walton, and therefore I were to blame if I lost a moment in communicating it.’

‘I shall be proud to profit by your intelligence,’ said Sir John de Walton.

‘And I, too,’ said the young knight, ‘am loth to lose the credit of having penetrated a mystery which blinded Sir John de Walton. At the same time, I do not wish to be thought capable of jesting with you, which might be the case were I, from misapprehension, to give a false key to this matter. With your permission, then, we will proceed thus: we go together to the place of Bertram the minstrel’s confinement. I have in my possession a scroll from the young person who was entrusted to the care of the abbot Jerome; it is written in a delicate female hand, and gives authority to the minstrel to declare the purpose which brought them to this vale of Douglas.’

‘It must be as you say,’ said Sir John de Walton, ‘although I can scarce see occasion for adding so much form to a mystery which can be expressed in such small compass.’

Accordingly the two knights, a warder leading the way, proceeded to the dungeon to which the minstrel had been removed.

CHAPTER XIII

THE doors of the stronghold being undone displayed a dungeon such as in those days held victims hopeless of escape, but in which the ingenious knave of modern times would scarcely have deigned to remain many hours. The huge rings by which the fetters were soldered together and attached to the human body were, when examined minutely, found to be clenched together by riveting so very thin that, when rubbed with corrosive acid, or patiently ground with a bit of sandstone, the hold of the fetters upon each other might be easily forced asunder, and the purpose of them entirely frustrated. The locks also, large, and apparently very strong, were so coarsely made that an artist of small ingenuity could easily contrive to get the better of their fastenings upon the same principle. The daylight found its way to the subterranean dungeon only at noon, and through a passage which was purposely made tortuous, so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while it presented no obstacle to wind or rain. The doctrine that a prisoner was to be esteemed innocent until he should be found guilty by his peers was not understood in those days of brute force, and he was only accommodated with a lamp or other alleviation of his misery if his demeanour was quiet, and he appeared disposed to give his jailor no trouble by attempting to make his escape. Such a cell of confinement was that of Bertram, whose moderation of temper and patience had nevertheless procured for him such

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mitigations of his fate as the warder could grant. He was permitted to carry into his cell the old book, in the perusal of which he found an amusement of his solitude, together with writing-materials, and such other helps towards spending his time as were consistent with his abode in the bosom of the rock, and the degree of information with which his minstrel craft had possessed him. He raised his head from the table as the knight entered, while the governor observed to the young knight —

‘As you seem to think yourself possessed of the secret of this prisoner, I leave it to you, Sir Aymer de Valence, to bring it to light in the manner which you shall judge most expedient. If the man or his son have suffered unnecessary hardship, it shall be my duty to make amends — which, I suppose, can be no very important matter.’

Bertram looked up, and fixed his eyes full upon the governor, but read nothing in his looks which indicated his being better acquainted than before with the secret of his imprisonment. Yet, upon turning his eye towards Sir Aymer, his countenance evidently lighted up, and the glance which passed between them was one of intelligence.

‘You have my secret, then,’ said he, ‘and you know who it is that passes under the name of Augustine?’

Sir Aymer exchanged with him a look of acquiescence; while, the eyes of the governor glancing wildly from the prisoner to the knight of Valence, exclaimed —

‘Sir Aymer de Valence, as you are belted knight and Christian man, as you have honour to preserve on earth and a soul to rescue after death, I charge you to tell me the meaning of this mystery! It may be that you con-

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ceive, with truth, that you have subject of complaint against me. If so, I will satisfy you as a knight may.'

The minstrel spoke at the same moment. 'I charge this knight,' he said, 'by his vow of chivalry, that he do not divulge any secret belonging to a person of honour and of character, unless he has positive assurance that it is done entirely by that person's own consent.'

'Let this note remove your scruples,' said Sir Aymer, putting the scroll into the hands of the minstrel; 'and for you, Sir John de Walton, far from retaining the least feeling of any misunderstanding which may have existed between us, I am disposed entirely to bury it in forgetfulness, as having arisen out of a series of mistakes which no mortal could have comprehended. And do not be offended, my dear Sir John, when I protest, on my knightly faith, that I pity the pain which I think this scroll is likely to give you, and that, if my utmost efforts can be of the least service to you in unravelling this tangled skein, I will contribute them with as much earnestness as ever I did aught in my life. This faithful minstrel will now see that he can have no difficulty in yielding up a secret which I doubt not, but for the writing I have just put into his hands, he would have continued to keep with unshaken fidelity.'

Sir Aymer now placed in De Walton's hand a note, in which he had, ere he left St. Bride's convent, signified his own interpretation of the mystery; and the governor had scarcely read the name it contained, before the same name was pronounced aloud by Bertram, who at the same moment handed to the governor the scroll which he had received from the knight of Valence.

The white plume which floated over the knight's cap

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of maintenance, which was worn as a head-piece within doors, was not more pale in complexion than was the knight himself at the unexpected and surprising information that the lady who was, in chivalrous phrase, empress of his thoughts and commander of his actions, and to whom, even in less fantastic times, he must have owed the deepest gratitude for the generous election which she had made in his favour, was the same person whom he had threatened with personal violence, and subjected to hardships and affronts which he would not willingly have bestowed even upon the meanest of her sex.

Yet Sir John de Walton seemed at first scarcely to comprehend the numerous ill consequences which might probably follow this unhappy complication of mistakes. He took the paper from the minstrel's hand, and while his eye, assisted by the lamp, wandered over the characters without apparently their conveying any distinct impression to his understanding, De Valence even became alarmed that he was about to lose his faculties.

'For Heaven's sake, sir,' he said, 'be a man, and support with manly steadiness these unexpected occurrences — I would fain think they will reach to nothing else — which the wit of man could not have prevented. This fair lady, I would fain hope, cannot be much hurt or deeply offended by a train of circumstances the natural consequence of your anxiety to discharge perfectly a duty upon which must depend the accomplishment of all the hopes she had permitted you to entertain. In God's name, rouse up, sir; let it not be said that an apprehended frown of a fair lady hath damped to such a degree the courage of the boldest knight in England: be

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what men have called you, "Walton the Unwavering." In Heaven's name, let us at least see that the lady is indeed offended before we conclude that she is irreconcilably so. To whose fault are we to ascribe the source of all these errors? Surely, with all due respect, to the caprice of the lady herself, which has engendered such a nest of mistakes. Think of it as a man and as a soldier. Suppose that you yourself, or I, desirous of proving the fidelity of our sentinels, or for any other reason, good or bad, attempted to enter this Dangerous Castle of Douglas without giving the password to the warders, would we be entitled to blame those upon duty if, not knowing our persons, they manfully refused us entrance, made us prisoners, and mishandled us while resisting our attempt, in terms of the orders which we ourselves had imposed upon them? What is there that makes a difference between such a sentinel and yourself, John de Walton, in this curious affair, which, by Heaven! would rather form a gay subject for the minstrelsy of this excellent bard than the theme of a tragic lay? Come! look not thus, Sir John de Walton; be angry, if you will, with the lady who has committed such a piece of folly; or with me, who have rode up and down nearly all night on a fool's errand, and spoiled my best horse, in absolute uncertainty how I shall get another till my uncle of Pembroke and I shall be reconciled; or, lastly, if you desire to be totally absurd in your wrath, direct it against this worthy minstrel on account of his rare fidelity, and punish him for that for which he better deserves a chain of gold. Let passion out if you will; but chase this desponding gloom from the brow of a man and a belted knight.'

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Sir John de Walton made an effort to speak, and succeeded with some difficulty. 'Aymer de Valence,' he said, 'in irritating a madman you do but sport with your own life'; and then remained silent.

'I am glad you can say so much,' replied his friend; 'for I was not jesting when I said I would rather that you were at variance with me than that you laid the whole blame on yourself. It would be courteous, I think, to set this minstrel instantly at liberty. Meantime, for his lady's sake, I will entreat him, in all honour, to be our guest till the Lady Augusta de Berkely shall do us the same honour, and to assist us in our search after her place of retirement. Good minstrel,' he continued, 'you hear what I say, and you will not, I suppose, be surprised that, in all honour and kind usage, you find yourself detained for a short space in this Castle of Douglas?'

'You seem, sir knight,' replied the minstrel, 'not so much to keep your eye upon the right of doing what you should as to possess the might of doing what you would. I must necessarily be guided by your advice, since you have the power to make it a command.'

'And I trust,' continued De Valence, 'that, when your mistress and you again meet, we shall have the benefit of your intercession for anything which we may have done to displeasure her, considering that the purpose of our action was exactly the reverse.'

'Let me,' said Sir John de Walton, 'say a single word. I will offer thee a chain of gold, heavy enough to bear down the weight of these shackles, as a sign of regret for having condemned thee to suffer so many indignities.'

'Enough said, Sir John,' said De Valence; 'let us promise no more till this good minstrel shall see some sign

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of performance. Follow me this way, and I will tell thee in private of other tidings, which it is important that you should know.'

So saying, he withdrew De Walton from the dungeon, and sending for the old knight, Sir Philip de Montenay, already mentioned, who acted as seneschal of the castle, he commanded that the minstrel should be enlarged from the dungeon, well looked to in other respects, yet prohibited, though with every mark of civility, from leaving the castle without a trusty attendant.

'And now, Sir John de Walton,' he said, 'methinks you are a little churlish in not ordering me some breakfast, after I have been all night engaged in your affairs; and a cup of muscadel would, I think, be no bad induction to a full consideration of this perplexed matter.'

'Thou knowest,' answered De Walton, 'that thou mayst call for what thou wilt, provided always thou tellest me, without loss of time, what else thou knowest respecting the will of the lady against whom we have all sinned so grievously, and I, alas! beyond hope of forgiveness.'

'Trust me, I hope,' said the knight of Valence, 'the good lady bears me no malice, as indeed she has expressly renounced any ill-will against me. The words, you see, are as plain as you yourself may read — "The lady pardons poor Aymer de Valence, and willingly, for having been involved in a mistake to which she herself led the way; she herself will at all times be happy to meet with him as an acquaintance, and never to think further of these few days' history, except as matter of mirth and ridicule." So it is expressly written and set down.'

'Yes,' replied Sir John de Walton, 'but see you not that

her offending lover is expressly excluded from the amnesty granted to the lesser offender? Mark you not the concluding paragraph?' He took the scroll with a trembling hand, and read with a discomposed voice its closing words. 'It is even so: "All former connexion must henceforth be at an end between him and the supposed Augustine." Explain to me how the reading of these words is reconcilable to anything but their plain sense of condemnation and forfeiture of contract, implying destruction of the hopes of Sir John de Walton?'

'You are somewhat an older man than I, sir knight,' answered De Valence, 'and, I will grant, by far the wiser and more experienced; yet I will uphold that there is no adopting the interpretation which you seem to have affixed in your mind to this letter, without supposing the preliminary that the fair writer was distracted in her understanding — nay, never start, look wildly, or lay your hand on your sword, I do not affirm this is the case. I say again, that no woman in her senses would have pardoned a common acquaintance for his behaving to her with unintentional disrespect and unkindness during the currency of a certain masquerade, and, at the same time, sternly and irrevocably broke off with the lover to whom her troth was plighted, although his error in joining in the offence was neither grosser nor more protracted than that of the person indifferent to her love.'

'Do not blaspheme,' said Sir John de Walton; 'and forgive me if, in justice to truth and to the angel whom I fear I have forfeited for ever, I point out to you the difference which a maiden of dignity and of feeling must make between an offence towards her committed by an

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ordinary acquaintance and one of precisely the same kind offered by a person who is bound by the most undeserved preference, by the most generous benefits, and by everything which can bind human feeling, to think and reflect ere he becomes an actor in any case in which it is possible for her to be concerned.'

'Now, by mine honour,' said Aymer de Valence, 'I am glad to hear thee make some attempt at reason, although it is but an unreasonable kind of reason too, since its object is to destroy thine own hopes, and argue away thine own chance of happiness; but if I have, in the progress of this affair, borne me sometimes towards thee as to give not only the governor, but even the friend, some cause of displeasure, I will make it up to thee now, John de Walton, by trying to convince thee in spite of thine own perverse logic. But here comes the muscadel and the breakfast; wilt thou take some refreshment — or shall we go on without the spirit of muscadel?'

'For Heaven's sake,' replied De Walton, 'do as thou wilt, so thou make me clear of thy well-intended babble.'

'Nay, thou shalt not brawl me out of my powers of argument,' said De Valence, laughing, and helping himself to a brimming cup of wine; 'if thou acknowledgest thyself conquered, I am contented to give the victory to the inspiring strength of the jovial liquor.'

'Do as thou listest,' said De Walton, 'but make an end of an argument which thou canst not comprehend.'

'I deny the charge,' answered the younger knight, wiping his lips, after having finished his draught; 'and listen, Walton the Warlike, to a chapter in the history of women, in which thou art more unskilled than I would wish thee to be. Thou canst not deny that, be it right

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or wrong, thy Lady Augusta hath ventured more forward with you than is usual upon the sea of affection: she boldly made thee her choice, while thou wert as yet known to her only as a flower of English chivalry. Faith, and I respect her for her frankness; but it was a choice which the more cold of her own sex might perhaps claim occasion to term rash and precipitate. Nay, be not, I pray thee, offended — I am far from thinking or saying so; on the contrary, I will uphold with my lance her selection of John de Walton against the minions of a court to be a wise and generous choice, and her own behavior as alike candid and noble. But she herself is not unlikely to dread unjust misconstruction — a fear of which may not improbably induce her, upon any occasion, to seize some opportunity of showing an unwonted and unusual rigour towards her lover, in order to balance her having extended towards him, in the beginning of their intercourse, somewhat of an unusual degree of frank encouragement. Nay, it might be easy for her lover so far to take part against himself, by arguing as thou dost when out of thy senses, as to make it difficult for her to withdraw from an argument which he himself was foolish enough to strengthen; and thus, like a maiden too soon taken at her first nay-say, she shall perhaps be allowed no opportunity of bearing herself according to her real feelings, or retracting a sentence issued with consent of the party whose hopes it destroys.'

'I have heard thee, De Valence,' answered the governor of Douglas Dale; 'nor is it difficult for me to admit that these thy lessons may serve as a chart to many a female heart, but not to that of Augusta de Berkeley.'

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By my life, I say I would much sooner be deprived of the merit of those few deeds of chivalry which thou sayest have procured for me such enviable distinction than I would act upon them with the insolence, as if I said that my place in the lady's bosom was too firmly fixed to be shaken even by the success of a worthier man, or by my own gross failure in respect to the object of my attachment. No, herself alone shall have power to persuade me that even goodness equal to that of an interceding saint will restore me to the place in her affections which I have most unworthily forfeited by a stupidity only to be compared to that of brutes.'

'If you are so minded,' said Aymer de Valence, 'I have only one word more — forgive me if I speak it peremptorily — the lady, as you say, and say truly, must be the final arbitress in this question. My arguments do not extend to insisting that you should claim her hand whether she herself will or no; but to learn her determination, it is necessary that you should find out where she is, of which I am unfortunately not able to inform you.'

'How! what mean you?' exclaimed the governor, who now only began to comprehend the extent of his misfortune. 'Whither hath she fled, or with whom?'

'She is fled, for what I know,' said De Valence, 'in search of a more enterprising lover than one who is so willing to interpret every air of frost as a killing blight to his hopes; perhaps she seeks the Black Douglas, or some such hero of the thistle, to reward with her lands, her lordships, and beauty those virtues of enterprise and courage of which John de Walton was at one time thought possessed. But, seriously, events are passing around us of strange import. I saw enough last night,

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on my way to St. Bride's, to make me suspicious of every one. I sent to you as a prisoner the old sexton of the church of Douglas. I found him contumacious as to some inquiries which I thought it proper to prosecute; but of this more at another time. The escape of this lady adds greatly to the difficulties which encircle this devoted castle.'

'Aymer de Valence,' replied De Walton, in a solemn and animated tone, 'Douglas Castle shall be defended, as we have hitherto been able, with the aid of Heaven, to spread from its battlements the broad banner of St. George. Come of me what list during my life, I will die the faithful lover of Augusta de Berkely, even although I no longer live as her chosen knight. There are cloisters and hermitages —'

'Ay, marry are there,' replied Sir Aymer, 'and girdles of hemp, moreover, and beads of oak; but all these we omit in our reckonings till we discover where the Lady Augusta is, and what she purposes to do in the matter.'

'You say well,' replied De Walton; 'let us hold counsel together by what means we shall, if possible, discover the lady's too hasty retreat, by which she has done me great wrong — I mean, if she supposed her commands would not have been fully obeyed, had she honoured with them the governor of Douglas Dale, or any who are under his command.'

'Now,' replied De Valence, 'you again speak like a true son of chivalry. With your permission, I would summon this minstrel to our presence. His fidelity to his mistress has been remarkable; and, as matters stand now, we must take instant measures for tracing the place of her retreat.'

CHAPTER XIV

The way is long, my children — long and rough,
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

It was yet early in the day when, after the governor and De Valence had again summoned Bertram to their councils, the garrison of Douglas was mustered, and a number of small parties, in addition to those already despatched by De Valence from Hazelside, were sent out to scour the woods in pursuit of the fugitives, with strict injunctions to treat them, if overtaken, with the utmost respect, and to obey their commands, keeping an eye, however, on the place where they might take refuge. To facilitate this result, some who were men of discretion were entrusted with the secret who the supposed pilgrim and the fugitive nun really were. The whole ground, whether forest or moorland, within many miles of Douglas Castle was covered and traversed by parties, whose anxiety to detect the fugitives was equal to the reward for their safe recovery liberally offered by De Walton and De Valence. They spared not, meantime, to make such inquiries in all directions as might bring to light any machinations of the Scottish insurgents which might be on foot in those wild districts, of which, as we have said before, De Valence, in particular, entertained strong suspicions. Their instructions were, in case of finding such, to proceed against the persons engaged, by

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arrest and otherwise, in the most rigorous manner, such as had been commanded by De Walton himself at the time when the Black Douglas and his accomplices had been the principal objects of his wakeful suspicions. These various detachments had greatly reduced the strength of the garrison; yet, although numerous, alert, and despatched in every direction, they had not the fortune either to fall on the trace of the Lady of Berkely or to encounter any party whatever of the insurgent Scottish.

Meanwhile our fugitives had, as we have seen, set out from the convent of St. Bride under the guidance of a cavalier, of whom the Lady Augusta knew nothing save that he was to guide their steps in a direction where they would not be exposed to the risk of being overtaken. At length Margaret de Hautlieu herself spoke of the subject.

‘You have made no inquiry,’ she said, ‘Lady Augusta, whither you are travelling, or under whose charge, although methinks it should much concern you to know.’

‘Is it not enough for me to be aware,’ answered Lady Augusta, ‘that I am travelling, kind sister, under the protection of one to whom you yourself trust as to a friend; and why need I be anxious for any further assurance of my safety?’

‘Simply,’ said Margaret de Hautlieu, ‘because the persons with whom, from national as well as personal circumstances, I stand connected are perhaps not exactly the protectors to whom you, lady, can with such perfect safety entrust yourself.’

‘In what sense,’ said the Lady Augusta, ‘do you use these words?’

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‘Because,’ replied Margaret de Hautlieu, ‘the Bruce, the Douglas, Malcolm Fleming, and others of that party, although they are incapable of abusing such an advantage to any dishonourable purpose, might nevertheless, under a strong temptation, consider you as an hostage thrown into their hands by Providence, through whom they might meditate the possibility of gaining some benefit to their dispersed and dispirited party.’

‘They might make me,’ answered the Lady Augusta, ‘the subject of such a treaty when I was dead, but, believe me, never while I drew vital breath. Believe me also that, with whatever pain, shame, or agony, I would again deliver myself up to the power of De Walton — yes, I would rather put myself in his hands. What do I say? *His!* I would rather surrender myself to the meanest archer of my native country than combine with its foes to work mischief to Merry England — my own England — that country which is the envy of every other country, and the pride of all who can term themselves her natives!’

‘I thought that your choice might prove so,’ said Lady Margaret; ‘and since you have honoured me with your confidence, gladly would I provide for your liberty by placing you as nearly in the situation which you yourself desire as my poor means have the power of accomplishing. In half an hour we shall be in danger of being taken by the English parties, which will be instantly dispersed in every direction in quest of us. Now take notice, lady, I know a place in which I can take refuge with my friends and countrymen, those gallant Scots, who have never even in this dishonoured age bent the knee to Baal. For their honour — their nicety of honour,

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I could in other days have answered with my own; but of late, I am bound to tell you, they have been put to those trials by which the most generous affections may be soured, and driven to a species of frenzy the more wild that it is founded originally on the noblest feelings. A person who feels himself deprived of his natural birth-right, denounced, exposed to confiscation and death, because he avouches the rights of his king, the cause of his country, ceases on his part to be nice or precise in estimating the degree of retaliation which it is lawful for him to exercise in the requital of such injuries; and, believe me, bitterly should I lament having guided you into a situation which you might consider afflicting or degrading.'

'In a word, then,' said the English lady, 'what is it you apprehend I am like to suffer at the hands of your friends, whom I must be excused for terming rebels?'

'If,' said the Sister Ursula, '*your* friends, whom I should term oppressors and tyrants, take our lands and our lives, seize our castles and confiscate our property, you must confess that the rough laws of war indulge *mine* with the privilege of retaliation. There can be no fear that such men, under any circumstances, would ever exercise cruelty or insult upon a lady of your rank; but it is another thing to calculate that they will abstain from such means of extorting advantage from your captivity as are common in warfare. You would not, I think, wish to be delivered up to the English, on consideration of Sir John de Walton surrendering the Castle of Douglas to its natural lord; yet, were you in the hands of the Bruce or Douglas, although I can answer for your being treated with all the respect which they have the

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means of showing, yet I own their putting you at such a ransom might be by no means unlikely.'

'I would sooner die,' said the Lady Berkely, 'than have my name mixed up in a treaty so disgraceful; and De Walton's reply to it would, I am certain, be to strike the head from the messenger, and throw it from the highest tower of Douglas Castle.'

'Where, then, lady, would you now go,' said Sister Ursula, 'were the choice in your power?'

'To my own castle,' answered Lady Augusta, 'where, if necessary, I could be defended even against the King himself, until I could place at least my person under the protection of the church.'

'In that case,' replied Margaret de Hautlieu, 'my power of rendering you assistance is only precarious, yet it comprehends a choice which I will willingly submit to your decision, notwithstanding I thereby subject the secrets of my friends to some risk of being discovered and frustrated. But the confidence which you have placed in me imposes on me the necessity of committing to you a like trust. It rests with you whether you will proceed with me to the secret rendezvous of the Douglas and his friends, which I may be blamed for making known, and there take your chance of the reception which you may encounter, since I cannot warrant you of anything save honourable treatment, so far as your person is concerned; or, if you should think this too hazardous, make the best of your way at once for the Border, in which last case I will proceed as far as I can with you towards the English line, and then leave you to pursue your journey, and to obtain a guard and a conductor among your own countrymen. Meantime, it will be

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well for me if I escape being taken, since the abbot would not shrink at inflicting upon me the death due to an apostate nun.'

'Such cruelty, my sister, could hardly be inflicted upon one who had never taken the religious vows, and who still, according to the laws of the church, had a right to make a choice between the world and the veil.'

'Such choice as they gave their gallant victims,' said Lady Margaret, 'who have fallen into English hands during these merciless wars — such choice as they gave to Wallace, the Champion of Scotland; such as they gave to Hay, the gentle and the free; to Sommerville, the flower of chivalry; and to Athol, the blood relation of King Edward himself — all of whom were as much traitors, under which name they were executed, as Margaret de Hautlieu is an apostate nun, and subject to the rule of the cloister.'

She spoke with some eagerness, for she felt as if the English lady imputed to her more coldness than she was, in such doubtful circumstances, conscious of manifesting.

'And after all,' she proceeded, 'you, Lady Augusta de Berkely, what do you venture, if you run the risk of falling into the hands of your lover? What dreadful risk do you incur? You need not, methinks, fear being immured between four walls, with a basket of bread and a cruise of water, which, were I seized, would be the only support allowed to me for the short space that my life would be prolonged. Nay, even were you to be betrayed to the rebel Scots, as you call them, a captivity among the hills, sweetened by the hope of deliverance, and rendered tolerable by all the alleviations which the circum-

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stances of your captors allowed them the means of supplying, were not, I think, a lot so very hard to endure.'

'Nevertheless,' answered the Lady of Berkely, 'frightful enough it must have appeared to me, since, to fly from such. I threw myself upon your guidance.'

'And whatever you think or suspect,' answered the novice, 'I am as true to you as ever was one maiden to another; and as sure as ever Sister Ursula was true to her vows, although they were never completed, so will I be faithful to your secret, even at the risk of betraying my own. Harken, lady!' she said, suddenly pausing, 'do you hear that?'

The sound to which she alluded was the same imitation of the cry of an owlet which the lady had before heard under the walls of the convent.

'These sounds,' said Margaret de Hautlieu, 'announce that one is near more able than I am to direct us in this matter. I must go forward and speak with him; and this man, our guide, will remain by you for a little space; nor, when he quits your bridle, need you wait for any other signal, but ride forward on the woodland path, and obey the advice and directions which will be given you.'

'Stay — stay, Sister Ursula!' cried the Lady de Berkely — 'abandon me not in this moment of uncertainty and distress!'

'It must be, for the sake of both,' returned Margaret de Hautlieu. 'I also am in uncertainty, I also am in distress, and patience and obedience are the only virtues which can save us both.'

So saying, she struck her horse with the riding-rod, and, moving briskly forward, disappeared among the

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boughs of a tangled thicket. The Lady of Berkely would have followed her companion, but the cavalier who attended them laid a strong hand upon the bridle of her palfrey, with a look which implied that he would not permit her to proceed in that direction. Terrified, therefore, though she could not exactly state a reason why, the Lady of Berkely remained with her eyes fixed upon the thicket, instinctively, as it were, expecting to see a band of English archers, or rugged Scottish insurgents, issue from its tangled skirts, and doubtful which she should have most considered as the objects of her terror. In the distress of her uncertainty, she again attempted to move forward, but the stern check which her attendant again bestowed upon her bridle proved sufficiently that, in restraining her wishes, the stranger was not likely to spare the strength which he certainly possessed. At length, after some ten minutes had elapsed, the cavalier withdrew his hand from her bridle, and pointing with his lance towards the thicket, through which there winded a narrow, scarce visible path, seemed to intimate to the lady that her road lay in that direction, and that he would no longer prevent her following it.

‘Do you not go with me?’ said the lady, who, having been accustomed to this man’s company since they left the convent, had by degrees come to look upon him as a sort of protector. He, however, gravely shook his head, as if to excuse complying with a request which it was not in his power to grant; and, turning his steed in a different direction, retired at a pace which soon carried him from her sight. She had then no alternative but to take the path of the thicket which had been followed by Mar-

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garet de Hautlieu, nor did she pursue it long before coming in sight of a singular spectacle.

The trees grew wider as the lady advanced, and when she entered the thicket she perceived that, though hedged in as it were by an inclosure of copsewood, it was in the interior altogether occupied by a few of the magnificent trees, such as seemed to have been the ancestors of the forest, and which, though few in number, were sufficient to overshadow all the unoccupied ground by the great extent of their complicated branches. Beneath one of these lay stretched something of a grey colour, which, as it drew itself together, exhibited the figure of a man sheathed in armour, but strangely accoutred, and in a manner so bizarre as to indicate some of the wild fancies peculiar to the knights of that period. His armour was ingeniously painted so as to represent a skeleton, the ribs being constituted by the corslet and its back-piece. The shield represented an owl with its wings spread, a device which was repeated upon the helmet, which appeared to be completely covered by an image of the same bird of ill omen. But that which was particularly calculated to excite surprise in the spectator was the great height and thinness of the figure, which, as it arose from the ground and placed itself in an erect posture, seemed rather to resemble an apparition in the act of extricating itself from the grave than that of an ordinary man rising upon his feet. The horse, too, upon which the lady rode started back and snorted, either at the sudden change of posture of this ghastly specimen of chivalry, or disagreeably affected by some odour which accompanied his presence. The lady herself manifested some alarm, for although she did not utterly

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believe she was in the presence of a supernatural being, yet, among all the strange half-frantic disguises of chivalry, this was assuredly the most uncouth which she had ever seen; and considering how often the knights of the period pushed their dreamy fancies to the borders of insanity, it seemed at best no very safe adventure to meet one accoutred in the emblems of the King of Terrors himself, alone, and in the midst of a wild forest. Be the knight's character and purposes what they might, she resolved, however, to accost him in the language and manner observed in romances upon such occasions, in the hope even that if he were a madman he might prove a peaceable one, and accessible to civility.

'Sir knight,' she said, in as firm a tone as she could assume, 'right sorry am I if, by my hasty approach, I have disturbed your solitary meditations. My horse, sensible, I think, of the presence of yours, brought me hither, without my being aware whom or what I was to encounter.'

'I am one,' answered the stranger, in a solemn tone, 'whom few men seek to meet, till the time comes that they can avoid me no longer.'

'You speak, sir knight,' replied the Lady de Berkely, 'according to the dismal character of which it has pleased you to assume the distinction. May I appeal to one whose exterior is so formidable, for the purpose of requesting some directions to guide me through this wild wood; as, for instance, what is the name of the nearest castle, town, or hostelry, and by what course I am best likely to reach such?'

'It is a singular audacity,' answered the Knight of the Tomb, 'that would enter into conversation with him

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who is termed the Inexorable, the Unsparing, and the Pitiless, whom even the most miserable forbears to call to his assistance, lest his prayers should be too soon answered.'

'Sir knight,' replied the Lady Augusta, 'the character which you have assumed, unquestionably for good reasons, dictates to you a peculiar course of speech; but although your part is a sad one, it does not, I should suppose, render it necessary for you to refuse those acts of civility to which you must have bound yourself in taking the high vows of chivalry.'

'If you will trust to my guidance,' replied the ghastly figure, 'there is only one condition upon which I can grant you the information which you require; and that is, that you follow my footsteps without any questions asked as to the tendency of our journey.'

'I suppose I must submit to your conditions,' she answered, 'if you are indeed pleased to take upon yourself the task of being my guide. In my heart I conceive you to be one of the unhappy gentlemen of Scotland who are now in arms, as they say, for the defence of their liberties. A rash undertaking has brought me within the sphere of your influence, and now the only favour I have to request of you, against whom I never did nor planned any evil, is the guidance which your knowledge of the country permits you easily to afford me in my way to the frontiers of England. Believe that what I may see of your haunts or of your practices shall be to me things invisible, as if they were actually concealed by the sepulchre itself of the king of which it has pleased you to assume the attributes; and if a sum of money, enough to be the ransom of a wealthy earl, will purchase

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such a favour at need, such a ransom will be frankly paid, and with as much fidelity as ever it was rendered by a prisoner to the knight by whom he was taken. Do not reject me, princely Bruce — noble Douglas — if indeed it is to either of these that I address myself in this my last extremity; men speak of both as fearful enemies, but generous knights and faithful friends. Let me entreat you to remember how much you would wish your own friends and connexions to meet with compassion under similar circumstances at the hands of the knights of England.'

'And have they done so?' replied the knight, in a voice more gloomy than before, 'or do you act wisely, while imploring the protection of one whom you believe to be a true Scottish knight, for no other reason than the extreme and extravagant misery of his appearance — is it, I say, well or wise to remind him of the mode in which the lords of England have treated the lovely maidens and the high-born dames of Scotland? Have not their prison cages been suspended from the battlements of castles, that their captivity might be kept in view of every base burgher who should desire to look upon the miseries of the noblest peeresses, yea, even the queen of Scotland?'¹ Is this a recollection which can inspire a Scottish knight with compassion towards an English lady? or is it a thought which can do aught but swell the deeply sworn hatred of Edward Plantagenet, the author of these evils, that boils in every drop of Scottish blood which still feels the throb of life? No; it is all you can expect if, cold and pitiless as the sepulchre I represent, I leave you unassisted in the helpless condition in which you describe yourself to be.'

¹ See Note 7.

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‘You will not be so inhuman,’ replied the lady; ‘in doing so, you must surrender every right to honest fame which you have won either by sword or lance. You must surrender every pretence to that justice which affects the merit of supporting the weak against the strong. You must make it your principle to avenge the wrongs and tyranny of Edward Plantagenet upon the dames and damosels of England who have neither access to his councils nor perhaps give him their approbation in his wars against Scotland.’

‘It would not, then,’ said the Knight of the Sepulchre, ‘induce you to depart from your request, should I tell you the evils to which you would subject yourself should we fall into the hands of the English troops, and should they find you under such ill-omened protection as my own?’

‘Be assured,’ said the lady, ‘the consideration of such an event does not in the least shake my resolution or desire of confiding in your protection. You may probably know who I am, and may judge how far even Edward would hold himself entitled to extend punishment towards me.’

‘How am I to know you,’ replied the ghastly cavalier, ‘or your circumstances? They must be extraordinary indeed if they could form a check, either of justice or humanity, upon the revengeful feelings of Edward. All who know him are well assured that it is no ordinary motive that will induce him to depart from the indulgence of his evil temper. But be it as it may, you, lady, if a lady you be, throw yourself as a burden upon me, and I must discharge myself of my trust as I best may; for this purpose you must be guided implicitly by my directions, which will be given after the fashion of those

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of the spiritual world, being intimations, rather than detailed instructions, for your conduct, and expressed rather by commands than by any reason or argument. In this way it is possible that I may be of service to you; in any other case, it is most likely that I may fail you at need, and melt from your side like a phantom which dreads the approach of day.'

'You cannot be so cruel!' answered the lady. 'A gentleman, a knight, and a nobleman — and I persuade myself I speak to all — hath duties which he cannot abandon.'

'He has, I grant it, and they are most sacred to me,' answered the Spectral Knight; 'but I have also duties whose obligations are doubly binding, and to which I must sacrifice those which would otherwise lead me to devote myself to your rescue. The only question is, whether you feel inclined to accept my protection on the limited terms on which alone I can extend it, or whether you deem it better that each go their own way, and limit themselves to their own resources, and trust the rest to Providence?'

'Alas!' replied the lady, 'beset and hard pressed as I am, to ask me to form a resolution for myself is like calling on a wretch, in the act of falling from a precipice, to form a calm judgment by what twig he may best gain the chance of breaking his fall. His answer must necessarily be, that he will cling to that which he can easiest lay hold of, and trust the rest to Providence. I accept, therefore, your offer of protection, in the modified way you are pleased to limit it, and I put my faith in Heaven and in you. To aid me effectually, however, you must know my name and my circumstances.'

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‘All these,’ answered the Knight of the Sepulchre, ‘have already been told me by your late companion; for deem not, young lady, that either beauty, rank, extended domains, unlimited wealth, or the highest accomplishments can weigh anything in the consideration of him who wears the trappings of the tomb, and whose affections and desires are long buried in the charnel-house.’

‘May your faith,’ said the Lady Augusta de Berkely, ‘be as steady as your words appear severe, and I submit to your guidance without the least doubt or fear that it will prove otherwise than as I venture to hope.’

CHAPTER XV

LIKE the dog following its master, when engaged in training him to the sport in which he desires he should excel, the lady Augusta felt herself occasionally treated with a severity calculated to impress upon her the most implicit obedience and attention to the Knight of the Tomb, in whom she had speedily persuaded herself she saw a principal man among the retainers of Douglas, if not James of Douglas himself. Still, however, the ideas which the lady had formed of the redoubted Douglas were those of a knight highly accomplished in the duties of chivalry, devoted in particular to the service of the fair sex, and altogether unlike the personage with whom she found herself so strangely united, or rather for the present enthralled to. Nevertheless, when, as if to abridge further communication, he turned short into one of the mazes of the wood, and seemed to adopt a pace which, from the nature of the ground, the horse on which the Lady Augusta was mounted had difficulty to keep up with, she followed him with the alarm and speed of the young spaniel, which, from fear rather than fondness, endeavours to keep up with the track of its severe master. The simile, it is true, is not a very polite one, nor entirely becoming an age when women were worshipped with a certain degree of devotion; but such circumstances as the present were also rare, and the Lady Augusta de Berkely could not but persuade herself that the terrible Champion, whose name had been so long the theme of

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her anxiety, and the terror indeed of the whole country, might be able, some way or other, to accomplish her deliverance. She, therefore, exerted herself to the utmost so as to keep pace with the phantom-like apparition, and followed the knight, as the evening shadow keeps watch upon the belated rustic.

As the lady obviously suffered under the degree of exertion necessary to keep her palfrey from stumbling in these steep and broken paths, the Knight of the Tomb slackened his pace, looked anxiously around him, and muttered apparently to himself, though probably intended for his companion's ear, 'There is no occasion for so much haste.'

He proceeded at a slower rate until they seemed to be on the brink of a ravine, being one of many irregularities on the surface of the ground, effected by the sudden torrents peculiar to that country, and which, winding among the trees and copsewood, formed, as it were, a net of places of concealment, opening into each other, so that there was perhaps no place in the world so fit for the purpose of ambuscade. The spot where the Borderer Turnbull had made his escape at the hunting-match was one specimen of this broken country, and perhaps connected itself with the various thickets and passes through which the knight and pilgrim occasionally seemed to take their way, though that ravine was at a considerable distance from their present route.

Meanwhile the knight led the way, as if rather with the purpose of bewildering the Lady Augusta amidst these interminable woods than following any exact or fixed path. Here they ascended, and anon appeared to descend in the same direction, finding only boundless

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wildernesses and varied combinations of tangled woodland scenery. Such part of the country as seemed arable the knight appeared carefully to avoid; yet he could not direct his course with so much certainty but that he occasionally crossed the path of inhabitants and cultivators, who showed a consciousness of so singular a presence, but never, as the lady observed, evinced any symptom of recognition. The inference was obvious, that the Spectre Knight was known in the country, and that he possessed adherents or accomplices there, who were at least so far his friends as to avoid giving any alarm, which might be the means of his discovery. The well-imitated cry of the night-owl, too frequent a guest in the wilderness that its call should be a subject of surprise, seemed to be a signal generally understood among them; for it was heard in different parts of the wood, and the Lady Augusta, experienced in such journeys by her former travels under the guidance of the minstrel Bertram, was led to observe that, on hearing such wild notes, her guide changed the direction of his course, and betook himself to paths which led through deeper wilds and more impenetrable thickets. This happened so often, that a new alarm came upon the unfortunate pilgrim, which suggested other motives of terror. Was she not the confidante, and almost the tool, of some artful design, laid with a view to an extensive operation, which was destined to terminate, as the efforts of Douglas had before done, in the surprise of his hereditary castle, the massacre of the English garrison, and finally in the dishonour and death of that Sir John de Walton upon whose fate she had long believed, or taught herself to believe, that her own was dependent?

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It no sooner flashed across the mind of the Lady Augusta that she was engaged in some such conspiracy with a Scottish insurgent than she shuddered at the consequences of the dark transactions in which she had now become involved, and which appeared to have a tendency so very different from what she had at first apprehended.

The hours of the morning of this remarkable day, being that of Palm Sunday, were thus drawn out in wandering from place to place; while the Lady de Berkely occasionally interposed by petitions for liberty, which she endeavoured to express in the most moving and pathetic manner, and by offers of wealth and treasures, to which no answer whatever was returned by her strange guide.

At length, as if worn out by his captive's importunity, the knight, coming close up to the bridle-rein of the Lady Augusta, said in a solemn tone —

‘I am, as you may well believe, none of those knights who roam through wood and wild seeking adventures, by which I may obtain grace in the eyes of a fair lady. Yet will I to a certain degree grant the request which thou dost solicit so anxiously, and the arbitration of thy fate shall depend upon the pleasure of him to whose will thou hast expressed thyself ready to submit thine own. I will, on our arrival at the place of our destination, which is now at hand, write to Sir John de Walton, and send my letter, together with thy fair self, by a special messenger. He will, no doubt, speedily attend our summons, and thou shalt thyself be satisfied that even he who has as yet appeared deaf to entreaty, and insensible to earthly affections, has still some sympathy for beauty

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and for virtue. I will put the choice of safety and thy future happiness into thine own hands and those of the man whom thou hast chosen; and thou mayest select which thou wilt betwixt those and misery.'

While he thus spoke, one of those ravines or clefts in the earth seemed to yawn before them, and entering it at the upper end, the Spectre Knight, with an attention which he had not yet shown, guided the lady's courser by the rein down the broken and steep path by which alone the bottom of the tangled dingle was accessible.

When placed on firm ground after the dangers of a descent, in which her palfrey seemed to be sustained by the personal strength and address of the singular being who had hold of the bridle, the lady looked with some astonishment at a place so well adapted for concealment as that which she had now reached. It appeared evident that it was used for this purpose, for more than one stifled answer was given to a very low bugle-note emitted by the Knight of the Tomb; and when the same note was repeated, about half a score of armed men, some wearing the dress of soldiers, others those of shepherds and agriculturists, showed themselves imperfectly, as if acknowledging the summons.

CHAPTER XVI

‘HAIL to you, my gallant friends!’ said the Knight of the Tomb to his companions, who seemed to welcome him with the eagerness of men engaged in the same perilous undertaking. ‘The winter has passed over, the festival of Palm Sunday is come, and as surely as the ice and snow of this season shall not remain to chill the earth through the ensuing summer, so surely we, in a few hours, keep our word to those Southern braggarts, who think their language of boasting and malice has as much force over our Scottish bosoms as the blast possesses over the autumn fruits; but it is not so. While we choose to remain concealed, they may as vainly seek to descry us as a housewife would search for the needle she has dropped among the withered foliage of yon gigantic oak. Yet a few hours, and the lost needle shall become the exterminating sword of the Genius of Scotland, avenging ten thousand injuries, and especially the life of the gallant Lord Douglas, cruelly done to death as an exile from his native country.’

An exclamation between a yell and a groan burst from the assembled retainers of Douglas, upon being reminded of the recent death of their chieftain; while they seemed at the same time sensible of the necessity of making little noise, lest they should give the alarm to some of the numerous English parties which were then traversing different parts of the forest. The acclamation, so cau-

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tiously uttered, had scarce died away in silence, when the Knight of the Tomb, or, to call him by his proper name, Sir James Douglas, again addressed his handful of faithful followers.

‘One effort, my friends, may yet be made to end our strife with the Southron without bloodshed. Fate has within a few hours thrown into my power the young heiress of Berkely, for whose sake it is said Sir John de Walton keeps with such obstinacy the castle which is mine by inheritance. Is there one among you who dare go, as the honourable escort of Augusta de Berkely, bearing a letter, explaining the terms on which I am willing to restore her to her lover, to freedom, and to her English lordships?’

‘If there is none other,’ said a tall man, dressed in the tattered attire of a woodsman, and being, in fact, no other than the very Michael Turnbull who had already given so extraordinary a proof of his undaunted manhood, ‘I will gladly be the person who will be the lady’s henchman on this expedition.’

‘Thou art never wanting,’ said the Douglas, ‘where a manly deed is to be done; but remember, this lady must pledge to us her word and oath that she will hold herself our faithful prisoner, rescue or no rescue; that she will consider herself as pledged for the life, freedom, and fair usage of Michael Turnbull; and that, if Sir John de Walton refuse my terms, she must hold herself obliged to return with Turnbull to our presence, in order to be disposed of at our pleasure.’

There was much in these conditions which struck the Lady Augusta with natural doubt and horror; nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the declaration of the Doug-

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las gave a species of decision to her situation which might have otherwise been unattainable; and, from the high opinion which she entertained of the Douglas's chivalry, she could not bring herself to think that any part which he might play in the approaching drama would be other than that which a perfect good knight would, under all circumstances, maintain towards his enemy. Even with respect to De Walton she felt herself relieved of a painful difficulty. The idea of her being discovered by the knight himself in a male disguise had preyed upon her spirits; and she felt as if guilty of a departure from the laws of womanhood, in having extended her favour towards him beyond maidenly limits — a step, too, which might tend to lessen her in the eyes of the lover for whom she had hazarded so much.

The heart, she said, is lightly prized
That is but lightly won;
And long shall mourn the heartless man
That leaves his love too soon.

On the other hand, to be brought before him as a prisoner was indeed a circumstance equally perplexing and unpleasant, but it was one which was beyond her control, and the Douglas, into whose hands she had fallen, appeared to represent the deity in the play, whose entrance was almost sufficient to bring its perplexities to a conclusion; she therefore not unwillingly submitted to take what oaths and promises were required by the party in whose hands she found herself, and accordingly engaged to be a true prisoner, whatever might occur. Meantime, she strictly obeyed the directions of those who had her motions at command, devoutly praying that circumstances, in themselves so adverse, might

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nevertheless work together for the safety of her lover and her own freedom.

A pause ensued, during which a slight repast was placed before the Lady Augusta, who was well-nigh exhausted with the fatigues of her journey.

Douglas and his partizans, meanwhile, whispered together, as if unwilling she should hear their conference; while, to purchase their good-will, if possible, she studiously avoided every appearance of listening.

After some conversation, Turnbull, who appeared to consider the lady as peculiarly his charge, said to her in a harsh voice, 'Do not fear, lady; no wrong shall be done you; nevertheless, you must be content for a space to be blindfolded.'

She submitted to this in silent terror; and the trooper, wrapping part of a mantle round her head, did not assist her to remount her palfrey, but lent her his arm to support her in this blinded state.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ground which they traversed was, as Lady Augusta could feel, very broken and uneven, and sometimes, as she thought, encumbered with ruins, which were difficult to surmount. The strength of her comrade assisted her forward on such occasions; but his help was so roughly administered that the lady once or twice, in fear or suffering, was compelled to groan or sigh heavily, whatever was her desire to suppress such evidence of the apprehension which she underwent, or the pain which she endured. Presently, upon an occasion of this kind, she was distinctly sensible that the rough woodsman was removed from her side, and another of the party substituted in his stead, whose voice, more gentle than that of his companion, she thought she had lately heard.

‘Noble lady,’ were the words, ‘fear not the slightest injury at our hands, and accept of my ministry instead of that of my henchman, who has gone forward with our letter; do not think me presuming on my situation if I bear you in my arms through ruins where you could not easily move alone and blindfolded.’

At the same time, the Lady Augusta Berkely felt herself raised from the earth in the strong arms of a man, and borne onward with the utmost gentleness, without the necessity of making those painful exertions which had been formerly required. She was ashamed of her situation; but, however delicate, it was no time to give vent to complaints, which might have given offence to

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persons whom it was her interest to conciliate. She, therefore, submitted to necessity, and heard the following words whispered in her ear —

‘Fear nothing, there is no evil intended you; nor shall Sir John de Walton, if he loves you as you deserve at his hand, receive any harm on our part. We call on him but to do justice to ourselves and to you; and be assured you will best accomplish your own happiness by aiding our views, which are equally in favour of your wishes and your freedom.’

The Lady Augusta would have made some answer to this, but her breath, betwixt fear and the speed with which she was transported, refused to permit her to use intelligible accents. Meantime, she began to be sensible that she was inclosed within some building, and probably a ruinous one; for although the mode of her transportation no longer permitted her to ascertain the nature of her path in any respect distinctly, yet the absence of the external air — which was, however, sometimes excluded and sometimes admitted in furious gusts — intimated that she was conducted through buildings partly entire, and in other places admitting the wind through wide rents and gaps. In one place it seemed to the lady as if she passed through a considerable body of people, all of whom observed silence, although there was sometimes heard among them a murmur, to which every one present in some degree contributed, although the general sound did not exceed a whisper. Her situation made her attend to every circumstance, and she did not fail to observe that these persons made way for him who bore her, until at length she became sensible that he descended by the regular steps of a stair, and that she

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was now alone excepting his company. Arrived, as it appeared to the lady, on more level ground, they proceeded on their singular road by a course which appeared neither direct nor easy, and through an atmosphere which was close to a smothering degree, and felt at the same time damp and disagreeable, as if from the vapours of a new-made grave.

Her guide again spoke. 'Bear up, Lady Augusta, for a little longer, and continue to endure that atmosphere which must be one day common to us all. By the necessity of my situation, I must resign my present office to your original guide, and can only give you my assurance that neither he nor any one else shall offer you the least incivility or insult, and on this you may rely, on the faith of a man of honour.'

He placed her, as he said these words, upon the soft turf, and, to her infinite refreshment, made her sensible that she was once more in the open air, and free from the smothering atmosphere which had before oppressed her like that of a charnel-house. At the same time, she breathed in a whisper an anxious wish that she might be permitted to disencumber herself from the folds of the mantle, which excluded almost the power of breathing, though intended only to prevent her seeing by what road she travelled. She immediately found it unfolded, agreeably to her request, and hastened, with uncovered eyes, to take note of the scene around her.

It was overshadowed by thick oak-trees, among which stood some remnants of buildings, or what might have seemed such, being perhaps the same in which she had been lately wandering. A clear fountain of living water bubbled forth from under the twisted roots of one of

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those trees, and offered the lady the opportunity of a draught of the pure element, and in which she also bathed her face, which had received more than one scratch in the course of her journey, in spite of the care, and almost the tenderness, with which she had latterly been borne along. The cool water speedily stopt the bleeding of those trifling injuries, and the application served at the same time to recall the scattered senses of the damsel herself. Her first idea was whether an attempt to escape, if such should appear possible, was not advisable. A moment's reflection, however, satisfied her that such a scheme was not to be thought of; and such second thoughts were confirmed by the approach of the gigantic form of the huntsman Turnbull, the rough tones of whose voice were heard before his figure was obvious to her eye.

‘Were you impatient for my return, fair lady? Such as I,’ he continued, in an ironical tone of voice, ‘who are foremost in the chase of wild stags and silvan cattle, are not in use to lag behind when fair ladies like you are the objects of pursuit; and if I am not so constant in my attendance as you might expect, believe me, it is because I was engaged in another matter, to which I must sacrifice for a little even the duty of attending on you.’

‘I offer no resistance,’ said the lady; ‘forbear, however, in discharging thy duty, to augment my uneasiness by thy conversation, for thy master hath pledged me his word that he will not suffer me to be alarmed or ill-treated.’

‘Nay, fair one,’ replied the huntsman, ‘I ever thought it was fit to make interest by soft words with fair ladies; but if you like it not, I have no such pleasure in hunting

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for fine holyday terms but that I can with equal ease hold myself silent. Come, then, since we must wait upon this lover of yours ere morning closes, and learn his last resolution touching a matter which is become so strangely complicated, I will hold no more intercourse with you as a female, but talk to you as a person of sense, although an Englishwoman.'

'You will,' replied the lady, 'best fulfil the intentions of those by whose orders you act by holding no society with me whatever, otherwise than is necessary in the character of guide.'

The man lowered his brows, yet seemed to assent to what the Lady of Berkely proposed, and remained silent as they for some time pursued their course, each pondering over their own share of meditation, which probably turned upon matters essentially different. At length the loud blast of a bugle was heard at no great distance from the unsocial fellow-travellers. 'That is the person we seek,' said Turnbull: 'I know his blast from any other who frequents this forest, and my orders are to bring you to speech of him.'

The blood darted rapidly through the lady's veins at the thought of being thus unceremoniously presented to the knight in whose favour she had confessed a rash preference more agreeable to the manners of those times, when exaggerated sentiments often inspired actions of extravagant generosity, than in our days, when everything is accounted absurd which does not turn upon a motive connected with the immediate selfish interests of the actor himself. When Turnbull, therefore, winded his horn, as if in answer to the blast which they had heard, the lady was disposed to fly at the first

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impulse of shame and of fear. Turnbull perceived her intention, and caught hold of her with no very gentle grasp, saying, 'Nay, lady, it is to be understood that you play your own part in the drama, which, unless you continue on the stage, will conclude unsatisfactorily to us all, in a combat at outrance between your lover and me, when it will appear which of us is most worthy of your favour.'

'I will be patient,' said the lady, bethinking her that even this strange man's presence, and the compulsion which he appeared to use towards her, was a sort of excuse to her female scruples for coming into the presence of her lover, at least at her first appearance before him, in a disguise which her feelings confessed was not extremely decorous, or reconcilable to the dignity of her sex.

The moment after these thoughts had passed through her mind, the tramp of a horse was heard approaching; and Sir John de Walton, pressing through the trees, became aware of the presence of his lady, captive, as it seemed, in the grasp of a Scottish outlaw, who was only known to him by his former audacity at the hunting-match.

His surprise and joy only supplied the knight with those hasty expressions — 'Caitiff, let go thy hold! or die in thy profane attempt to control the motions of one whom the very sun in heaven should be proud to obey.' At the same time, apprehensive that the huntsman might hurry the lady from his sight by means of some entangled path — such as upon a former occasion had served him for escape — Sir John de Walton dropt his cumbrous lance, of which the trees did not permit him

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the perfect use, and, springing from his horse, approached Turnbull with his drawn sword.

The Scottishman, keeping his left hand still upon the lady's mantle, uplifted with his right his battle-axe, or Jedwood staff, for the purpose of parrying and returning the blow of his antagonist; but the lady spoke.

'Sir John de Walton,' she said, 'for Heaven's sake, forbear all violence, till you hear upon what pacific object I am brought hither, and by what peaceful means these wars may be put an end to. This man, though an enemy of yours, has been to me a civil and respectful guardian; and I entreat you to forbear him while he speaks the purpose for which he has brought me hither.'

'To speak of compulsion and the Lady de Berkely in the same breath would itself be cause enough for instant death,' said the governor of Douglas Castle; 'but you command, lady, and I spare his insignificant life, although I have causes of complaint against him the least of which were good warrant, had he a thousand lives, for the forfeiture of them all.'

'John de Walton,' replied Turnbull, 'this lady well knows that no fear of thee operates in my mind to render this a peaceful meeting; and were I not withheld by other circumstances of great consideration to the Douglas, as well as thyself, I should have no more fear in facing the utmost thou couldst do than I have now in levelling that sapling to the earth it grows upon.'

So saying, Michael Turnbull raised his battle-axe, and struck from a neighbouring oak-tree a branch, well-nigh as thick as a man's arm, which, with all its twigs and leaves, rushed to the ground between De Walton and

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the Scotchman, giving a singular instance of the keenness of his weapon, and the strength and dexterity with which he used it.

‘Let there be truce, then, between us, good fellow,’ said Sir John de Walton, ‘since it is the lady’s pleasure that such should be the case, and let me know what thou hast to say to me respecting her?’

‘On that subject,’ said Turnbull, ‘my words are few, but mark them, sir Englishman. The Lady Augusta Berkely, wandering in this country, has become a prisoner of the noble Lord Douglas, the rightful inheritor of the castle and lordship, and he finds himself obliged to attach to the liberty of this lady the following conditions, being in all respects such as good and lawful warfare entitles a knight to exact. That is to say, in all honour and safety the Lady Augusta shall be delivered to Sir John de Walton, or those whom he shall name for the purpose of receiving her. On the other hand, the Castle of Douglas itself, together with all outposts or garrisons thereunto belonging, shall be made over and surrendered by Sir John de Walton, in the same situation, and containing the same provisions and artillery, as are now within their walls; and the space of a month of truce shall be permitted to Sir James Douglas and Sir John de Walton further to regulate the terms of surrender on both parts, having first plighted their knightly word and oath that in the exchange of the honourable lady for the foresaid castle lies the full import of the present agreement, and that every other subject of dispute shall, at the pleasure of the noble knights foresaid, be honourably compounded and agreed betwixt them; or, at their pleasure, settled knightly by single combat, according to

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usage, and in a fair field, before any honourable person that may possess power enough to preside.'

It is not easy to conceive the astonishment of Sir John de Walton at hearing the contents of this extraordinary cartel; he looked towards the Lady of Berkely with that aspect of despair with which a criminal may be supposed to see his guardian angel prepare for departure. Through her mind also similar ideas flowed, as if they contained a concession of what she had considered as the summit of her wishes, but under conditions disgraceful to her lover, like the cherub's fiery sword of yore, which was a barrier between our first parents and the blessings of Paradise.

Sir John de Walton, after a moment's hesitation, broke silence in these words: 'Noble lady, you may be surprised if a condition be imposed upon me, having for its object your freedom, and if Sir John de Walton, already standing under those obligations to you which he is proud of acknowledging, should yet hesitate on accepting, with the utmost eagerness, what must ensure your restoration to freedom and independence; but so it is, that the words now spoken have thrilled in mine ear without reaching to my understanding, and I must pray the Lady of Berkely for pardon if I take time to reconsider them for a short space.'

'And I,' replied Turnbull, 'have only power to allow you half an hour for the consideration of an offer in accepting which, methinks, you should jump shoulder-height, instead of asking any time for reflection. What does this cartel exact, save what your duty as a knight implicitly obliges you to? You have engaged yourself to become the agent of the tyrant Edward, in holding

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Douglas Castle, as his commander, to the prejudice of the Scottish nation and of the knight of Douglas Dale, who never, as a community or as an individual, were guilty of the least injury towards you; you are therefore prosecuting a false path, unworthy of a good knight. On the other hand, the freedom and safety of your lady is now proposed to be pledged to you, with a full assurance of her liberty and honour, on consideration of your withdrawing from the unjust line of conduct in which you have suffered yourself to be imprudently engaged. If you persevere in it, you place your own honour and the lady's happiness in the hands of men whom you have done everything in your power to render desperate, and whom, thus irritated, it is most probable you may find such.'

'It is not from thee, at least,' said the knight, 'that I shall learn to estimate the manner in which Douglas will explain the laws of war, or De Walton receive them at his dictating.'

'I am not, then,' said Turnbull, 'received as a friendly messenger? Farewell, and think of this lady as being in any hands but those which are safe, while you make up at leisure your mind upon the message I have brought you. Come, madam, we must be gone.'

So saying, he seized upon the lady's hand, and pulled her, as if to force her to withdraw. The lady had stood motionless, and almost senseless, while these speeches were exchanged between the warriors; but when she felt the grasp of Michael Turnbull she exclaimed, like one almost beside herself with fear — 'Help me, De Walton!'

The knight, stung to instant rage, assaulted the for-ester with the utmost fury, and dealt him with his long

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sword, almost at unawares, two or three heavy blows, by which he was so wounded that he sunk backwards in the thicket, and De Walton was about to despatch him when he was prevented by the anxious cry of the lady — ‘Alas! De Walton, what have you done? This man was only an ambassador, and should have passed free from injury, while he confined himself to the delivery of what he was charged with; and if thou hast slain him, who knows how frightful may prove the vengeance exacted!’

The voice of the lady seemed to recover the huntsman from the effects of the blows he had received: he sprung on his feet, saying, ‘Never mind me, nor think of my becoming the means of making mischief. The knight, in his haste, spoke without giving me warning and defiance, which gave him an advantage which, I think, he would otherwise have scorned to have taken in such a case. I will renew the combat on fairer terms, or call another champion, as the knight pleases.’ With these words he disappeared.

‘Fear not, empress of De Walton’s thoughts,’ answered the knight, ‘but believe that, if we regain together the shelter of Douglas Castle and the safeguard of St. George’s cross, thou mayst laugh at all. And if you can but pardon, what I shall never be able to forgive myself, the mole-like blindness which did not recognize the sun while under a temporary eclipse, the task cannot be named too hard for mortal valour to achieve, which I shall not willingly undertake, to wipe out the memory of my grievous fault.’

‘Mention it no more,’ said the lady; ‘it is not at such a time as this, when our lives are for the moment at stake, that quarrels upon slighter topics are to be recurred to.’

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I can tell you, if you do not yet know, that the Scots are in arms in this vicinity, and that even the earth has yawned to conceal them from the sight of your garrison.'

'Let it yawn, then,' said Sir John de Walton, 'and suffer every fiend in the infernal abyss to escape from his prison-house and reinforce our enemies; still, fairest, having received in thee a pearl of matchless price, my spurs shall be hacked from my heels by the basest scullion if I turn my horse's head to the rear before the utmost force these ruffians can assemble, either upon earth or from underneath it. In thy name I defy them all to instant combat.'

As Sir John de Walton pronounced these last words in something of an exalted tone, a tall cavalier, arrayed in black armour of the simplest form, stepped forth from that part of the thicket where Turnbull had disappeared. 'I am,' he said, 'James of Douglas, and your challenge is accepted. I, the challenged, name the arms our knightly weapons as we now wear them, and our place of combat this field or dingle called the Bloody Sykes, the time being instant, and the combatants, like true knights, foregoing each advantage on either side.'¹

'So be it, in God's name,' said the English knight, who, though surprised at being called upon to so sudden an encounter with so formidable a warrior as young Douglas, was too proud to dream of avoiding the combat. Making a sign to the lady to retire behind him, that he might not lose the advantage which he had gained by setting her at liberty from the forester, he drew his sword, and with a deliberate and prepared attitude of offence moved slowly to the encounter. It was a dreadful one,

¹ See Note 8.

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for the courage and skill both of the native Lord of Douglas Dale and of De Walton were among the most renowned of the times, and perhaps the world of chivalry could hardly have produced two knights more famous. Their blows fell as if urged by some mighty engine, where they were met and parried with equal strength and dexterity; nor seemed it likely, in the course of ten minutes' encounter, that an advantage would be gained by either combatant over the other. An instant they stopped by mutually implied assent, as it seemed, for the purpose of taking breath, during which Douglas said, 'I beg that this noble lady may understand that her own freedom is no way concerned in the present contest, which entirely regards the injustice done by this Sir John de Walton, and by his nation of England, to the memory of my father, and to my own natural rights.'

'You are generous, sir knight,' replied the lady; 'but in what circumstances do you place me, if you deprive me of my protector by death or captivity, and leave me alone in a foreign land?'

'If such should be the event of the combat,' replied Sir James, 'the Douglas himself, lady, will safely restore thee to thy native land; for never did his sword do an injury for which he was not willing to make amends with the same weapon; and if Sir John de Walton will make the slightest admission that he renounces maintaining the present strife, were it only by yielding up a feather from the plume of his helmet, Douglas will renounce every purpose on his part which can touch the lady's honour or safety, and the combat may be suspended until the national quarrel again brings us together.'

Sir John de Walton pondered a moment, and the lady,

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although she did not speak, looked at him with eyes which plainly expressed how much she wished that he would choose the less hazardous alternative. But the knight's own scruples prevented his bringing the case to so favourable an arbitrament.

‘Never shall it be said of Sir John de Walton,’ he replied, ‘that he compromised, in the slightest degree, his own honour or that of his country. This battle may end in my defeat, or rather death, and in that case my earthly prospects are closed, and I resign to Douglas, with my last breath, the charge of the Lady Augusta, trusting that he will defend her with his life, and find the means of replacing her with safety in the halls of her fathers. But while I survive she may have a better, but will not need another, protector than he who is honoured by being her own choice; nor will I yield up, were it a plume from my helmet, implying that I have maintained an unjust quarrel, either in the cause of England or of the fairest of her daughters. Thus far alone I will concede to Douglas — an instant truce, provided the lady shall not be interrupted in her retreat to England, and the combat be fought out upon another day. The castle and territory of Douglas is the property of Edward of England, the governor in his name is the rightful governor, and on this point I will fight while my eyelids are unclosed.’

‘Time flies,’ said Douglas, ‘without waiting for our resolves; nor is there any part of his motions of such value as that which is passing with every breath of vital air which we presently draw. Why should we adjourn till to-morrow that which can be as well finished to-day? Will our swords be sharper or our arms stronger to wield

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them than they are at this moment? Douglas will do all which knight can do to succour a lady in distress; but he will not grant to her knight the slightest mark of deference, which Sir John de Walton vainly supposes himself able to extort by force of arms.'

With these words, the knights engaged once more in mortal combat, and the lady felt uncertain whether she should attempt her escape through the devious paths of the wood or abide the issue of this obstinate fight. It was rather her desire to see the fate of Sir John de Walton than any other consideration which induced her to remain, as if fascinated, upon the spot, where one of the fiercest quarrels ever fought was disputed by two of the bravest champions that ever drew sword. At last the lady attempted to put a stop to the combat by appealing to the bells which began to ring for the service of the day, which was Palm Sunday.

'For Heaven's sake,' she said, 'for your own sakes, and for that of lady's love, and the duties of chivalry, hold your hands only for an hour, and take chance that, where strength is so equal, means will be found of converting the truce into a solid peace. Think, this is Palm Sunday, and will you defile with blood such a peculiar festival of Christianity? Intermit your feud at least so far as to pass to the nearest church, bearing with you branches, not in the ostentatious mode of earthly conquerors, but as rendering due homage to the rules of the blessed church and the institutions of our holy religion.'

'I was on my road, fair lady, for that purpose, to the holy church of Douglas,' said the Englishman, 'when I was so fortunate as to meet you at this place; nor do I object to proceed thither even now, holding truce for an

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hour, and I fear not to find there friends to whom I can commit you with assurance of safety, in case I am unfortunate in the combat which is now broken off, to be resumed after the service of the day.'

'I also assent,' said the Douglas, 'to a truce for such short space; nor do I fear that there may be good Christians enough at the church who will not see their master overpowered by odds. Let us go thither, and each take the chance of what Heaven shall please to send us.'

From these words, Sir John de Walton little doubted that Douglas had assured himself of a party among those who should there assemble; but he doubted not of so many of the garrison being present as would bridle every attempt at rising; and the risk, he thought, was worth incurring, since he should thereby secure an opportunity to place Lady Augusta de Berkely in safety, at least so far as to make her liberty depend on the event of a general conflict, instead of the precarious issue of a combat between himself and Douglas.

Both these distinguished knights were inwardly of opinion that the proposal of the lady, though it relieved them from their present conflict, by no means bound them to abstain from the consequences which an accession of force might add to their general strength, and each relied upon his superiority, in some degree provided for by their previous proceedings. Sir John de Walton made almost certain of meeting with several of his bands of soldiers, who were scouring the country and traversing the woods by his direction; and Douglas, it may be supposed, had not ventured himself in person where a price was set upon his head without being attended by a sufficient number of approved adherents, placed in more

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or less connexion with each other, and stationed for mutual support. Each, therefore, entertained well-grounded hopes that, by adopting the truce proposed, he would ensure himself an advantage over his antagonist, although neither exactly knew in what manner nor to what extent this success was to be obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII

His talk was of another world — his bodements
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

ON the same Palm Sunday when De Walton and Douglas measured together their mighty swords, the minstrel Bertram was busied with the ancient book of prophecies, which we have already mentioned as the supposed composition of Thomas the Rhymer, but not without many anxieties as to the fate of his lady, and the events which were passing around him. As a minstrel, he was desirous of an auditor to enter into the discoveries which he should make in that mystic volume, as well as to assist in passing away the time; Sir John de Walton had furnished him, in Gilbert Greenleaf the archer, with one who was well contented to play the listener 'from morn to dewy eve,' provided a flask of Gascon wine, or a stoup of good English ale, remained on the board. It may be remembered that De Walton, when he dismissed the minstrel from the dungeon, was sensible that he owed him some compensation for the causeless suspicion which had dictated his imprisonment, more particularly as he was a valued servant, and had shown himself the faithful confidant of the Lady Augusta de Berkely, and the person who was moreover likely to know all the motives and circumstances of her Scottish journey. To secure his good wishes was, therefore, politic; and De

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Walton had intimated to his faithful archer that he was to lay aside all suspicion of Bertram, but, at the same time, keep him in sight, and, if possible, in good humour with the governor of the castle and his adherents. Greenleaf, accordingly, had no doubt in his own mind that the only way to please a minstrel was to listen with patience and commendation to the lays which he liked best to sing, or the tales which he most loved to tell; and in order to ensure the execution of his master's commands, he judged it necessary to demand of the butler such store of good liquor as could not fail to enhance the pleasure of his society.

Having thus fortified himself with the means of bearing a long interview with the minstrel, Gilbert Greenleaf proposed to confer upon him the bounty of an early breakfast, which, if it pleased him, they might wash down with a cup of sack, and, having his master's commands to show the minstrel anything about the castle which he might wish to see, refresh their overwearied spirits by attending a part of the garrison of Douglas to the service of the day, which, as we have already seen, was of peculiar sanctity. Against such a proposal the minstrel, a good Christian by profession, and, by his connexion with the joyous science, a good fellow, having no objections to offer, the two comrades, who had formerly little good-will towards each other, commenced their morning's repast on that fated Palm Sunday with all manner of cordiality and good fellowship.

'Do not believe, worthy minstrel,' said the archer, 'that my master in any respect disparages your worth or rank in referring you for company or conversation to so poor a man as myself. It is true, I am no officer of this

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garrison; yet for an old archer, who for these thirty years has lived by bow and bowstring, I do not — our Lady make me thankful! — hold less share in the grace of Sir John de Walton, the Earl of Pembroke, and other approved good soldiers, than many of those giddy young men on whom commissions are conferred, and to whom confidences are entrusted, not on account of what they have done, but what their ancestors have done before them. I pray you to notice among them one youth placed at our head in De Walton's absence, and who bears the honoured name of Aymer de Valence, being the same with that of the Earl of Pembroke, of whom I have spoken; this knight has also a brisk young page, whom men call Fabian Harbothel.'

'Is it to these gentlemen that your censure applies?' answered the minstrel. 'I should have judged differently, having never, in the course of my experience, seen a young man more courteous and amiable than the young knight you named.'

'I nothing dispute that it may be so,' said the archer, hastening to amend the false step which he had made; 'but in order that it should be so, it will be necessary that he conform to the usages of his uncle, taking the advice of experienced old soldiers in the emergencies which may present themselves; and not believing that the knowledge which it takes many years of observation to acquire can be at once conferred by the slap of the flat of a sword, and the magic words, "Rise up, Sir Arthur," or however the case may be.'

'Doubt not, sir archer,' replied Bertram, 'that I am fully aware of the advantage to be derived from conversing with men of experience like you: it benefiteth

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men of every persuasion, and I myself am oft reduced to lament my want of sufficient knowledge of armorial bearings, signs, and cognizances, and would right fain have thy assistance, where I am a stranger alike to the names of places, of persons, and description of banners and emblems by which great families are distinguished from each other, so absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of my present task.'

'Pennons and banners,' answered the archer, 'I have seen right many, and can assign, as is a soldier's wont, the name of the leader to the emblem under which he musters his followers; nevertheless, worthy minstrel, I cannot presume to understand what you call prophecies, with or under warranted authority of old painted books, expositions of dreams, oracles, revelations, invocations of damned spirits, judicials, astrologicals, and other gross and palpable offences, whereby men, pretending to have the assistance of the Devil, do impose upon the common people, in spite of the warnings of the privy council; not, however, that I suspect you, worthy minstrel, of busying yourself with these attempts to explain futurity, which are dangerous attempts, and may be truly said to be penal, and part of treason.'

'There is something in what you say,' replied the minstrel; 'yet it applieth not to books and manuscripts such as I have been consulting; part of which things, therein written, having already come to pass authorize us surely to expect the completion of the rest; nor would I have much difficulty in showing you from this volume that enough has been already proved true to entitle us to look with certainty to the accomplishment of that which remains.'

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‘I should be glad to hear that,’ answered the archer, who entertained little more than a soldier’s belief respecting prophecies and auguries, but yet cared not bluntly to contradict the minstrel upon such subjects, as he had been instructed by Sir John de Walton to comply with his humour.

Accordingly the minstrel began to recite verses which, in our time, the ablest interpreter could not make sense out of.

‘When the cock crows, keep well his comb,
For the fox and the fulmart they are false both.
When the raven and the rook have rounded together,
And the kid in his cliff shall accord to the same,
Then shall they be bold, and soon to battle thereafter.
Then the birds of the raven rugs and reives,
And the leal men of Lothian are louping on their horse;
Then shall the poor people be spoiled full near,
And the abbeys be burnt truly that stand upon Tweed;
They shall burn and slay, and great reif make;
There shall no poor man who say whose man he is:
Then shall the land be lawless, for love there is none.
Then falset shall have foot fully five years;
Then truth surely shall be tint, and none shall lippen to other;
The one cousing shall not trust the other,
Not the son the father, nor the father the son;
For to have his goods he would have him hanged,’ etc.

The archer listened to these mystic prognostications, which were not the less wearisome that they were, in a considerable degree, unintelligible; at the same time subduing his Hotspurlike disposition to tire of the recitation, yet at brief intervals comforting himself with an application to the wine flagon, and enduring as he might what he neither understood nor took interest in. Meanwhile the minstrel proceeded with his explanation of the

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dubious and imperfect vaticinations of which we have given a sufficient specimen.

‘Could you wish,’ said he to Greenleaf, ‘a more exact description of the miseries which have passed over Scotland in these latter days? Have not these the raven and rook, the fox and the fulmart, explained; either because the nature of the birds or beasts bear an individual resemblance to those of the knights who display them on their banners, or otherwise are bodied forth by actual blazonry on their shields, and come openly into the field to ravage and destroy? Is not the total disunion of the land plainly indicated by these words, that connexions of blood shall be broken asunder, that kinsmen shall not trust each other, and that the father and son, instead of putting faith in their natural connexion, shall seek each other’s life, in order to enjoy his inheritance? The leal men of Lothian are distinctly mentioned as taking arms, and there is plainly allusion to the other events of these late Scottish troubles. The death of this last William is obscurely intimated under the type of a hound, which was that good lord’s occasional cognizance.

The hound that was harmed then muzzled shall be,
Who loved him worst shall weep for his wreck;
Yet shall a whelp rise of the same race,
That rudely shall roar, and rule the whole north,
And quit the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
Though he from his hold be kept back a while.
True Thomas told me this in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morning at Eldoun Hills.

This hath a meaning, sir archer,’ continued the minstrel, ‘and which flies as directly to its mark as one of your own arrows, although there may be some want of wisdom in making the direct explication. Being, how-

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ever, upon assurance with you, I do not hesitate to tell you that in my opinion this lion's whelp that waits its time means this same celebrated Scottish prince, Robert the Bruce, who, though repeatedly defeated, has still, while hunted with bloodhounds and surrounded by enemies of every sort, maintained his pretensions to the crown of Scotland in despite of King Edward, now reigning.'

'Minstrel,' answered the soldier, 'you are my guest, and we have sat down together as friends to this simple meal in good comradeship. I must tell thee, however, though I am loth to disturb our harmony, that thou art the first who hast adventured to speak a word before Gilbert Greenleaf in favour of that outlawed traitor, Robert Bruce, who has by his seditions so long disturbed the peace of this realm. Take my advice, and be silent on this topic; for, believe me, the sword of a true English archer will spring from its scabbard without consent of its master should it hear aught said to the disparagement of bonny St. George and his ruddy cross; nor shall the authority of Thomas the Rhymer, or any other prophet in Scotland, England, or Wales, be considered as an apology for such unbecoming predictions.'

'I were loth to give offence at any time,' said the minstrel, 'much more to provoke you to anger, when I am in the very act of experiencing your hospitality. I trust, however, you will remember that I do not come your uninvited guest, and that, if I speak to you of future events, I do so without having the least intention to add my endeavour to bring them to pass; for, God knows, it is many years since my sincere prayer has been for peace and happiness to all men, and particularly honour and

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happiness to the land of bowmen, in which I was born, and which I am bound to remember in my prayers beyond all other nations in the world.'

'It is well that you do so,' said the archer; 'for so you shall best maintain your bounden duty to the fair land of your birth, which is the richest that the sun shines upon. Something, however, I would know, if it suits with your pleasure to tell me, and that is, whether you find anything in these rude rhymes appearing to affect the safety of the Castle of Douglas, where we now are? for, mark me, sir minstrel, I have observed that these mouldering parchments, when or by whomsoever composed, have so far a certain coincidence with the truth, that when such predictions which they contain are spread abroad in the country, and create rumours of plots, conspiracies, and bloody wars, they are very apt to cause the very mischances which they would be thought only to predict.'

'It were not very cautious in me,' said the minstrel, 'to choose a prophecy for my theme which had reference to any attack on this garrison; for in such case I should, according to your ideas, lay myself under suspicion of endeavouring to forward what no person could more heartily regret than myself.'

'Take my word for it, good friend,' said the archer, 'that it shall not be thus with thee; for I neither will myself conceive ill of thee nor report thee to Sir John de Walton as meditating harm against him or his garrison; nor, to speak truth, would Sir John de Walton be willing to believe any one who did. He thinks highly, and no doubt deservedly, of thy good faith towards thy lady, and would conceive it unjust to suspect the fidelity of

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one who has given evidence of his willingness to meet death rather than betray the least secret of his mistress.'

'In preserving her secret,' said Bertram, 'I only discharged the duty of a faithful servant, leaving it to her to judge how long such a secret ought to be preserved; for a faithful servant ought to think as little of the issue towards himself of the commission which he bears as the band of flock-silk concerns itself with the secret of the letter which it secures. And touching your question, I have no objections, although merely to satisfy your curiosity, to unfold to you that these old prophecies do contain some intimations of wars befalling in Douglas Dale between an haggard, or wild hawk, which I take to be the cognizance of Sir John de Walton, and the three stars, or martlets, which is the cognizance of the Douglas; and more particulars I could tell of these onslaughts, did I know whereabouts is a place in these woods termed Bloody Sykes, the scene also, as I comprehend, of slaughter and death between the followers of the three stars and those who hold the part of the Saxon, or King of England.'

'Such a place,' replied Gilbert Greenleaf, 'I have heard often mentioned by that name among the natives of these parts; nevertheless, it is in vain to seek to discover the precise spot, as these wily Scots conceal from us with care everything respecting the geography of their country, as it is called by learned men; but we may here mention the Bloody Sykes, Bottomless Myre, and other places as portentous names, to which their traditions attach some signification of war and slaughter. If it suits your wish, however, we can, on our way to the church, try to find this place called Bloody Sykes, which

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I doubt not we shall trace out long before the traitors who meditate an attack upon us will find a power sufficient for the attempt.'

Accordingly, the minstrel and archer, the latter of whom was by this time reasonably well refreshed with wine, marched out of the Castle of Douglas, without waiting for others of the garrison, resolving to seek the dingle bearing the ominous name of Bloody Sykes, concerning which the archer only knew that by mere accident he had heard of a place bearing such a name, at the hunting-match made under the auspices of Sir John de Walton, and knew that it lay in the woods somewhere near the town of Douglas, and in the vicinage of the castle.

CHAPTER XIX

Hotspur. I cannot choose. Sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.

I King Henry IV.

THE conversation between the minstrel and the ancient archer naturally pursued a train somewhat resembling that of Hotspur and Glendower, in which Gilbert Greenleaf by degrees took a larger share than was apparently consistent with his habits and education; but the truth was that, as he exerted himself to recall the recognizances of military chieftains, their war-cries, emblems, and other types by which they distinguished themselves in battle, and might undoubtedly be indicated in prophetic rhymes, he began to experience the pleasure which most men entertain when they find themselves unexpectedly possessed of a faculty which the moment calls upon them to employ, and renders them important in the possession of. The minstrel's sound good sense was certainly somewhat surprised at the inconsistencies sometimes displayed by his companion, as he was carried off by the willingness to make show of his newly-discovered faculty on the one hand, and, on the other, to call to mind the prejudices which he had nourished during his whole life against minstrels, who, with the whole train of legends and fables, were the more likely to be false, as being generally derived from the 'North Countrie.'

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As they strolled from one glade of the forest to another, the minstrel began to be surprised at the number of Scottish votaries whom they met, and who seemed to be hastening to the church, and, as it appeared by the boughs which they carried, to assist in the ceremony of the day. To each of these the archer put a question respecting the existence of a place called Bloody Sykes, and where it was to be found; but all seemed either to be ignorant on the subject or desirous of evading it, for which they found some pretext in the jolly archer's manner of interrogation, which savoured a good deal of the genial breakfast. The general answer was, that they knew no such place, or had other matters to attend to upon the morn of a holy-tide than answering frivolous questions. At last, when, in one or two instances, the answer of the Scottish almost approached to sullenness, the minstrel remarked it, observing, that there was ever some mischief on foot when the people of this country could not find a civil answer to their betters, which is usually so ready among them, and that they appeared to be making a strong muster for the service of Palm Sunday.

'You will doubtless, sir archer,' continued the minstrel, 'make your report to your knight accordingly; for I promise you that, if you do not, I myself, whose lady's freedom is also concerned, will feel it my duty to place before Sir John de Walton the circumstances which make me entertain suspicion of this extraordinary confluence of Scottish men, and the surliness which has replaced their wonted courtesy of manners.'

'Tush, sir minstrel,' replied the archer, displeased at Bertram's interference, 'believe me, that armies have ere now depended on my report to the general, which

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has always been perspicuous and clear, according to the duties of war. Your walk, my worthy friend, has been in a separate department, such as affairs of peace, old songs, prophecies, and the like, in which it is far from my thoughts to contend with you; but credit me, it will be most for the reputation of both that we do not attempt to interfere with what concerns each other.'

'It is far from my wish to do so,' replied the minstrel; 'but I would wish that a speedy return should be made to the castle, in order to ask Sir John de Walton's opinion of that which we have but just seen.'

'To this,' replied Greenleaf, 'there can be no objection; but, would you seek the governor at the hour which now is, you will find him most readily by going to the church of Douglas, to which he regularly wends on occasions such as the present, with the principal part of his officers, to ensure by his presence that no tumult arise — of which there is no little dread — between the English and the Scottish. Let us therefore hold to our original intention of attending the service of the day, and we shall rid ourselves of these entangled woods, and gain the shortest road to the church of Douglas.'

'Let us go then with all despatch,' said the minstrel; 'and with the greater haste, that it appears to me that something has passed on this very spot this morning which argues that the Christian peace due to the day has not been inviolably observed. What mean these drops of blood?' alluding to those which had flowed from the wounds of Turnbull. 'Wherefore is the earth impressed with these deep dints, the footsteps of armed men advancing and retreating, doubtless, according to the chances of a fierce and heady conflict?'

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‘By Our Lady,’ returned Greenleaf, ‘I must own that thou seest clear. What were my eyes made of when they permitted thee to be the first discoverer of these signs of conflict? Here are feathers of a blue plume, which I ought to remember, seeing my knight assumed it, or at least permitted me to place it in his helmet, this morning, in sign of returning hope, from the liveliness of its colour. But here it lies, shorn from his head, and, if I may guess, by no friendly hand. Come, friend, to the church — to the church, and thou shalt have my example of the manner in which De Walton ought to be supported when in danger.’

He led the way through the town of Douglas, entering at the southern gate, and up the very street in which Sir Aymer de Valence had charged the Phantom Knight.

We can now say more fully that the church of Douglas had originally been a stately Gothic building, whose towers, arising high above the walls of the town, bore witness to the grandeur of its original construction. It was now partly ruinous, and the small portion of open space which was retained for public worship was fitted up in the family aisle, where its deceased lords rested from worldly labours and the strife of war. From the open ground in the front of the building their eye could pursue a considerable part of the course of the river Douglas, which approached the town from the southwest, bordered by a line of hills fantastically diversified in their appearance, and in many places covered with copsewood, which descended towards the valley, and formed a part of the tangled and intricate woodland by which the town was surrounded. The river itself, sweep-

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ing round the west side of the town, and from thence northward, supplied that large inundation or artificial piece of water which we have already mentioned. Several of the Scottish people, bearing willow branches, or those of yew, to represent the palms which were the symbol of the day, seemed wandering in the churchyard as if to attend the approach of some person of peculiar sanctity, or procession of monks and friars, come to render the homage due to the solemnity. At the moment almost that Bertram and his companion entered the churchyard, the Lady of Berkely, who was in the act of following Sir John de Walton into the church, after having witnessed his conflict with the young knight of Douglas, caught a glimpse of her faithful minstrel, and instantly determined to regain the company of that old servant of her house and confidant of her fortunes, and trust to the chance afterwards of being rejoined by Sir John de Walton, with a sufficient party to provide for her safety, which she in no respect doubted it would be his care to collect. She darted away accordingly from the path in which she was advancing, and reached the place where Bertram, with his new acquaintance Greenleaf, were making some inquiries of the soldiers of the English garrison, whom the service of the day had brought there.

Lady Augusta Berkely, in the mean time, had an opportunity to say privately to her faithful attendant and guide, 'Take no notice of me, friend Bertram, but take heed, if possible, that we be not again separated from each other.' Having given him this hint, she observed that it was adopted by the minstrel, and that he presently afterwards looked round and set his eye

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upon her, as, muffled in her pilgrim's cloak, she slowly withdrew to another part of the cemetery, and seemed to halt, until, detaching himself from Greenleaf, he should find an opportunity of joining her.

Nothing, in truth, could have more sensibly affected the faithful minstrel than the singular mode of communication which acquainted him that his mistress was safe, and at liberty to choose her own motions, and, as he might hope, disposed to extricate herself from the dangers which surrounded her in Scotland, by an immediate retreat to her own country and domain. He would gladly have approached and joined her, but she took an opportunity by a sign to caution him against doing so, while at the same time he remained somewhat apprehensive of the consequences of bringing her under the notice of his new friend, Greenleaf, who might perhaps think it proper to busy himself so as to gain some favour with the knight who was at the head of the garrison. Meantime the old archer continued his conversation with Bertram, while the minstrel, like many other men similarly situated, heartily wished that his well-meaning companion had been a hundred fathoms under ground, so his evanishment had given him license to join his mistress; but all he had in his power was to approach her as near as he could without creating any suspicion.

'I would pray you, worthy minstrel,' said Greenleaf, after looking carefully round, 'that we may prosecute together the theme which we were agitating before we came hither: is it not your opinion that the Scottish natives have fixed this very morning for some of those dangerous attempts which they have repeatedly made, and which are so carefully guarded against by the gov-

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ernors placed in this district of Douglas by our good King Edward, our rightful sovereign?’

‘I cannot see,’ replied the minstrel, ‘on what ground you found such an apprehension, or what you see here in the churchyard different from that you talked of as we approached it, when you held me rather in scorn for giving way to some suspicions of the same kind.’

‘Do you not see,’ added the archer, ‘the numbers of men with strange faces, and in various disguisements, who are thronging about these ancient ruins, which are usually so solitary? Yonder, for example, sits a boy, who seems to shun observation, and whose dress, I will be sworn, has never been shaped in Scotland.’

‘And if he is an English pilgrim,’ replied the minstrel, observing that the archer pointed towards the Lady of Berkely, ‘he surely affords less matter of suspicion.’

‘I know not that,’ said old Greenleaf, ‘but I think it will be my duty to inform Sir John de Walton, if I can reach him, that there are many persons here who in outward appearance neither belong to the garrison nor to this part of the country.’

‘Consider,’ said Bertram, ‘before you harass with accusation a poor young man, and subject him to the consequences which must necessarily attend upon suspicions of this nature, how many circumstances call forth men peculiarly to devotion at this period. Not only is this the time of the triumphal entrance of the Founder of the Christian religion into Jerusalem, but the day itself is called *Dominica Confitentium*, or the Sunday of Confessors, and the palm-tree, or the box and yew, which are used as its substitutes, and which are distributed to the priests, are burnt solemnly to ashes, and

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those ashes distributed among the pious by the priests upon the Ash Wednesday of the succeeding year — all which rites and ceremonies in our country are observed by order of the Christian Church; nor ought you, gentle archer, nor can you without a crime, persecute those as guilty of designs upon your garrison who can ascribe their presence here to their desire to discharge the duties of the day; and look ye at yon numerous procession approaching with banner and cross, and, as it appears, consisting of some churchman of rank and his attendants; let us first inquire who he is, and it is probable we shall find in his name and rank sufficient security for the peaceable and orderly behaviour of those whom piety has this day assembled at the church of Douglas.'

Greenleaf accordingly made the investigation recommended by his companion, and received information that the holy man who headed the procession was no other than the diocesan of the district, the Bishop of Glasgow, who had come to give his countenance to the rites with which the day was to be sanctified.

The prelate accordingly entered the walls of the dilapidated churchyard, preceded by his cross-bearers, and attended by numbers, with boughs of yew and other evergreens, used on the festivity instead of palms. Among them the holy father showered his blessing, accompanied by signs of the cross, which were met with devout exclamations by such of the worshippers as crowded around him — 'To thee, reverend father, we apply for pardon for our offences, which we humbly desire to confess to thee, in order that we may obtain pardon from Heaven.'

In this manner the congregation and the dignified

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clergyman met together, exchanging pious greeting, and seemingly intent upon nothing but the rites of the day. The acclamations of the congregation mingled with the deep voice of the officiating priest, dispensing the sacred ritual, the whole forming a scene which, conducted with the Catholic skill and ceremonial, was at once imposing and affecting.

The archer, on seeing the zeal with which the people in the churchyard, as well as a number who issued from the church, hastened proudly to salute the bishop of the diocese, was rather ashamed of the suspicions which he had entertained of the sincerity of the good man's purpose in coming hither. Taking advantage of a fit of devotion, not perhaps very common with old Greenleaf, who at this moment thrust himself forward to share in those spiritual advantages which the prelate was dispensing, Bertram slipped clear of his English friend, and, gliding to the side of the Lady Augusta, exchanged, by the pressure of the hand, a mutual congratulation upon having rejoined company. On a sign by the minstrel, they withdrew to the inside of the church, so as to remain unobserved amidst the crowd, in which they were favoured by the dark shadows of some parts of the building.

The body of the church, broken as it was, and hung round with the armorial trophies of the last Lords of Douglas, furnished rather the appearance of a sacrilegiously desecrated ruin than the inside of a holy place; yet some care appeared to have been taken to prepare it for the service of the day. At the lower end hung the great escutcheon of William Lord of Douglas, who had lately died a prisoner in England; around that escutcheon were placed the smaller shields of his sixteen ancestors,

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and a deep black shadow was diffused by the whole mass, unless where relieved by the glance of the coronets or the glimmer of bearings particularly gay in emblazonry. I need not say that in other respects the interior of the church was much dismantled; it being the very same place in which Sir Aymer de Valence held an interview with the old sexton, and who now, drawing into a separate corner some of the straggling parties whom he had collected and brought to the church, kept on the alert, and appeared ready for an attack as well at mid-day as at the witching hour of midnight. This was the more necessary, as the eye of Sir John de Walton seemed busied in searching from one place to another, as if unable to find the object he was in quest of, which the reader will easily understand to be the Lady Augusta de Berkely, of whom he had lost sight in the pressure of the multitude. At the eastern part of the church was fitted up a temporary altar, by the side of which, arrayed in his robes, the Bishop of Glasgow had taken his place, with such priests and attendants as composed his episcopal retinue. His suite was neither numerous nor richly attired, nor did his own appearance present a splendid specimen of the wealth and dignity of the episcopal order. When he laid down, however, his golden cross, at the stern command of the King of England, that of simple wood, which he assumed instead thereof, did not possess less authority nor command less awe among the clergy and people of the diocese.

The various persons, natives of Scotland, now gathered around seemed to watch his motions, as those of a descended saint, and the English waited in mute astonishment, apprehensive that at some unexpected signal

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an attack would be made upon them, either by the powers of earth or heaven, or perhaps by both in combination. The truth is, that so great was the devotion of the Scottish clergy of the higher ranks to the interests of the party of Bruce, that the English had become jealous of permitting them to interfere even with those ceremonies of the church which were placed under their proper management, and thence the presence of the Bishop of Glasgow, officiating at a high festival in the church of Douglas, was a circumstance of rare occurrence, and not unattended both with wonder and suspicion. A council of the church, however, had lately called the distinguished prelates of Scotland to the discharge of their duty on the festivity of Palm Sunday, and neither English nor Scottish saw the ceremony with indifference. An unwonted silence which prevailed in the church, filled, as it appeared, with persons of different views, hopes, wishes, and expectations, resembled one of those solemn pauses which often take place before a strife of the elements, and are well understood to be the forerunners of some dreadful concussion of nature. All animals, according to their various nature, express their sense of the approaching tempest: the cattle, the deer, and other inhabitants of the walks of the forest, withdraw to the inmost recesses of their pastures; the sheep crowd into their fold; and the dull stupor of universal nature, whether animate or inanimate, presages its speedily awaking into general convulsion and disturbance, when the lurid lightning shall hiss at command of the diapason of the thunder.

It was thus that, in deep suspense, those who had come to the church in arms at the summons of Douglas

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awaited and expected every moment a signal to attack; while the soldiers of the English garrison, aware of the evil disposition of the natives towards them, were reckoning every moment when the well-known shout of 'Bows and bills!' should give signal for a general conflict, and both parties, gazing fiercely upon each other, seemed to expect the fatal onset.

Notwithstanding the tempest, which appeared every moment ready to burst, the Bishop of Glasgow proceeded with the utmost solemnity to perform the ceremonies proper to the day; he paused from time to time to survey the throng, as if to calculate whether the turbulent passions of those around him would be so long kept under as to admit of his duties being brought to a close in a manner becoming the time and place.

The prelate had just concluded the service, when a person advanced towards him with a solemn and mournful aspect, and asked if the reverend father could devote a few moments to administer comfort to a dying man who was lying wounded close by.

The churchman signified a ready acquiescence, amidst a stillness which, when he surveyed the lowering brows of one party at least of those who were in the church, boded no peaceable termination to this fated day. The father motioned to the messenger to show him the way, and proceeded on his mission, attended by some of those who were understood to be followers of the Douglas.

There was something peculiarly striking, if not suspicious, in the interview which followed. In a subterranean vault was deposited the person of a large, tall man, whose blood flowed copiously through two or three ghastly wounds, and streamed amongst the trusses of

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straw on which he lay; while his features exhibited a mixture of sternness and ferocity, which seemed prompt to kindle into a still more savage expression.

The reader will probably conjecture that the person in question was no other than Michael Turnbull, who, wounded in the rencounter of the morning, had been left by some of his friends upon the straw, which was arranged for him by way of couch, to live or die as he best could. The prelate, on entering the vault, lost no time in calling the attention of the wounded man to the state of his spiritual affairs, and assisting him to such comfort as the doctrine of the church directed should be administered to departing sinners. The words exchanged between them were of that grave and severe character which passes between the ghostly father and his pupil, when one world is rolling away from the view of the sinner and another is displaying itself in all its terrors, and thundering in the ear of the penitent that retribution which the deeds done in the flesh must needs prepare him to expect. This is one of the most solemn meetings which can take place between earthly beings, and the courageous character of the Jedwood forester, as well as the benevolent and pious expression of the old churchman, considerably enhanced the pathos of the scene.

‘Turnbull,’ said the churchman, ‘I trust you will believe me when I say that it grieves my heart to see thee brought to this situation by wounds which, it is my duty to tell you, you must consider mortal.’

‘Is the chase ended then?’ said the Jedwood man with a sigh. ‘I care not, good father, for I think I have borne me as becomes a gallant quarry, and that the old

forest has lost no credit by me, whether in pursuit or in bringing to bay; and even in this last matter, methinks this gay English knight would not have come off with such advantage had the ground on which we stood been alike indifferent to both, or had I been aware of his onset, but it will be seen, by any one who takes the trouble to examine, that poor Michael Turnbull's foot slipped twice in the *mêlée*, otherwise it had not been his fate to be lying here in the dead-thraw; while yonder Southron would probably have died like a dog upon this bloody straw in his place.'

The bishop replied, advising his penitent to turn from vindictive thoughts respecting the death of others, and endeavour to fix his attention upon his own departure from existence, which seemed shortly about to take place.

'Nay,' replied the wounded man, 'you, father, undoubtedly know best what is fit for me to do; yet methinks it would not be very well with me if I had prolonged to this time of day the task of revising my life, and I am not the man to deny that mine has been a bloody and a desperate one. But you will grant me I never bore malice to a brave enemy for having done me an injury, and show me the man, being a Scotchman born and having a natural love for his own country, who hath not, in these times, rather preferred a steel cap to a hat and feather, or who hath not been more conversant with drawn blades than with prayer-book; and you yourself know, father, whether, in our proceedings against the English interest, we have not uniformly had the countenance of the sincere fathers of the Scottish Church, and whether we have not been exhorted to take

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arms and make use of them for the honour of the King of Scotland and the defence of our own rights.'

'Undoubtedly,' said the prelate, 'such have been our exhortations towards our oppressed countrymen, nor do I now teach you a different doctrine; nevertheless, having now blood around me, and a dying man before me, I have need to pray that I have not been misled from the true path, and thus become the means of misdirecting others. May Heaven forgive me if I have done so, since I have only to plead my sincere and honest intention in excuse for the erroneous counsel which I may have given to you and others touching these wars. I am conscious that, encouraging you so to stain your swords in blood, I have departed in some degree from the character of my profession, which enjoins that we neither shed blood nor are the occasion of its being shed. May Heaven enable us to obey our duties and to repent of our errors, especially such as have occasioned the death or distress of our fellow-creatures! And, above all, may this dying Christian become aware of his errors, and repent with sincerity of having done to others that which he would not willingly have suffered at their hand!'

'For that matter,' answered Turnbull, 'the time has never been when I would not exchange a blow with the best man who ever lived; and if I was not in constant practice of the sword, it was because I have been brought up to the use of the Jedwood-axe, which the English call a partizan, and which makes little difference, I understand, from the sword and poniard.'

'The distinction is not great,' said the bishop; 'but I fear, my friend, that life taken with what you call a Jedwood-axe gives you no privilege over him who commits

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the same deed, and inflicts the same injury, with any other weapon.'

'Nay, worthy father,' said the penitent, 'I must own that the effect of the weapons is the same as far as concerns the man who suffers; but I would pray of you information, why a Jedwood man ought not to use, as is the custom of his country, a Jedwood-axe, being, as is implied in the name, the offensive weapon proper to his country?'

'The crime of murder,' said the bishop, 'consists not in the weapon with which the crime is inflicted, but in the pain which the murderer inflicts upon his fellow-creature, and the breach of good order which he introduces into Heaven's lovely and peaceable creation; and it is by turning your repentance upon this crime that you may fairly expect to propitiate Heaven for your offences, and at the same time to escape the consequences which are denounced in Holy Writ against those by whom man's blood shall be shed.'

'But, good father,' said the wounded man, 'you know as well as any one that in this company, and in this very church, there are upon the watch scores of both Scotchmen and Englishmen, who come here not so much to discharge the religious duties of the day as literally to bereave each other of their lives, and give a new example of the horror of those feuds which the two extremities of Britain nourish against each other. What conduct, then, is a poor man like me to hold? Am I not to raise this hand against the English, which methinks I still can make a tolerably efficient one; or am I, for the first time in my life, to hear the war-cry when it is raised, and hold back my sword from the slaughter? Methinks

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it will be difficult, perhaps altogether impossible, for me to do so; but if such is the pleasure of Heaven, and your advice, most reverend father, unquestionably I must do my best to be governed by your directions, as of one who has a right and title to direct us in every dilemma, or case, as they term it, of troubled conscience.'

'Unquestionably,' said the bishop, 'it is my duty, as I have already said, to give no occasion this day for the shedding of blood or the breach of peace; and I must charge you, as my penitent, that, upon your soul's safety, you do not minister any occasion to affray or bloodshed, either by maintaining such in your own person or inciting others to the same; for, by following a different course of advice, I am certain that you, as well as myself, would act sinfully and out of character.'

'So I will endeavour to think, reverend father,' answered the huntsman; 'nevertheless, I hope it will be remembered in my favour that I am the first person bearing the surname of Turnbull, together with the proper name of the Prince of Archangels himself, who has at any time been able to sustain the affront occasioned by the presence of a Southron with a drawn sword, and was not thereby provoked to pluck forth his own weapon and to lay about him.'

'Take care, my son,' returned the prelate of Glasgow, 'and observe that even now thou art departing from those resolutions which, but a few minutes since, thou didst adopt upon serious and just consideration; wherefore do not be, O my son! like the sow that has wallowed in the mire, and, having been washed, repeats its act of pollution, and becomes again yet fouler than it was before.'

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‘Well, reverend father,’ replied the wounded man, ‘although it seems almost unnatural for Scottish men and English to meet and part without a buffet, yet I will endeavour most faithfully not to minister any occasion of strife, nor, if possible, to snatch at any such occasion as shall be ministered to me.’

‘In doing so,’ returned the bishop, ‘thou wilt best atone for the injury which thou hast done to the law of Heaven upon former occasions, and thou shalt prevent the causes for strife betwixt thee and thy brethren of the southern land, and shalt eschew the temptation towards that bloodguiltiness which is so rife in this our day and generation. And do not think that I am imposing upon thee, by these admonitions, a duty more difficult than it is in thy covenant to bear, as a man and as a Christian. I myself am a man, and a Scotchman, and, as such, I feel offended at the unjust conduct of the English towards our country and sovereign; and thinking as you do yourself, I know what you must suffer when you are obliged to submit to national insults, unretaliated and unrevenged. But let us not conceive ourselves the agents of that retributive vengeance which Heaven has, in a peculiar degree, declared to be its own attribute. Let us, while we see and feel the injuries inflicted on our own country, not forget that our own raids, ambuscades, and surprisals have been at least equally fatal to the English as their attacks and forays have been to us; and, in short, let the mutual injuries of the crosses of St. Andrew and of St. George be no longer considered as hostile to the inhabitants of the opposite district, at least during the festivals of religion; but, as they are mutually signs of redemption, let them be, in like

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manner, intimations of forbearance and peace on both sides.'

'I am contented,' answered Turnbull, 'to abstain from all offences towards others, and shall even endeavour to keep myself from resenting those of others towards me, in the hope of bringing to pass such a quiet and godly state of things as your words, reverend father, induce me to expect.' Turning his face to the wall, the Borderer lay in stern expectation of approaching death, which the bishop left him to contemplate.

The peaceful disposition which the prelate had inspired into Michael Turnbull had in some degree diffused itself among those present, who heard with awe the spiritual admonition to suspend the national antipathy, and remain in truce and amity with each other. Heaven had, however, decreed that the national quarrel, in which so much blood had been sacrificed, should that day again be the occasion of deadly strife.

A loud flourish of trumpets, seeming to proceed from beneath the earth, now rung through the church, and roused the attention of the soldiers and worshippers then assembled. Most of those who heard these warlike sounds betook themselves to their weapons, as if they considered it useless to wait any longer for the signal of conflict. Hoarse voices, rude exclamations, the rattle of swords against their sheaths, or their clashing against other pieces of armour, gave an awful presage of an onset, which, however, was for a time averted by the exhortations of the bishop. A second flourish of trumpets having taken place, the voice of a herald made proclamation to the following purpose: —

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‘That whereas there were many noble pursuivants of chivalry presently assembled in the kirk of Douglas, and whereas there existed among them the usual causes of quarrel and points of debate for their advancement in chivalry, therefore the Scottish knights were ready to fight any number of the English who might be agreed, either upon the superior beauty of their ladies, or upon the national quarrel in any of its branches, or upon whatsoever point might be at issue between them, which should be deemed satisfactory ground of quarrel by both; and the knights who should chance to be worsted in such dispute should renounce the prosecution thereof, or the bearing arms therein thereafter, with such other conditions to ensue upon their defeat as might be agreed upon by a council of the knights present at the kirk of Douglas aforesaid. But foremost of all, any number of Scottish knights, from one to twenty, will defend the quarrel which has already drawn blood, touching the freedom of Lady Augusta de Berkely, and the rendition of Douglas Castle to the owner here present. Wherefore it is required that the English knights do intimate their consent that such trial of valour take place, which, according to the rules of chivalry, they cannot refuse, without losing utterly the reputation of valour, and incurring the diminution of such other degree of estimation as a courageous pursuivant of arms would willingly be held in, both by the good knights of his own country and those of others.’

This unexpected gage of battle realised the worst fears of those who had looked with suspicion on the extraordinary assemblage this day of the dependants of the house of Douglas. After a short pause, the trumpets

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again flourished lustily, when the reply of the English knights was made in the following terms: —

‘That God forbid the rights and privileges of England’s knights, and the beauty of her damsels, should not be asserted by her children, or that such English knights as were here assembled should show the least backwardness to accept the combat offered, whether grounded upon the superior beauty of their ladies or whether upon the causes of dispute between the countries, for either or all of which the knights of England here present were willing to do battle in the terms of the indenture aforesaid, while sword and lance shall endure. Saving and excepting the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, which can be rendered to no one but England’s king, or those acting under his orders.’

CHAPTER XX

Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,
Do bravely each, and God defend the right;
Upon St. Andrew thrice can they thus cry,
And thrice they shout on height,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
St. George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.

Old Ballad.

THE extraordinary crisis mentioned in the preceding chapter was the cause, as may be supposed, of the leaders on both sides now throwing aside all concealment, and displaying their utmost strength, by marshalling their respective adherents; the renowned knight of Douglas, with Sir Malcolm Fleming and other distinguished cavaliers, were seen in close consultation.

Sir John de Walton, startled by the first flourish of trumpets, while anxiously endeavouring to secure a retreat for the Lady Augusta, was in a moment seen collecting his followers, in which he was assisted by the active friendship of the knight of Valence.

The Lady of Berkely showed no craven spirit at these warlike preparations: she advanced, closely followed by the faithful Bertram, and a female in a riding-hood, whose face, though carefully concealed, was no other than that of the unfortunate Margaret de Hautlieu, whose worst fears had been realised as to the faithlessness of her betrothed knight.

A pause ensued, which for some time no one present thought himself of authority sufficient to break.

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At last the knight of Douglas stepped forward and said loudly, 'I wait to know whether Sir John de Walton requests leave of James of Douglas to evacuate his castle without further wasting that daylight which might show us to judge a fair field, and whether he craves Douglas's protection in doing so?'

The knight of Walton drew his sword. 'I hold the Castle of Douglas,' he said, 'in spite of all deadly; and never will I ask the protection from any one which my own sword is competent to afford me.'

'I stand by you, Sir John,' said Aymer de Valence, 'as your true comrade, against whatever odds may oppose themselves to us.'

'Courage, noble English,' said the voice of Greenleaf; 'take your weapons, in God's name. Bows and bills — bows and bills! A messenger brings us notice that Pembroke is in full march hither from the borders of Ayrshire, and will be with us in half an hour. Fight on, gallant English! Valence to the rescue! and long life to the gallant Earl of Pembroke!'

Those English within and around the church no longer delayed to take arms, and De Walton, crying out at the height of his voice, 'I implore the Douglas to look nearly to the safety of the ladies,' fought his way to the church door, the Scottish finding themselves unable to resist the impression of terror which affected them at the sight of this renowned knight, seconded by his brother-in-arms, both of whom had been so long the terror of the district. In the mean time, it is possible that De Walton might altogether have forced his way out of the church, had he not been met boldly by the young son of Thomas Dickson of Hazelside, while his father was

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receiving from Douglas the charge of preserving the stranger ladies from all harm from the fight, which, so long suspended, was now on the point of taking place.

De Walton cast his eye upon the Lady Augusta, with a desire of rushing to the rescue; but was forced to conclude that he provided best for her safety by leaving her under the protection of Douglas's honour.

Young Dickson, in the mean time, heaped blow on blow, seconding with all his juvenile courage every effort he could make, in order to attain the prize due to the conqueror of the renowned De Walton.

'Silly boy,' at length said Sir John, who had for some time forborne the stripling, 'take, then, thy death from a noble hand, since thou preferrest that to peace and length of days.'

'I care not,' said the Scottish youth, with his dying breath: 'I have lived long enough, since I have kept you so long in the place where you now stand.'

And the youth said truly, for, as he fell never again to rise, the Douglas stood in his place, and, without a word spoken, again engaged with De Walton in the same formidable single combat by which they had already been distinguished, but with even additional fury. Aymer de Valence drew up to his friend De Walton's left hand, and seemed but to desire the apology of one of Douglas's people attempting to second him to join in the fray; but as he saw no person who seemed disposed to give him such opportunity, he repressed the inclination, and remained an unwilling spectator. At length it seemed as if Fleming, who stood foremost among the Scottish knights, was desirous to measure his sword with De Valence. Aymer himself, burning with the desire of com-

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bat, at last called out, 'Faithless knight of Boghall, step forth and defend yourself against the imputation of having deserted your lady-love, and of being a mansworn disgrace to the rolls of chivalry!'

'My answer,' said Fleming, 'even to a less gross taunt, hangs by my side.' In an instant his sword was in his hand, and even the practised warriors who looked on felt difficulty in discovering the progress of the strife, which rather resembled a thunderstorm in a mountainous country than the stroke and parry of two swords, offending on the one side and keeping the defensive on the other.

Their blows were exchanged with surprising rapidity; and although the two combatants did not equal Douglas and De Walton in maintaining a certain degree of reserve, founded upon a respect which these knights mutually entertained for each other, yet the want of art was supplied by a degree of fury which gave chance at least an equal share in the issue.

Seeing their superiors thus desperately engaged, the partizans, as they were accustomed, stood still on either side, and looked on with the reverence which they instinctively paid to their commanders and leaders in arms. One or two of the women were in the mean time attracted, according to the nature of the sex, by compassion for those who had already experienced the casualties of war. Young Dickson, breathing his last among the feet of the combatants,¹ was in some sort rescued from the tumult by the Lady of Berkely, in whom the action seemed less strange, owing to the pilgrim's dress which she still retained, and who in vain endeavoured to

¹ See Note 9.

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solicit the attention of the boy's father to the task in which she was engaged.

'Cumber yourself not, lady, about that which is bootless,' said old Dickson, 'and distract not your own attention and mine from preserving you, whom it is the Douglas's wish to rescue, and whom, so please God and St. Bride, I consider as placed by my chieftain under my charge. Believe me, this youth's death is in no way forgotten, though this be not the time to remember it. A time will come for recollection, and an hour for revenge.'

So said the stern old man, reverting his eyes from the bloody corpse which lay at his feet, a model of beauty and strength. Having taken one more anxious look, he turned round, and placed himself where he could best protect the Lady of Berkely, not again turning his eyes on his son's body.

In the interim the combat continued, without the least cessation on either side, and without a decided advantage. At length, however, fate seemed disposed to interfere: the knight of Fleming, pushing fiercely forward, and brought by chance almost close to the person of the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu, missed his blow, and his foot sliding in the blood of the young victim, Dickson, he fell before his antagonist, and was in imminent danger of being at his mercy, when Margaret de Hautlieu, who inherited the soul of a warrior, and, besides, was a very strong, as well as an undaunted, person, seeing a mace of no great weight lying on the floor, where it had been dropt by the fallen Dickson — it at the same instant caught her eye, armed her hand, and intercepted or struck down the sword of Sir Aymer de Valence, who would otherwise have remained the master of the day at that interesting

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moment. Fleming had more to do to avail himself of an unexpected chance of recovery than to make a commentary upon the manner in which it had been so singularly brought about: he instantly recovered the advantage he had lost, and was able in the ensuing close to trip up the feet of his antagonist, who fell on the pavement, while the voice of his conqueror, if he could properly be termed such, resounded through the church with the fatal words, 'Yield thee, Aymer de Valence — rescue or no rescue; yield thee — yield thee!' he added, as he placed his sword to the throat of the fallen knight, 'not to me, but to this noble lady — rescue or no rescue.'

With a heavy heart the English knight perceived that he had fairly lost so favourable an opportunity of acquiring fame, and was obliged to submit to his destiny, or be slain upon the spot. There was only one consolation, that no battle was ever more honourably sustained, being gained as much by accident as by valour.

The fate of the protracted and desperate combat between Douglas and De Walton did not much longer remain in suspense; indeed, the number of conquests in single combat achieved by the Douglas in these wars was so great as to make it doubtful whether he was not, in personal strength and skill, even a superior knight to Bruce himself, and he was at least acknowledged nearly his equal in the art of war.

So, however, it was that, when three-quarters of an hour had passed in hard contest, Douglas and De Walton, whose nerves were not actually of iron, began to show some signs that their human bodies were feeling the effect of the dreadful exertion. Their blows began to be drawn more slowly, and were parried with less

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celerity. Douglas, seeing that the combat must soon come to an end, generously made a signal, intimating to his antagonist to hold his hand for an instant.

‘Brave De Walton,’ he said, ‘there is no mortal quarrel between us, and you must be sensible that in this passage of arms Douglas, though he is only worth his sword and his cloak, has abstained from taking a decisive advantage when the chance of arms has more than once offered it. My father’s house, the broad domains around it, the dwelling, and the graves of my ancestors, form a reasonable reward for a knight to fight for, and call upon me in an imperative voice to prosecute the strife which has such an object, while you are as welcome to the noble lady, in all honour and safety, as if you had received her from the hands of King Edward himself; and I give you my word, that the utmost honours which can attend a prisoner, and a careful absence of everything like injury or insult, shall attend De Walton when he yields up the castle, as well as his sword, to James of Douglas.’

‘It is the fate to which I am perhaps doomed,’ replied Sir John de Walton; ‘but never will I voluntarily embrace it, and never shall it be said that my own tongue, saving in the last extremity, pronounced upon me the fatal sentence to sink the point of my own sword. Pembroke is upon the march with his whole army to rescue the garrison of Douglas. I hear the tramp of his horse’s feet even now; and I will maintain my ground while I am within reach of support; nor do I fear that the breath which now begins to fail will not last long enough to uphold the struggle till the arrival of the expected succour. Come on, then, and treat me not as a child, but as

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one who, whether I stand or fall, fears not to encounter the utmost force of my knightly antagonist.'

'So be it, then,' said Douglas, a darksome hue, like the lurid colour of the thunder-cloud, changing his brow as he spoke, intimating that he meditated a speedy end to the contest, when, just as the noise of horses' feet drew nigh, a Welsh knight, known as such by the diminutive size of his steed, his naked limbs, and his bloody spear, called out loudly to the combatants to hold their hands.

'Is Pembroke near?' said De Walton.

'No nearer than Loudon Hill,' said the Prestantin; 'but I bring his commands to John de Walton.'

'I stand ready to obey them through every danger,' answered the knight.

'Woe is me,' said the Welshman, 'that my mouth should bring to the ears of so brave a man tidings so unwelcome! The Earl of Pembroke yesterday received information that the Castle of Douglas was attacked by the son of the deceased earl and the whole inhabitants of the district. Pembroke, on hearing this, resolved to march to your support, noble knight, with all the forces he had at his disposal. He did so, and accordingly entertained every assurance of relieving the castle, when unexpectedly he met, on Loudon Hill, a body of men of no very inferior force to his own, and having at their head that famous Bruce whom the Scottish rebels acknowledge as their king. He marched instantly to the attack, swearing he would not even draw a comb through his grey beard until he had rid England of this recurring plague. But the fate of war was against us.'

He stopt here for lack of breath.

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'I thought so!' exclaimed Douglas. 'Robert Bruce will now sleep at night, since he has paid home Pembroke for the slaughter of his friends and the dispersion of his army at Methuen Wood. His men are, indeed, accustomed to meet with dangers, and to conquer them: those who follow him have been trained under Wallace, besides being partakers of the perils of Bruce himself. It was thought that the waves had swallowed them when they shipped themselves from the west; but know that the Bruce was determined with the present reviving spring to awaken his pretensions, and that he retires not from Scotland again while he lives, and while a single lord remains to set his foot by his sovereign, in spite of all the power which has been so feloniously employed against him.'

'It is even too true,' said the Welshman Meredith, 'although it is said by a proud Scotchman. The Earl of Pembroke, completely defeated, is unable to stir from Ayr, towards which he has retreated with great loss; and he sends his instructions to Sir John de Walton to make the best terms he can for the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, and trust nothing to his support.'

The Scottish, who heard this unexpected news, joined in a shout so loud and energetic, that the ruins of the ancient church seemed actually to rock, and threaten to fall on the heads of those who were crowded within it.

The brow of De Walton was overclouded at the news of Pembroke's defeat, although in some respects it placed him at liberty to take measures for the safety of the Lady of Berkely. He could not, however, claim the same honourable terms which had been offered to him

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by Douglas before the news of the battle of Loudon Hill had arrived.

‘Noble knight,’ he said, ‘it is entirely at your pleasure to dictate the terms of surrender of your paternal castle; nor have I a right to claim from you those conditions which a little while since, your generosity put in my offer. But I submit to my fate; and upon whatever terms you think fit to grant me, I must be content to offer to surrender to you the weapon of which I now put the point in the earth, in evidence that I will never more direct it against you until a fair ransom shall place it once more at my own disposal.’

‘God forbid,’ answered the noble James of Douglas, ‘that I should take such advantage of the bravest knight out of not a few who have found me work in battle! I will take example from the knight of Fleming, who has gallantly bestowed his captive in guerdon upon a noble damsel here present; and in like manner I transfer my claim upon the person of the redoubted knight of Walton to the high and noble Lady Augusta Berkely, who, I hope, will not scorn to accept from the Douglas a gift which the chance of war has thrown into his hands.’

Sir John de Walton, on hearing this unexpected decision, looked up like the traveller who discovers the beam of the sun breaking through and dispersing the tempest which has accompanied him for a whole morning. The Lady of Berkely recollected what became her rank, and showed her sense of the Douglas’s chivalry. Hastily wiping off the tears which had unwillingly flowed to her eyes, while her lover’s safety and her own were resting on the precarious issue of a desperate combat, she assumed the look proper to a heroine of that age, who

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did not feel averse to accept the importance which was conceded to her by the general voice of the chivalry of the period. Stepping forward, bearing her person gracefully, yet modestly, in the attitude of a lady accustomed to be looked to in difficulties like the present, she addressed the audience in a tone which might not have misbecome the Goddess of Battle dispersing her influence at the close of a field covered with the dead and the dying.

‘The noble Douglas,’ she said, ‘shall not pass without a prize from the field which he has so nobly won. This rich string of brilliants, which my ancestor won from the Sultan of Trebizond, itself a prize of battle, will be honoured by sustaining, under the Douglas’s armour, a lock of hair of the fortunate lady whom the victorious lord has adopted for his guide in chivalry; and if the Douglas, till he shall adorn it with that lock, will permit the honoured lock of hair which it now bears to retain its station, she on whose head it grew will hold it as a signal that poor Augusta de Berkely is pardoned for having gaged any mortal man in strife with the knight of Douglas.’

‘Woman’s love,’ replied the Douglas, ‘shall not divorce this locket from my bosom, which I will keep till the last day of my life, as emblematic of female worth and female virtue. And, not to encroach upon the valued and honoured province of Sir John de Walton, be it known to all men, that whoever shall say that the Lady Augusta of Berkely has, in this entangled matter, acted otherwise than becomes the noblest of her sex, he will do well to be ready to maintain such a proposition with his lance against James of Douglas, in a fair field.’

This speech was heard with approbation on all sides; and the news brought by Meredith of the defeat of the

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Earl of Pembroke, and his subsequent retreat, reconciled the fiercest of the English soldiers to the surrender of Douglas Castle. The necessary conditions were speedily agreed on, which put the Scottish in possession of this stronghold, together with the stores, both arms and ammunition, of every kind which it contained. The garrison had it to boast, that they obtained a free passage, with their horses and arms, to return by the shortest and safest route to the marches of England, without either suffering or inflicting damage.

Margaret of Hautlieu was not behind in acting a generous part: the gallant knight of Valence was allowed to accompany his friend De Walton and the Lady Augusta to England, and without ransom.

The venerable prelate of Glasgow, seeing what appeared at one time likely to end in a general conflict terminate so auspiciously for his country, contented himself with bestowing his blessing on the assembled multitude, and retiring with those who came to assist in the service of the day.

This surrender of Douglas Castle upon the Palm Sunday of 19th March 1306-7 was the beginning of a career of conquest which was uninterrupted, in which the greater part of the strength and fortresses of Scotland were yielded to those who asserted the liberty of their country, until the crowning mercy was gained in the celebrated field of Bannockburn, where the English sustained a defeat more disastrous than is mentioned upon any other occasion in their annals.

Little need be said of the fate of the persons of this story. King Edward was greatly enraged at Sir John de Walton for having surrendered the Castle of Douglas,

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securing at the same time his own object, the envied hand of the heiress of Berkely. The knights to whom he referred the matter as a subject of inquiry gave it nevertheless as their opinion that De Walton was void of all censure, having discharged his duty in its fullest extent, till the commands of his superior officer obliged him to surrender the Dangerous Castle.

A singular renewal of intercourse took place, many months afterwards, between Margaret of Hautlieu and her lover, Sir Malcolm Fleming. The use which the lady made of her freedom, and of the doom of the Scottish Parliament, which put her in possession of her father's inheritance, was to follow her adventurous spirit through dangers not usually encountered by those of her sex; and the Lady of Hautlieu was not only a daring follower of the chase, but it was said that she was even not daunted in the battlefield. She remained faithful to the political principles which she had adopted at an early period; and it seemed as if she had formed the gallant resolution of shaking the god Cupid from her horse's mane, if not treading him beneath her horse's feet.

The Fleming, although he had vanished from the neighbourhood of the counties of Lanark and Ayr, made an attempt to state his apology to the Lady de Hautlieu herself, who returned his letter unopened, and remained to all appearance resolved never again to enter upon the topic of their original engagement. It chanced, however, at a later period of the war with England, while Fleming was one night travelling upon the Border, after the ordinary fashion of one who sought adventures, a waiting-maid, equipped in a fantastic habit, asked the protection of his arm in the name of her lady, who, late

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in the evening, had been made captive, she said, by certain ill-disposed caitiffs, who were carrying her by force through the forest. The Fleming's lance was, of course, in its rest, and woe betide the faitour whose lot it was to encounter its thrust: the first fell, incapable of further combat, and another of the felons encountered the same fate with little more resistance. The lady, released from the discourteous cord which restrained her liberty, did not hesitate to join company with the brave knight by whom she had been rescued; and although the darkness did not permit her to recognize her old lover in her liberator, yet she could not but lend a willing ear to the conversation with which he entertained her, as they proceeded on the way. He spoke of the fallen caitiffs as being Englishmen, who found a pleasure in exercising oppression and barbarities upon the wandering damsels of Scotland, and whose cause, therefore, the champions of that country were bound to avenge while the blood throbbed in their veins. He spoke of the injustice of the national quarrel which had afforded a pretence for such deliberate oppression; and the lady, who herself had suffered so much by the interference of the English in the affairs of Scotland, readily acquiesced in the sentiments which he expressed on a subject which she had so much reason for regarding as an afflicting one. Her answer was given in the spirit of a person who would not hesitate, if the times should call for such an example, to defend even with her hand the rights which she asserted with her tongue.

Pleased with the sentiments which she expressed, and recognizing in her voice that secret charm which, once impressed upon the human heart, is rarely wrought out of

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the remembrance by a long train of subsequent events, he almost persuaded himself that the tones were familiar to him, and had at one time formed the key to his innermost affections. In proceeding on their journey, the knight's troubled state of mind was augmented instead of being diminished. The scenes of his earliest youth were recalled by circumstances so slight as would in ordinary cases have produced no effect whatsoever; the sentiments appeared similar to those which his life had been devoted to enforce, and he half persuaded himself that the dawn of day was to be to him the beginning of a fortune equally singular and extraordinary.

In the midst of this anxiety, Sir Malcolm Fleming had no anticipation that the lady whom he had heretofore rejected was again thrown into his path, after years of absence; still less, when daylight gave him a partial view of his fair companion's countenance, was he prepared to believe that he was once again to term himself the champion of Margaret de Hautlieu, but it was so. The lady, on that direful morning when she retired from the church of Douglas, had not resolved (indeed, what lady ever did?) to renounce, without some struggle, the beauties which she had once possessed. A long process of time, employed under skilful hands, had succeeded in obliterating the scars which remained as the marks of her fall. These were now considerably effaced, and the lost organ of sight no longer appeared so great a blemish, concealed as it was by a black ribbon and the arts of the tirewoman who made it her business to shadow it over by a lock of hair. In a word, he saw the same Margaret de Hautlieu, with no very different style of expression from that which her face, partaking of the high and passionate character

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of her soul, had always presented. It seemed to both, therefore, that their fate, by bringing them together after a separation which appeared so decisive, had intimated its fiat that their fortunes were inseparable from each other. By the time that the summer sun had climbed high in the heavens, the two travellers rode apart from their retinue, conversing together with an eagerness which marked the important matters in discussion between them; and in a short time it was made generally known through Scotland that Sir Malcolm Fleming and the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu were to be united at the court of the good King Robert, and the husband invested with the honours of Biggar and Cumbernauld, an earldom so long known in the family of Fleming.

THE gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts: a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of 'Waverley' to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings be entitled to complain that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have

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affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have ensured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

The public have claims on his gratitude for which the Author of 'Waverley' has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark that —

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

ABBOTSFORD, *September*, 1831.

END OF CASTLE DANGEROUS

APPENDICES, NOTES, AND
GLOSSARY

APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

No. I

Extracts from *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*.
By Master DAVID HUME of Godscroft. Fol. Edit.

AND here indeed the course of the King's misfortunes begins to make some halt and stay by thus much prosperous successe in his own person, but more in the person of Sir James, by the reconquests of his owne castles and countries. From hence he went into Douglasdale, where, by the means of his father's old servant, Thomas Dickson, he took in the Castle of Douglas, and not being able to keep it, he caused burn it, contenting himself with this, that his enemies had one strength fewer in that countrey than before. The manner of his taking of it is said to have beene thus: — Sir James, taking onely with him two of his servants, went to Thomas Dickson, of whom he was received with tears, after he had revealed himselfe to him, for the good old man knew him not at first, being in meane and homely apparell. There he kept him secretly in a quiet chamber, and brought unto him such as had beene trusty servants to his father, not all at once, but apart by one and one, for feare of discoverie. Their advice was, that on Palmsunday, when the English would come forth to the church, and his partners were conveened, that then he should give the word, and cry the Douglas slogan, and presently set upon them that should happen to be there, who being dispatched, the castle might be taken easily. This being concluded, and they come, so soon as the English were entred into the church with palms in their hands (according to the costume of that day), little suspecting or fearing any such thing, Sir James, according to their appointment, cryed too soone (a Douglas, a Douglas!), which being heard in the church (this was St. Bride's church of Douglas), Thomas Dickson, supposing he had beene hard at hand, drew out his sword, and ran upon them, having none to second him but another man, so that, oppressed by the number of his enemies, he was beaten downe and slaine. In the meanetime, Sir James being come, the English that

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were in the chancel kept off the Scots, and, having the advantage of the strait and narrow entrie, defended themselves manfully. But Sir James encouraging his men, not so much by words as by deeds and good example, and having slain the boldest resisters, prevailed at last, and, entring the place, slew some twenty-six of their number, and tooke the rest, about ten or twelve persons, intending by them to get the castle upon composition, or to enter with them when the gates should be opened to let them in; but it needed not, for they of the castle were so secure, that there was none left to keepe it save the porter and the cooke, who, knowing nothing of what had hapned at the church, which stood a large quarter of a mile from thence, had left the gate wide open, the porter standing without, and the cooke dressing the dinner within. They entred without resistance, and meat being ready, and the cloth laid, they shut the gates, and tooke their refection at good leisure.

Now that he had gotten the castle into his hands, considering with himselfe (as he was a man no lesse advised than valiant) that it was hard for him to keep it, the English being as yet the stronger in that countrey, who if they should besiege him, he knew of no reliefe, he thought better to carry away such things as be most easily transported, gold, silver, and apparell, with ammunition and armour, whereof he had greatest use and need, and to destroy the rest of the provision, together with the castle itselfe, then to diminish the number of his followers for a garrison there where it could do no good. And so he caused carrie the meale and malt, and other cornes and graine, into the cellar, and layd all together in one heape; then he took the prisoners and slew them, to revenge the death of his trustie and valiant servant, Thomas Dickson, mingling the victuals with their bloud, and burying their carcasses in the heap of corne; after that he struck out the heads of the barrels and puncheons, and let the drink runne through all; and then he cast the carkasses of dead horses and other carrion amongst it, throwing the salt above all, so to make altogether unusefull to the enemy; and this cellar is called yet the Douglas Lairder. Last of all, he set the house on fire, and burnt all the timber, and what else the fire could overcome, leaving nothing but the scorched walls behind him. And this seems to be the first taking of the Castle of Douglas, for it is supposed that he took it twice. For this service, and others done to Lord William his father, Sir James gave unto Thomas Dickson the lands of Hisleside, which hath beene given him before the castle was taken as an encouragement

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to whet him on, and not after, for he was slaine in the church; which was both liberally and wisely done of him, thus to hearten and draw men to his service by such a noble beginning. The castle being burnt, Sir James retired, and parting his men into divers companies, so as they might be most secret, he caused cure such as were wounded in the fight, and he himselfe kept as close as he could, waiting ever for an occasion to enterprise something against the enemy. So soone as he was gone, the Lord Clifford being advertised of what had happened, came himselfe in person to Douglas, and caused re-edifie and repair the castle in a very short time, unto which he also added a tower, which is yet called Harries Tower from him, and so returned into England, leaving one Thurswall to be captain thereof. Pp. 26-28.

He (Sir James Douglas), getting him into Douglasdale, did use this stratagem against Thurswall, Captaine of the Castle, under the said Lord Clifford. Hee caused some of his folk drive away the cattell that fed neare unto the castle, and when the captaine of the garrison followed to rescue, gave orders to his men to leave them and to flee away. Thus he did often to make the captaine slight such frayes, and to make him secure, that he might not suspect any further end to be on it; which when he had wrought sufficiently (as he thought), he laid some men in ambuscado, and sent others away to drive such beasts as they should finde in the view of the castle, as if they had been theeves and robbers, as they had done often before. The captaine hearing of it, and supposing there was no greater danger now than had beene before, issued forth of the castle, and followed after them with such haste that his men (running who should be first) were disordered and out of their ranks. The drivers also fled as fast as they could till they had drawne the captaine a little way beyond the place of ambuscado, which when they perceived, rising quickly out of their covert, they set fiercely upon him and his companie, and so slew himselfe and chased his men back to the castle, some of whom were overtaken and slaine, others got into the castle and so were saved. Sir James, not being able to force the house, took what bootie he could get without in the fields, and so departed. By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of such great jeopardie to keepe this castle, that it began to be called the adventurous (or hazzardous) Castle of Douglas. Whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven yeares, then he might think himselfe

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worthy to be a sutor to her. Upon this occasion, Walton tooke upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thurswall; but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him.

For, Sir James having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grasse, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way toward Lanark, the chief market-town in that county; so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both.

Neither was this expectation frustrate, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victuall (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their upper garments, wherein they had masked themselves, and throwing off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, he being so much the more amazed that it was unlooked for; wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired into the castle; but there also he met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his followers were slain, so that none escaped; the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letters about him. Then he went and tooke in the castle, but it is uncertain (say our writers) whether by force or composition; but it seems that the Constable, and those that were within, have yielded it up without force; in regard that hee used them so gently, which he would not have done if he had taken it at utterance. For he sent them all safe home to the Lord Clifford, and gave them also provision and mony for their entertainment by the way. The castle, which he had burnt onely before, now he razeth, and casts down the walls thereof to the ground. By these and the like proceedings, within a short while he freed Douglasdale, At-trick Forrest, and Jedward Forrest of the English garrisons and subjection. — *Ibid.*, p. 29.

No. II

Extracts from *The Bruce — Liber Compositus per Magistrum Johannem Barber, Archidiaconnum Abyrdonensem, de Gestis, Bellis, et Virtutibus, Domini Roberti Brwyss, Regis Scocie Illustrissimi, et de Conquestu Regni Scocie per eundem, et de Domino Jacobo de Douglas*. Edited by John Jamieson, D.D., F.R.S.E., etc. etc. Edinburgh, 1820.

Now takis James his wiage
Towart Dowglas, his heretage,
With twa yemen, for owtyne, ma;
That was a symple stuff to ta,
A land or a castell to wyn.
The quethir he yarnyt to begyn
Till bring purposs till ending;
For gud help is in gud begynnyng,
For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
Gyff it be folowit wittily.
May ger otsyss unlikly thing
Cum to full conabill ending.
Swa did it here: but he wes wyss
And saw he mycht, on nakyn wyss,
Werray his fa with ewyn mycht;
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht.
And in Dowglas daile, his countré,
Upon an ewynnyng entryt he.
And than a man wonnyt tharby,
That was off freyndis weill mychty,
And ryche of moble, and off cateill,
And had bene till his fadyr leyll;
And till him self, in his yowthed,
He haid done mony a thankfull deid.
Thom Dicson wes his name per fay.
Till him he send; and gan him pray.
That he wald cum all anerly
For to spek with him priuely.
And he but daunger till him gais:
Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais,
He gret for joy, and for pité;
And him rycht till his houss had he;
Quhar in a chambre priuely
He held him, and his company,
That nane had off him persawing.
Off mete, and drynk, and othyr thing,
That mycht thaim eyss, thai had plenté
Sa wrocht he thorow sutelté,
That all the lele men off that land,
That with his fadyr war duelland,
This gud man gert cum, ane and ane,
And mak him manrent euir ilkane;
And he him self fyrst homage maid.
Dowglas in hart gret glaidship haid,
That the gud men off his cuntré

Wald swagate till him bundyn be.
He speryt the conwyne off the land,
And quha the castell had in hand.
And thai him tauld all halily;
And syne amang them priuely
Thai ordanyt, that he still suld be
In hiddillis, and in priweté,
Till Palme Sunday, that wes ner hand,
The thrid day eftyr folowand.
For than the folk off that countré
Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be;
And thai, that in the castell wer,
Wald als be thar, thar palmys to ber,
As folk that had na dreid off ill;
For thai thought all wes at thair will.
Than suld he cum with his twa men.
Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,
He suld ane mantill haiff auld and bar,
And a flaill, as he a thresscher war.
Wndyr the mantill nocht for thi
He suld be armyt priuely.
And quhen the men off his countré,
That suld all boune befor him be,
His ensenye mycht her hym cry,
Then suld thai, full enforcely,
Rycht ymyddys the kyrk assaill
The Ingliss men with hard bataill,
Swa that nane mycht eschap tham fra;
For thar throwch trowyt thai to ta
The castell, that besid wes ner.
And quhen this, that I tell you her,
Wes diuisyt, and wnderthane,
Ilkane till his howss hame is gane;
And held this spek in priueté,
Till the day off thar assembly.

The folk upon the Sonounday
Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thair way;
And tha that in the castell war
Ischyt owte, bath les and mar,
And went thair palmys for to ber;
Owtane a cuk and a porter.
James off Dowglas off thair cummyng,
And quhat thai war, had witting;
And sped him till the kyrk is hy.

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Bot or he come, too hastily
 Ane off his cryt, 'Dowglas! Dowglas!'
 Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell,
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he 'Dowglas!' swa hey herd cry,
 Drew owt his sward; and fellely
 Ruschyt amang thaim to and fra.
 Bot ane or twa, for owtyn ma,
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Dowglas come rycht at hand,
 And then enforcyt on thaim the cry.
 Bot thai the chansell sturdely
 Held, and thaim defendyt wele,
 Till off thair men war slayne sumdel.
 Bot the Dowglace sa weill him bar,
 That all the men, that with him war,
 Had confort off his wele doying;
 And he him sparyt nakyn thing,
 Bot prowyt swa his force in fycht,
 That throw his worship and his mycht
 His men sa keynly helpyt than,
 That thai the chansell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thai on swa hardyly,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede, or then deand.
 The lave war sesyt sone in hand,
 Swa that off thretty levyt nane,
 That thai ne war slayne ilkan, or tane.

James off Dowglas, quhen this wes done,
 The presoneris has he tane alsone;
 And, with thaim off his cumpany,
 Towart the castell went in hy,
 Or noyiss or cry suld ryss.
 And for he wald thaim sone suppriss,
 That lewynt in the castell war,
 That war but twa for owtyn mar,
 Fyve men or sex befor send he,
 That fand all opyn the entré;
 And entryt, and the porter tuk
 Rycht at the gate, and syne the cuk.
 With that Dowglas come to the gat,
 And entryt in for owtyn debate;
 And fand the mete all redy grathit,
 With burdys set, and clathis layit.
 The gaitis then he gert sper,
 And sat, and eyt all at layser.
 Syne all the gudis turssyt thai
 That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away;
 And namly wapnys, and armyng,
 Siluer, and tresour, and clethyng.
 Wycallis, that mycht nocht tursyt be,
 On this maner destroyit he.
 All the wictalis, owtane salt,
 Als quheynt, and flour, and meill, and malt
 In the wyne sellar gert he bring;
 And samyn on the flur all flyng,
 And the presoners that he had tane

Rycht thar in gert he heid ilkane;
 Syne off the townnys he hedis outstrak:
 A fould mellé thar gane he mak.
 For meile, and malt, and blud, and wyne,
 Ran all to gidder in a mellyne,
 That was wnsemly for to se.
 Tharfor the men off that countré
 For swa fele thar mellyt wer,
 Callit it the 'Dowglas Lardner.'
 Syne tuk he salt, as Ic hard tell,
 And ded hors, and sordid the well;
 And brynt all, owtakyn stane;
 And is forth, with his menyne, gayne
 Till his resett; for him thocht weill,
 Giff he had haldyn the castell,
 It had bene assegyt raith;
 And that him thocht to mekill waith.
 For he ne had hop off reskewyng.
 And it is to peralous thing
 In castell assegyt to be,
 Quhar want is off thir thingis thre —
 Victaill, or men with thair armyng,
 Or than gud hop off rescuyng.
 And for he dred thir thingis suld faille,
 He chesyt furthwart to trawaill,
 Quhar he mycht at his larges be;
 And swa dryve furth his destané.

On this wise wes the castell tan,
 And slayne that war thaim ilkan.
 The Dowglas syne all his menyne
 Gert in ser placis depertyt be;
 For men suld wyt quhar thai war,
 That yeid depertyt her and thar.
 Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly
 In till hiddillis, all priuely;
 And gert gud leechis till thaim bring
 Quhill that thai war in till heling.
 And him self, with a few menyne,
 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhil thre,
 And wmquhill all him allane,
 In hiddillis throw the land is gane.
 Sandred he Inglis men his mycht,
 That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht.
 For thai war that tyme all weldand
 As maist lordis, our all the land.

Bot thythandis, that scalis sone,
 Off this deid that Dowglas has done
 Come to the Cliffurd his ere, in hy,
 That for his tynsail wes sary;
 And menyt his men that thai had slayne
 And syne has to purpos tane,
 To big the castell wp agayne.
 Thar for, as man of mekill mayne,
 He assemblit gret cumpany,
 And till Dowglas he went in hy.
 And biggyt wp the castell swyth;
 And maid it rycht stalwart and styth

APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

And put tharin wictallis and men.
 Ane off the Thyrwallys then
 He left behind him capitane,
 And syne till Ingland went agayne.
 Book iv, vv. 255-460.

Bor yeit than James of Dowglas
 In Dowglas Daile trawailland was;
 Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
 In hyddillys sumdeill priuely.
 For he wald se his gouernyng
 That had the castell in keping:
 And gert mak mony juperty,
 To se quethyr he wald ische blythly.
 And quhen he persawyt that he
 Wald blythly ische with his menye,
 He maid a gadring priuely
 Off thaim that war on his party;
 That war sa fele, that thai durst fycht
 With Thyrwall, and all the mycht
 Off thaim that in the castill war.
 He schupe him in the nycht to far
 To Sandylandis; and thar ner by
 He him enbuschyt priuely,
 And send a few a trane to ma;
 That sone in the mornyng gan ga,
 And tuk catell, that wes the castell by,
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.
 Than Thyrwall, for owtyng mar,
 Gert arme his men, forowtyng baid;
 And ischyt with all the men he haid:

And folowyt fast eftir the cry.
 He wes armyt at poynt clenly,
 Owtane [that] his hede wes bar.
 Than, with the men that with him war,
 The catell folowit he gud speid,
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid,
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.
 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht,
 Folowand thaim owt off aray;
 And thai sped thaim fleand, quhill thai
 Fer by thair buschement war past:
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.
 And than thai that enbuschyt war
 Ischyt till him, bath les and mar,
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry.
 And thai that saw sa sudandly
 That folk come egyrly prikand
 Rycht betuix thaim and thair warand,
 Thai war in to full gret effray.
 And, for thai war owt off aray,
 Sum off thaim fled, and sum abad.
 And Dowglas, that thar with him had
 A gret mengye, full egrely
 Assaylyt, and scalyt thaim hastyly:
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim swa,
 That weile nane eschapyt thaim fra.
 Thyrwall, that wes thair capitane,
 Wes thar in the bargane slane,
 And off his men the mast party.
 The lave fled full effraytly.
 Book v, vv. 10-60.

NOTES

NOTE 1, p. xii

The following notice of Douglas Castle, etc., is from the *Description of the Sheriffdom of Lanark*, by William Hamilton of Wishaw, written in the beginning of the last century, and printed by the Maitland Club of Glasgow in 1831: —

Douglass parish, and baronie and lordship, heth very long appertained to the family of Douglass, and continued with the Earles of Douglass untill their fatall forfeiture, anno 1455; during which tyme there are many noble and important actions recorded in histories performed by them, by the lords and earls of that great family. It was thereafter given to Douglass Earl of Anguse, and continued with them untill William Earle of Anguse was created Marquess of Douglass, anno 1633; and is now the principal seat of the Marquess of Douglass his family. It is a large baronie and parish, and ane laick patronage, and the Marquess is both titular and patron. He heth there, near to the church, a very considerable great house, called the Castle of Douglass; and near the church is a fyne village, called the town of Douglass, long since erected in a burgh of baronie. It heth ane handsome church, with many ancient monuments and inscriptions on the old interments of the earles of this place.

The water of Douglas runs quyte through the whole length of this parish, and upon either side of the water it is called Douglassdale. It toucheth Clyde towards the north, and is bounded by Lesmahagow to the west, Kyle to the south-west, Crawford John and Carmichaell to the south and south-east. It is a pleasant strath, plentiful in grass and corn, and coall; and the minister is well provided.

The lands of Heysleside, belonging to Samuel Douglass, has a good house and pleasant seat, close by a wood, etc. — P. 65.

NOTE 2, p. 27

[Hazelside Place, the fief granted to Thomas Dickson by William the Hardy, seventh Lord Douglas, is still pointed out about two miles to the south-west of the Castle Dangerous. Dickson

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was sixty years of age at the time when Lord James first appeared in Douglas Dale. His heirs kept possession of the fief for centuries, and some respectable gentlemen's families in Lanarkshire still trace themselves to this ancestor. — *From Notes by Mr. Haddow.*]

NOTE 3, p. 40

The name of maker stands for poet (with the original sense of which word it exactly corresponds) in the old Scottish language. That of *trouveur* or troubadour — finder, in short — has a similar meaning, and almost in every country the poetical tribes have been graced with the same epithets, inferring the property of those who employ invention or creation.

NOTE 4, p. 89

These bulls are thus described by Hector Boetius, concerning whom he says: —

‘In this wood (namely the Caledonian wood) were sometime white bulls, with crisp and curling manes, like fierce lions; and though they seemed meek and tame in the remanent figure of their bodies, they were more wild than any other beasts, and had such hatred against the society and company of men, that they never came in the woods nor lesuries where they found any foot or hand thereof, and many days after they eat not of the herbs that were touched or handled by man. These bulls were so wild, that they were never taken but by slight and crafty labour, and so impatient, that after they were taken they died from insupportable dolour. As soon as any man invaded these bulls, they rushed with such terrible press upon him that they struck him to the earth, taking no fear of hounds, sharp lances, or other most penetrative weapons.’ — Boetius, *Chron. Scot.*, vol. i, p. xxxix.

The wild cattle of this breed, which are now only known in one manor in England, that of Chillingham Castle in Northumberland (the seat of the Earl of Tankerville), were, in the memory of man, still preserved in three places in Scotland, namely, Drumlanrig, Cumbernauld, and the upper park at Hamilton Palace, at all of which places, except the last, I believe, they have now been destroyed, on account of their ferocity. But though those of modern days are remarkable for their white colour, with black muzzles, and exhibiting, in a small degree, the black mane, about three or four inches long, by which the bulls in particular are distinguished,

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they do not by any means come near the terrific description given us by the ancient authors, which has made some naturalists think that these animals should probably be referred to a different species, though possessing the same general habits, and included in the same genus. The bones which are often discovered in Scottish mosses belong certainly to a race of animals much larger than those of Chillingham, which seldom grow to above 80 stone (of 14 lbs.), the general weight varying from 60 to 80 stone. We should be accounted very negligent by one class of readers did we not record that the beef furnished by those cattle is of excellent flavour and finely marbled.

[The following is an extract from a letter received by Sir Walter Scott some time after the publication of the novel:—

‘When it is wished to kill any of the cattle at Chillingham, the keeper goes into the herd on horseback, in which way they are quite accessible, and singling out his victim, takes aim with a large rifle-gun, and seldom fails in bringing him down. If the poor animal makes much bellowing in his agony, and especially if the ground be stained with his blood, his companions become very furious, and are themselves, I believe, accessory to his death. After which, they fly off to a distant part of the park, and he is drawn away on a sledge. Lord Tankerville is very tenacious of these singular animals: he will on no account part with a living one, and hardly allows of a sufficient number being killed to leave pasturage for those that remain.

‘It happened on one occasion, three or four years ago, that a party visiting at the castle, among whom were some *men of war*, who had hunted buffaloes in foreign parts, obtained permission to do the keeper’s work and shoot one of the wild cattle. They sallied out on horseback, and, duly equipped for the enterprise, attacked their object. The poor animal received several wounds, but none of them proving fatal, he retired before his pursuers, roaring with pain and rage, till, planting himself against a wall or tree, he stood at bay, offering a front of defiance. In this position the youthful heir of the castle, Lord Ossulston, rode up to give him the fatal shot. Though warned of the danger of approaching near to the enraged animal, and especially of firing without first having turned his horse’s head in a direction to be ready for flight, he discharged his piece; but ere he could turn his horse round to make his retreat, the raging beast had plunged his immense horns into its flank. The horse staggered and was near falling, but recovering by a violent effort, he extricated himself from his infuri-

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iated pursuer, making off with all the speed his wasting strength supplied, his entrails meanwhile dragging on the ground; till at length he fell, and died at the same moment. The animal was now close upon his rear, and the young lord would unquestionably have shared the fate of his unhappy steed, had not the keeper, deeming it full time to conclude the day's diversion, fired at the instant. His shot brought the beast to the ground, and running in with his large knife, he put a period to its existence.

'This scene of gentlemanly pastime was viewed from a turret of the castle by Lady Tankerville and her female visitors. Such a situation for the mother of the young hero was anything but enviable.']

NOTE 5, p. 143

[This is a most graphic and accurate description of the present state of the ruin. Its being occupied by the sexton as a dwelling-place, and the whole scene of the old man's interview with De Valence, may be classed with our illustrious author's most felicitous imaginings. — *Note by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Douglas.*]

NOTE 6, p. 146

[The Author has somewhat altered part of a beautiful unpublished fragment of Coleridge: —

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Orellan,—
Where may the grave of that good knight be?
By the marge of a brook, on the slope of Helvellyn,
Under the boughs of a young birch-tree.
The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
That rustled in autumn all withered and sear,
That whistled and groaned thro' the winter alone —
He hath gone, and a birch in his place is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
His good sword is rust;
His spirit is with the saints, we trust.

Edit.]

NOTE 7, p. 216

The queen of Robert the Bruce, and the Countess of Buchan, by whom, as one of Macduff's descent, he was crowned at Scone, were secured in the manner described.

NOTE 8, p. 240

The ominous name of Bloodmire Sink or Syke marks a narrow hollow to the north-west of Douglas Castle, from which it is dis-

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tant about the third of a mile. Mr. Haddow states that, according to local tradition, the name was given in consequence of Sir James Douglas having at this spot intercepted and slain part of the garrison of the castle while De Walton was in command.

NOTE 9, p. 280

[The fall of this brave stripling by the hand of the English governor, and the stern heroism of the father in turning from the spot where he lay, 'a model of beauty and strength,' that he might not be withdrawn from the duty which Douglas assigned him of protecting the Lady of Berkely, excites an interest for both, with which it is almost to be regretted that history interferes. It was the old man, Thomas Dickson, not his son, who fell. The slogan, 'a Douglas — a Douglas,' having been prematurely raised, Dickson, who was within the church, thinking that his young lord with his armed band was at hand, drew his sword, and, with only one man to assist him, opposed the English, who now rushed to the door. Cut across the middle by an English sword, he still continued his opposition, till he fell lifeless at the threshold. Such is the tradition, and it is supported by a memorial of some authority — a tombstone, still to be seen in the churchyard of Douglas, on which is sculptured a figure of Dickson, supporting with his left arm his protruding entrails, and raising his sword with the other in the attitude of combat. — *Note by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Douglas.*]

GLOSSARY

- accolade**, the touch of the sword on the shoulder when conferring knighthood.
- alcade, alcalde**, a Spanish magistrate or judge.
- ambuscado**, an ambush.
- assoilzie**, pardon, acquit, absolve.
- a'thegither**, all together.
- auld**, old.
- barret-cap**, a flat military cap.
- bedral**, a sexton or beadle.
- bent, ta'en the**, taken to the open field.
- blink**, a glance of the eye.
- borrel**, unlearned, simple.
- bourg**, borough, town.
- buckle**, the curl of a wig.
- cadgy**, lively, frolicsome.
- carle**, a fellow, an old man.
- carline**, an old woman.
- cartel**, a challenge to single combat.
- close**, a bout, a turn.
- corselet**, a coat of armour.
- costume**, custom.
- cousing**, a cousin, a blood-relation.
- cresset**, a fixed candle stick or small portable fire.
- damosel**, a damsel.
- dead-thraw**, the death-agony.
- deil**, the devil.
- demesne**, an estate occupied by the owner himself.
- dolour**, a fretting or pining at captivity.
- donjon**, the principal tower in a feudal castle.
- drink-geld**, a tip, money.
- faitour**, a traitor, a scoundrel.
- falset**, falsehood.
- fashes**, gives himself trouble or pains.
- fulmart**, a polecat.
- gallooned**, ornamented with galloon, a kind of thread lace used for binding.
- gear**, affair, business.
- good-daughter**, daughter-in-law.
- grey-goose shaft**, an arrow.
- groat**, an old English coin worth 4d.
- guide**, treat ill, use ill.
- haggard**, a wild hawk.
- haggis**, the lights, liver, and heart of a sheep, mixed with oatmeal, beef-suet, onions, etc., the whole boiled in a sheep's stomach bag.
- hogg**, a shilling.
- holm**, a flat plain beside a brook or river.
- horning and hooping**, blowing of horns and shouting.
- ing**, a flat plain beside a brook or river.
- kail**, cabbage.
- kail-yard**, a cabbage-plot, or garden.
- ken**, know.
- kerne**, a light-armed foot-soldier.
- kirtle**, a gown, an outer petticoat.
- laick**, lay.
- landlouper**, a stroller, an adventurer.
- landward**, the outlying rural districts.
- lave**, the rest.
- leal**, loyal.
- lesuries**, pastures.
- lippen**, trust to, confide in.
- lobscouse**, a hash of meat and vegetables; stewed biscuit and salt meat.
- lootie**, a marauder, a plunderer.
- los**, praise.
- louping**, leaping.
- mainrent**, vassalage.
- moldwarp**, a mole.

GLOSSARY

- nouz**, intelligence and enterprise.
- oe**, a grandchild.
- partizan**, a kind of halberd or pike.
- peon**, a foot-soldier.
- pibroch**, an air on the bagpipes.
- picaresca**, knavish, adventurous, and not over honest.
- pickaninnies**, small children.
- podagra**, the gout.
- prestantin**, one who receives military pay.
- pursuivant**, a junior heraldic officer, a warrant officer.
- quarter-staff**, a stout pole from six to eight feet long and tipped with iron.
- raploch**, coarse woolen, homespun.
- rationale**, the reasons.
- rebeck**, a stringed instrument, not unlike a violin in appearance.
- recheat**, the huntsman's signal of recall from the hunt.
- reif**, robbery.
- rokelay**, a short cloak worn by women.
- rose-noble**, an old gold coin worth 6s. 8d.
- rote**, a kind of harp or guitar played by turning a handle.
- rugs and reives**, tears and carries off by violence.
- sack**, a kind of dry wine.
- samyn**, the same.
- sasine**, the legal instrument or document which testifies that so-and-so has been put in lawful possession of certain property.
- screeds**, pieces torn off, shreds.
- seneschal**, a steward.
- shaw**, wild wood or forest.
- shieling**, a hut.
- sholto dhu Glass**, see yon dark grey man.
- skaithless**, unhurt, uninjured.
- slogan**, the war cry of a Highland clan.
- springald**, a youth, an active young man.
- swivel**, a small cannon fixed on a swivel.
- syllabub**, a dish of wine with milk or cream, a sort of curd.
- tantivy**, a fit of violence.
- tappiced**, concealed, hidden.
- tauridor**, a bull-fighter.
- thane**, an earl or noble.
- thirlage**, the obligation of a tenant to have his corn ground at a particular mill and to pay the usual consideration.
- tinchel**, a great drive of game, made by a wide ring of beaters.
- tineing**, a loss, losing.
- tint**, lost.
- tope**, a knoll or slight eminence.
- toy**, a headdress worn by old women of the lower classes.
- upsides**, on an equal footing with.
- vavasour**, a vassal.
- wight**, strong and active.

GENERAL APPENDIX TO THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS

GENERAL APPENDIX

I. TABLE OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS IN THEIR CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

THE MIDDLE AGES

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS relates to the period, about 1098 A.D., when the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon were before Constantinople. William Rufus was then King of England, and Constantinople was under Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Greece.

THE BETROTHED opens in the autumn of 1187, when Henry II was King of England, and closes in the summer of 1192. The scene of action is the border of England and Wales and the city of Gloucester.

THE TALISMAN. The action of the story takes place in the Syrian Desert near the Dead Sea, during a thirty days' truce between the followers of the Cross and those of the Crescent, in 1191. Richard I of England was the leader of the Crusaders.

IVANHOE covers a period of about two weeks in the summer of 1194, after the return of Richard I from imprisonment in Austria. The scene is Yorkshire and Leicestershire.

CASTLE DANGEROUS is a tale of the wars between Edward I of England and Bruce of Scotland. The action takes place in Douglasdale, Kirkcudbrightshire, in March, 1307.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH is a story of Perth and its vicinity about 1402, when Henry IV was King of England and Robert III King of Scotland.

THE RENAISSANCE

QUENTIN DURWARD deals with events in and around Liège in 1468, the time of Louis XI of France and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. This romance of Switzerland and Burgundy begins in 1474 and ends in 1477, soon after the battle of Nancy, where Charles the Bold was killed.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

THE MONASTERY is a story of the Border Country, especially near Melrose Abbey, in 1547-57, under Mary Queen of Scots.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

THE ABBOT, a sequel to **THE MONASTERY**, relates to the history of Queen Mary of Scotland from her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle till her flight into England, 1567-68.

KENILWORTH. The date of the story is 1575, in the reign of Elizabeth. The principal incidents occur at Kenilworth Castle and in London, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Devonshire.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. The action of this romance takes place in the spring, about 1618, almost wholly in London and Greenwich. James I was then King of England.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. The time is 1644-45, in the reign of Charles I, and the place the Highlands of Scotland.

WOODSTOCK; OR, THE CAVALIER, 'a Tale of the Year 1651.' The main action occupies about a fortnight, but the closing incident does not occur till 1660. Woodstock, Windsor, and the court of Charles II at Brussels are the chief scenes.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK relates mainly to the period of the pretended Popish Plot, 1678, in the reign of Charles II, but opens some twenty years earlier. The scenes are laid in Derbyshire, the Isle of Man, and London.

OLD MORTALITY is a tale of the Covenanters' insurrection against Charles II. It covers the years 1679-89, from the defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog to the fight at Killiecrankie.

THE PIRATE. The time of this story is the last years of the seventeenth century, and the place the Zetland (Shetland) and Orkney Islands.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE BLACK DWARF is a story of the Scottish Border during Queen Anne's reign, about 1708.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. The tragic action of this story takes place in East Lothian, probably in 1709-11, under Queen Anne.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

ROB ROY is a tale of the Jacobite rebellion of 1715-16, when George I was king, and the principal scenes are Northumberland, Glasgow, and the mountains of Loch Lomond.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN opens with the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh, 1736, and closes in Argyleshire in 1751. George II was king.

WAVERLEY deals with the Jacobite insurrection of 1745, led by Charles Edward Stuart, in the reign of George II. The chief scene of action is the highlands of Perthshire.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER. The period of this story is about 1750-75, and the scene shifts from one of the midland counties of Scotland to the Isle of Wight, Madras, and Bangalore.

GUY MANNERING, of which Galloway is the chief scene of action, covers the years 1760-82.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW. The main incidents occur about 1765, in Argyleshire and Dumbarton.

REDGAUNTLET. The events of this Jacobite story occupy less than two months in the summer of 1766. The scene is laid principally in Edinburgh, Dumfries, and the Solway Firth.

THE TWO DROVERS is a Perthshire story of the last part of the eighteenth century.

THE ANTIQUARY belongs to the last years of the eighteenth century, and its incidents take place mainly in Edinburgh and Forfarshire.

ST. RONAN'S WELL is a story of the early nineteenth century in Scotland.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

II. PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

- A——, Marquis of, leader of the opposition to Sir William Ashton. *The Bride of Lammermoor.*
- Abbess of the Nunnery at Gloucester. *The Betrothed.*
- Abbess of the Ursuline Convent. *Quentin Durward.*
- Abbot, the, at Mont St. Victoire. *Anne of Geierstein.*
- Abdalla, one of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert's slaves. *Ivanhoe.*
- Abdallah el Hadgi, Saladin's envoy. *The Talisman.*
- Abney, Albert Lee's friend. *Woodstock.*
- Achilles Tatius, leader of the Varangians. *Count Robert of Paris.*
- Acland, Sir Thomas, a royalist. *Woodstock.*
- Adie of Aikenshaw, a neighbour of Glendinning. *The Monastery.*
- Adonbec el Hakim, the physician (a disguise assumed by Saladin). *The Talisman.*
- Agatha. *See Bertha.*
- Agelastes, Michael, the cynic philosopher. *Count Robert of Paris.*
- Aglionby, the recorder. *Kenilworth.*
- Aikwood, Ringan, the Knockwinnock 'poinder.' *The Antiquary.*
- Airlie, the Earl of, in King Charles's service. *A Legend of Montrose.*
- Alasco, the astrologer (*alias* Dr. Demetrius Doboobie). *Kenilworth.*
- Albany, Joseph. *See Rochecliffe.*
- Albany, Murdoch, Duke of, nephew to Robert, King of Scotland. *The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- Albany, Robert, Duke of, brother of King Robert. *The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- Alberick, Prince Richard's squire. *The Betrothed.*
- Aldrick, the Jesuit, the Countess of Derby's confessor. *Peveril of the Peak.*
- Aldrovand, Father, Sir Raymond's chaplain. *The Betrothed.*
- Alexius Comnenus, the Greek Emperor. *Count Robert of Paris.*
- Alibi, Tom, a solicitor. *Waverley.*
- Alice, Dame Whitecraft's servant girl. *Peveril of the Peak.*
- Alice, Eveline Berenger's attendant. *The Betrothed.*
- Alicia, the Lady, daughter of Waldemar Fitzurse. *Ivanhoe.*
- Alison, an old domestic at Cumnor Place. *Kenilworth.*
- Allan, a Highlander. *Rob Roy.*
- Allan, Mrs., the housekeeper at Woodbourne. *Guy Mannering.*
- Allan, Major, in the royal army. *Old Mortality.*
- Allan, William, Father Eustace's name in youth. *The Monastery.*
- Allan-a-dale, one of Robin Hood's men. *Ivanhoe.*
- Allaster, a minstrel. *Rob Roy.*
- Allen, Long, in King Richard's guard. *The Talisman.*
- Altamont, Frederick, Jack Bunce's assumed name. *The Pirate.*
- Amaury, Sir Giles, the Grand Master of the Templars. *The Talisman.*
- Ambrose, the Misses Arthuret's old domestic. *Redgauntlet.*
- Ambrose, Brother, a monk attending Prior Aymer. *Ivanhoe.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Ambrose, Father, or Edward Glendinning, abbot of Kennaquhair.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Ambrose, Mr., an old servant of the Arthurets.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Amelot, Damian de Lacy's page.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Anderson, Eppie, a servant at Meg Dods's inn.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
André, Petit, a public executioner.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Andrew, the gardener at Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Andrews, a dragoon in the royal army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Anjou, Prince John of, brother of King Richard.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Anna Comnena, the Princess.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Annabella, Queen Consort of Robert III of Scotland.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Annapple, Hobbie Elliot's former nurse.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Anselm, one of Front-de-Bœuf's men.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Anselm, Prior, confessor to King Robert.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Anster, Hob, a constable at Kinross village.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Anthony, the old postilion at Meg Dods's.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Anthony, an English archer at Dickson's cottage.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Antiquary, the. <i>See</i> Oldbuck.	
Anton, one of Henry Smith's men.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Antonio, a Swiss lad, the guide from Lucerne.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Antrim, the Earl of, in King Charles's service.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Anwold, a torchbearer at Rotherwood.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Arbroath, Lord, of Queen Mary's party.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Archibald, John, the Duke of Argyle's attendant.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Ardenvohr, the Knight of. <i>See</i> Campbell, Sir Duncan.	
Argentin, le Sieur d', one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Argyle, John, Duke of.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Argyle, Duke of, patron of Jeanie Deans.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Argyle, Marquis of, MacCallum More, or Gillespie Grumach.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Arlington, Henry Bennet, Earl of, a privy councillor.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Armstrong, Archie, the court jester.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Armstrong, Grace, Hobbie Elliot's bride elect.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Armstrong, John, the Laird of Mangerton.	<i>The Laird's Jock.</i>
Arnheim, Herman, Baron of, Anne of Geierstein's grandfather.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Arnheim, Hermione, Baroness of, Baron Herman's wife.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Arnheim, Sybilla of, Anne of Geierstein's mother.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Arnot, Andrew, one of the Scottish Archer guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Arthuret, Miss Seraphina, a Papist lady.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Arthuret, Miss Angelica, her sister.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Arundel, Earl of, a crusader, one of the Lords Marchers.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Ashton, Sir William, the Lord Keeper of Scotland.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Ashton, Lady Eleanor, his wife.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Ashton, Colonel Sholto Douglas, their elder son.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Ashton, Lucy, their daughter, betrothed to Edgar Ravenswood, married to the Laird of Bucklaw.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

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| Ashton, Henry, their younger son. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Aspramonte, Brenhilda d', Countess of Paris. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Aspramonte, old Knight of, her father. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Aspramonte, the Lady of, her mother. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Astarte, an attendant on the Princess Anna Comnena. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Aston, Sir Jacob, of King Charles the First's party. | <i>Woodstock.</i> |
| Athelstane, the Thane of Coningsburgh, 'The Unready.' | <i>Ivanhoe.</i> |
| Athole, Marquis of, a kinsman of Edgar Ravenswood. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Auchtermuchty, John, the carrier at Kinross. | <i>The Abbot.</i> |
| Augustine, the name assumed by Augusta of Berkely. | <i>Castle Dangerous.</i> |
| Avenel, Walter, Baron of. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Avenel, the Lady Alice of, wife of Baron Walter. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Avenel, Mary, daughter of the Lady Alice. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Avenel, Julian, the usurper of Avenel Castle. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Avenel, the White Lady of, a spirit. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Aylmer, Mrs., a neighbour of Sir Henry Lee. | <i>Woodstock.</i> |
| Aymer, the prior of Jorvaulx Abbey. | <i>Ivanhoe.</i> |
| Babie, old Alice Gray's servant girl. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Badger, Will, Sir Hugh Robsart's favourite domestic. | <i>Kenilworth.</i> |
| Baillie, General, a Parliamentary leader. | <i>A Legend of Montrose.</i> |
| Baillie, Giles, a gipsy, father of Gabriel Faa. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Bailzou, Annapple, a spae wife. | <i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i> |
| Bajazet, a black page at St. James's Palace. | <i>Peveril of the Peak.</i> |
| Balafré, le, <i>alias</i> Ludovic Lesly. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Balchristie, Janet, the Laird of Dumbiedikes's housekeeper. | <i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i> |
| Balderstone, Caleb, the old butler at Wolf's Crag Tower. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Baldrick, an ancestor of the Berengers. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Baldringham, the Lady Ermengarde of, Eveline Berenger's grand-aunt. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Baldwin, Count, a crusader, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Baldwin de Oyley, squire to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. | <i>Ivanhoe.</i> |
| Balfour, John, of Burley, a leader of the Covenanters' army. | <i>Old Mortality.</i> |
| Baliol, Edward, usurper of Scotland. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Baliol, Mrs. Martha Bethune, Mr. Croftangry's friend. | <i>The Fair Maid of Perth and The Highland Widow.</i> |
| Ballenkeiroch, a Highland chief, an old friend of Fergus Mac-Ivor. | <i>Waverley.</i> |
| Balmawhapple, the Laird of. <i>See</i> Falconer. | <i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i> |
| Balneaves, a citizen of Perth. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Balruddery, the Laird of, a relation of Godfrey Bertram. | |

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Balue, Cardinal, in the court of Louis XI.
 Balveny, Lord, kinsman of the Earl of Douglas.
 Bamberg, the Bishop of, in Donnerhugel's narrative.
 Bangtext, Captain Salathiel, 'a godly gentleman.'
 Barak el Hadgi, an emissary from Hyder Ali's court,
 Bardon, Hugh, the scout master of Prince John.
 Barnes, Colonel Mannering's servant at Woodbourne.
 Barnes, Betty, Mr. Warburton's cook-maid.
 Barstow, Captain, *alias* Fenwicke, the Jesuit, a secret correspondent of the Countess of Derby.
 Bartholomew, Brother, the guide of the Philipsons towards Strasburg.
 Bauldie, the Quaker's stable boy.
 Bauldie, an old shepherd.
 Beacon, Tom, Master Chiffinch's groom.
 Bean Lean, Donald, *alias* Will Ruthven, or Ruffin, a Highland robber chief.
 Bean, Alice, his daughter.
 Bearcliff, Deacon, at the Kippletringan Inn.
 Beauffet, Mrs. Baliol's butler.
 Beaujeu, Monsieur le Chevalier de, keeper of the gambling house.
 Beaujeu, le Compte de, a French officer in the Chevalier's army.
 Beaujeu, the Lady of, King Louis' elder daughter.
 Beaumanoir, Sir Lucas, Grand Master of the Knights Templars.
 Beenie, the chambermaid at Meg Dods's inn.
 Beg, Callum, Fergus Mac-Ivor's page.
 Belash Cassim, Adam Hartley's guard.
 Bellenden, Lady Margaret, of the Tower of Tillietudlem, an old Tory lady.
 Bellenden, old Major Miles, her brother-in-law.
 Bellenden, Miss Edith, her grand-daughter, betrothed to Lord Evandale, afterwards married to Henry Morton.
 Bend-the-Bow, an English archer, at Dickson's cottage.
 Ben Israel, or Ben Samuel, Nathan, the physician, friend of Isaac the Jew.
 Benjie, Little, or Benjamin Coltherd, a spy employed by Cristal Nixon.
 Bennet, Brother, a monk at St. Mary's convent.
 Berengaria, Queen-Consort of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.
 Berenger, Sir Raymond, the old Norman warrior.
 Berenger, the Lady Eveline, Sir Raymond's daughter, betrothed to Sir Hugo de Lacy.
 Berkely, the Lady Augusta, plighted, and afterwards married, to Sir John de Walton.
- Quentin Durward.*
The Fair Maid of Perth.
Anne of Geierstein.
The Heart of Midlothian.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
Ivanhoe.
Guy Mannering.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
Peveril of the Peak.
Anne of Geierstein.
Redgauntlet.
The Black Dwarf.
Peveril of the Peak.
Waverley.
Waverley.
Guy Mannering.
The Highland Widow.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
Waverley.
Quentin Durward.
Ivanhoe.
St. Ronan's Well.
Waverley.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
Old Mortality.
Old Mortality.
Old Mortality.
Castle Dangerous.
Ivanhoe.
Redgauntlet.
The Monastery.
The Talisman.
The Betrothed.
The Betrothed.
Castle Dangerous.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Bertha, or Agatha, the betrothed of Hereward.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Bertha, Aldobrand Oldenbuck's wife.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Bertram, the English minstrel.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Bertram, Mr. Godfrey, the Laird of Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Mrs., his wife.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Harry, their son, in love with Julia Mannering.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Lucy, his sister.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Miss Margaret, of Singleside, Lucy's maiden aunt.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Sir Allan, an ancestor of the Laird of Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Dennis, son of Sir Allan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Donohoe, son of Dennis.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Lewis, father of Godfrey.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Bertram, Captain Andrew, a relation.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Berwine, the Lady of Baldringham's favourite attendant.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Bibbet, Master, General Harrison's secretary.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Bickerton, Mrs., landlady of the Seven Stars Inn, York.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Bide-the-Bent, Mr. Peter, the minister of Wolf's Hope village.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Bidmore, Lord, the Rev. Josiah Cargill's patron.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Bidmore, the Honourable Augustus, his son, Mr. Cargill's pupil.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Bidmore, Miss Augusta, Lord Bidmore's daughter, beloved by Mr. Cargill.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Biederman, Arnold, the Landamman of Unterwalden (<i>alias</i> Count Arnold of Geierstein).	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Biederman, Bertha, his late wife.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Biederman, Rudiger, Ernest, Sigismund, and Ulrick, his sons.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Bigot, de, Prince John's seneschal.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Bimbister, Margery, the old Ranzelman's spouse.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Bindloose, Master John, the sheriff-clerk, etc., at Marchthorn.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Binks, Sir Bingo, a fox-hunting baronet at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Binks, Lady, his wife, formerly Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Bittlebrains, Lord, a friend of Sir W. Ashton.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Bittlebrains, Lady, his wife.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Black Dwarf, the, Elshender the Recluse.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Black Feltham, one of Captain Colepepper's companions.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Blackchester, the Countess of, sister to Lord Dalgarno.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Blacklees, Tomalin, in King Richard's guard.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Bladderskate, Lord, a Scottish judge.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Blair, Father Clement, a Carthusian monk, Catherine Glover's confessor.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Blair, Rev. Mr., a talented preacher.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Blanche, one of Lady Eveline's attendants.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Blandeville, Lady Emily, a neighbour of the Waverleys, afterwards married to Colonel Talbot.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Blane, Niel, the town piper and publican.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Blane, Jenny, his daughter.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Blattergowl, the Rev. Mr., the minister of Trot-cosey.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Blenkensop, Lady, a close confederate of the Duchess of Marlborough.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Bletson, Joshua, one of the parliamentary commissioners.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Blinkinsop, a smuggler.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Block, Martin, one of the committee of the estates of Burgundy.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Blok, Nikkel, the butcher, one of the insurgents at Liege.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Blondel de Nesle, King Richard's favourite minstrel.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Blood, Colonel Thomas, the Duke of Buckingham's emissary.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Blount, Sir Nicholas, the Earl of Sussex's master of the horse.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Blower, Mrs. Margaret, the shipowner's widow at the Spa, afterwards married to Dr. Quackleben.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Blowselinda, a denizen of Whitefriars.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Bodach Glas, the Grey Spectre.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, a crusader.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Bohun, Henry, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Boisgelin, the young Countess de, at King René's ball at Aix.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Bois-Guilbert, Sir Brian de, a preceptor of the Knights Templars.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Bolton, Stawarth, an English officer.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Boniface, Lord Abbot of St. Mary's.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Boniface, Father, the ex-abbot, as Blinkhoolie, the old gardener at Kinross.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Bonstetten, Nicholas, the old deputy of Schwitz.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Bonthron, Antony, the murderer in Sir John Ramorny's service.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Booshalloch, Niel, the Highland cow-herd.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Bothwell, Francis, Earl of, grandfather of Sergeant Bothwell.	<i>Old Mortality and The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Bothwell, Sergeant, <i>alias</i> Francis Stewart, in the royal army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Bothwell, Mrs. Margaret, My Aunt Margaret.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Bothwell, Lady, Aunt Margaret's grandmother.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Bothwell, Sir Geoffrey, Lady Bothwell's husband.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Bowie, Bessie, the cripple.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Bowyer, Master, usher of the black rod.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Brackel, Adrian, the mountebank, formerly master of Fenella.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bracy, Sir Maurice de, a follower of Prince John.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Bradbourne, Mistress Liliás, Lady Mary Avenel's waiting woman.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, the Baron of, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Bradwardine, Rose, his daughter, afterwards married to Waverley.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Bradwardine, Malcolm, of Inchgrabbit, heir male of the Baron.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Breadalbane, a rival of the Duke of Argyle.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Breck, Alison, an old fishwife, a friend of the Mucklebackits.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Breck, Angus, a follower of Rob Roy.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Brengwain, wife of Gwenwyn, Prince of Powys.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Brenhilda, Countess of Paris.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Bretagne, the Duke of.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Brewer, Sam, a follower of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bridgenorth, Major Ralph, a Roundhead, a neighbour of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bridgenorth, Mrs., his wife.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bridgenorth, Alice, their daughter, afterwards married to Julian Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bridget, Mother, the abbess of St. Catherine, Catherine Seyton's aunt.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Bridget, May, the milkwoman at Falkland Castle.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Bridlesley, Joe, the horse-dealer at Liverpool.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Bridoon, Corporal, in Lieutenant Nosebag's regiment.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Briennius, Nicephorus, the Cæsar of the Grecian Empire.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Brittson, Sergeant, with Stawarth Bolton.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Broadfoot, Saunders, a messenger.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Broadwheel, Joe, Mrs. Bickerton's waggoner.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Broken-girth-flow, the Laird of, one of the Jacobite conspirators.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Brown, Jonathan, landlord of the Black Bear at Darlington.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Brown, Vanbeest, Dirk Hatteraick's lieutenant.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Brown, Vanbeest, the name given to Harry Bertram when he was kidnapped.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Browne, General, a visitor at Lord Woodville's.	<i>The Tapestry Chamber.</i>
Broxmouthe, John, a neighbour of Hob Miller's.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Brydone, Halbert, father of Dame Glendinning.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Bubenbergh, Sir Adrian de, a veteran knight of Berne.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Buckingham, the Duke of, 'Steenie,' favourite of James I.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Buckingham, George Villiers, Duke of, Charles the Second's favourite.	<i>Peveril of the Peak and Woodstock.</i>
Buckingham, Mary, Duchess of.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Bucklaw, the Laird of, or Frank Hayston, afterwards Laird of Girnington.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Bullsegg, Mr., the Laird of Killancureit, a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Bulmer, Valentine, the titular Earl of Etherington, married to Clara Mowbray.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Bulmer, Ann, his mother, married to the Earl of Etherington during the life of his countess.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Bunce, Jack, a comrade of the Pirate, <i>alias</i> Frederick Altamont, a ci-devant player.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Buncle, Master, messenger to the Earl of Douglas.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Burgundy, Philip the Good, Duke of, father of Charles the Bold.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Burgundy, the Duke of, Charles the Bold.	<i>Quentin Durward and Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Burgundy, the Chancellor of, the Archbishop of Vienne.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Burleigh, Lord, the lord treasurer.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Burleigh, Lord, the parliamentary leader.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Buskbody, Martha, the mantua maker at Gandercleugh.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Butler, Mr., the military chaplain at Madras.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Butler, Reuben, a Presbyterian minister, married to Jeanie Deans.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Butler, Benjamin, his father.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Butler, Stephen (or 'Bible'), his grandfather.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Butler, Judith, his grandmother.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Butler, David, Reuben, and Femie (Euphemia), his children.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Cabestaing, William, a Troubadour.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Cadwallon, Prince Gwenwyn's favourite bard.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Calder, Quarter-master, at Madras.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Calista of Montfaucon, Queen Berengaria's bower-woman.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Callum Beg, a page of Fergus Mac-Ivor.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Calvert, the Earl of Glenallan's groom.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Cameron, Sergeant Allan Breack, under Captain Campbell.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Cameron, Richard, founder of the Cameronians.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Campbell, the Lady Mary, and the Lady Caroline, daughters of the Duke of Argyle.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Campbell, Sir Duncan, the Knight of Ardenvoehr, in Argyle's army.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Campbell, Lady, his wife.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Campbell, Sir Duncan, of Auchenbreck, in Argyle's army.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Campbell, Murdoch, a servant, a disguise assumed by the Marquis of Argyle.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Campbell, General, 'Black Colin Campbell,' in the King's service.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Campbell, Captain, 'Barcaldine,' or 'Green Colin.'	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Campo Basso, the Count of, one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.	<i>Quentin Durward and Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Cantacuzene, Michael, the emperor's grand sewer.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Cantrips, Mrs., a former friend of Nanty Ewart.	<i>Redgaunlet.</i>
Cantrips, Jessie, her daughter, betrayed by Nanty.	<i>Redgaunlet.</i>
Capstern, Captain, commander of an East India-man.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Caradoc of Menwygent, Prince Gwenwyn's younger bard.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Carefor't, Mrs., Major Bellenden's housekeeper.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Carey, Patrick, the poet, brother of Lord Falkland.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Cargill, the Rev. Josiah, the minister of St. Ronan's.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Carleton, Captain, an officer in the guards.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Caroline, Queen-Consort of George the Second.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Carrol, the deputy usher at Kenilworth Castle.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Carslogie, the Laird of, a 'Queen's man.'	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Caspar, the Baron of Arnheim's master of the horse.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Castle-Cuddy, Lord, one of Captain Craigengelt's patrons.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Castor, Stephanos, the wrestler.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Catherine, Queen-Consort of Charles the Second.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Catherine of Newport, the lady of Julian Avenel.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Cathleen, one of Flora Mac-Ivor's attendants.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Caxon, Jacob, the Antiquary's hairdresser.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Caxon, Jenny, his daughter, a milliner.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Cedric of Rotherwood, or Cedric the Saxon.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Chamberlain, Matthew, a tapster, old Roger Raine's successor.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Champagne, Henry, Earl of, a crusader.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Charegite assassin, the, disguised as a Turkish marabout or enthusiast.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Charles, Prince of Wales, 'Baby Charles,' son of James the First.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Charles the Second, King of England.	<i>Woodstock and Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Charles Edward, the Chevalier.	<i>Redgaunlet.</i>
Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Charlot, a messenger from Liege to King Louis.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Charteris, Sir Patrick, of Kinfauns, provost of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Chattanach, MacGillie, chief of the Clan Chattan.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Chatterly, Rev. Simon, 'the man of religion' at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Chaubert, Monsieur, Master Chiffinch's cook.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Cheync, Reginald, father of Elspeth Mucklebackit.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Chiffinch, Master Thomas, <i>alias</i> Will Smith, Charles the Second's private emissary.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Chiffinch, Kate, his mistress.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Children of the Mist, a wild race of Highlanders.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Chirnside, Luckie, the poulterer at Wolf's Hope village.
- Cholmondley of Vale Royal, a friend of the Countess of Derby.
- Christal, Martin, a broker and appraiser.
- Christian, Edward, *alias* Richard Ganlesse, *alias* Simon Canter, father of Fenella.
- Christian, William, his brother, shot for insurrection.
- Christian, Dame, William's widow.
- Christie of the Clinthill, one of Julian Avenel's retainers.
- Christie, John, the ship-chandler at Paul's Wharf.
- Christie, Dame Nelly, his pretty wife, carried off by Lord Dalgarno.
- Cicicipi, Julia Mannering's Italian teacher.
- Clarence, George, Duke of, brother of Edward the Fourth.
- Clarendon, the Earl of, lord chancellor to Charles the Second.
- Claverhouse, *see* Grahame, John.
- Clayhudgeons, John, the man who used the 'remains' of the Bothwells for top-dressing.
- Clegg, Holdfast, the Puritan mill-wright.
- Cleishbotham, Jedediah, schoolmaster and parish clerk of Gandercleugh.
- Clement, one of Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's attendants.
- Clement, Father, a Carmelite.
- Cleveland, Duchess of, one of Charles the Second's mistresses.
- Cleveland, Captain Clement, 'The Pirate,' son of the elder Vaughan and Ulla Troil, in love with Minna Troil.
- Clifford, Henry, Lord, an English general.
- Clink, Jem, the turnkey at Newgate.
- Clinkscale, *see* Yellowley, Barbara.
- Clippurse, Lawyer, Sir Everard Waverley's lawyer.
- Clutterbuck, Cuthbert, the imaginary editor.
- Cobb, Ephraim, in Cromwell's troop.
- Cockburn, the landlord of the George Inn.
- Coffinkey, Captain, who taught Nicol Jarvie to make brandy-punch.
- Coleby, Major, a warder of the Tower of London.
- Colepepper or Peppercull, Captain, the Alsatian bully.
- Colkitto, Young, or Alaster M'Donald, a Highland chief.
- Collier, Jem, a smuggler.
- Colvin, Henry, one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.
- The Bride of Lammermoor.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Monastery.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Anne of Geierstein.*
- Woodstock.*
- My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Tales of My Landlord.*
- Ivanhoe.*
- The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Pirate.*
- Castle Dangerous.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- Waverley.*
- The Monastery and The Abbot.*
- Woodstock.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Rob Roy.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- A Legend of Montrose.*
- Redgauntlet.*
- Anne of Geierstein.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Comines, Philip des, the Duke of Burgundy's favourite minister.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Comnenus, Alexius, the Emperor of Greece.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Comnena, Anna, his daughter, the historian.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Conachar, Glover's Highland apprentice, in love with Catharine.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, a crusader.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Contay, le Sieur de, one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Coolie, Captain, in the East India Company's service.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Cope, Sir John, one of King George's generals.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Copely, Sir Thomas, in attendance on the Earl of Leicester.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Cordery, Mr., tutor to Henry Ashton.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Cormack, Donald, a Highland robber chief.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Corsand, Mr., a magistrate at the examination of Hatteraick.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Corydon, the shoemaker.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Couci, Ingelram de.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Coxe, Captain, one of the masquers at Kenilworth.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Crabtree, Mr., a gardener at Fairport.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Crackenthorp, Father, the publican.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Crackenthorp, Dolly, his daughter.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Craigdallie, Adam, the eldest bailie of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Craigengelt, Captain, an adventurer, Bucklaw's companion.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Craig-in-Peril, a name assumed by Pate Maxwell.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Cramp, Corporal, with Captain Thornton.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Cranbourne, Sir Jasper, a friend of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Crane, Dame Alison, mistress of the Crane Inn at Marlborough.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Crane, Gaffer, her spouse.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Crank, Dame, the papist laundress at Marlborough.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Craon, le Sieur de, one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Crawford, Lindsay, Earl of, a young Scottish noble.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Crawford, Lord, captain of the Scottish Guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Creveccœur, the Count of, the Duke of Burgundy's envoy to France.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Creveccœur, the Countess of.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Croftangry, Mr. Chrystal, the imaginary editor.	<i>Chronicles of the Canongate</i>
Crofts, Master, whom Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, killed in a duel.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Cromwell, Oliver.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Crookshank, a citizen of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Crosbie, Mr. William, provost of Dumfries, a friend of Mr. Fairford.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Crosbie, Mrs., a cousin of the Redgauntlets.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Crossbite, Mr., a barrister.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Crossmyloof, Mr., the lawyer, a round-spun Presbyterian.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Croye, Isabelle, Countess of, first disguised as Jacqueline, afterwards married to Quentin Durward.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Croye, the Countess Hameline of, her aunt.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Croye, Monseigneur de la, one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Cruickshanks, Ebenezer, landlord of the Golden Candlestick Inn.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Cuddie, or Cuthbert, Headrigg.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Culbertfield, Jonas, son of Sir Everard Waverley's steward.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Culloch, Sawney, a pedlar.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Cumberland, the Duke of, commander in chief of the King's forces.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Cumberland, the Sheriff of.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Cunningham, Archie, one of the Scottish Guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Cuthbert, one of Henry Smith's men.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Cyprian, Brother, a Dominican monk at the monastery.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dabby, Mrs., wife of the Worshipful Mr. Deputy Dabby of Farringdon Without.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
D'Acunha, Teresa, Lady Glenallan's waiting-woman.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Dain, Oliver, King Louis' barber and favourite.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Dalgarno, Lord Malcolm, a profligate young nobleman.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Dalgetty, Captain, afterward Sir Dugald, in Montrose's army.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Dalton, Mrs., the Rev. Mr. Staunton's house-keeper.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dalzell, General Thomas, in the royal army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Damahoy, Miss Grizel, an ancient seamstress.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Damian, an esquire attending on the Grand Master of the Templars.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Damiotti, Dr. Baptista, the Paduan quack.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Dan of the Howlethirst.	<i>The Monastery and The Abbot.</i>
Dangerfield, Captain, a hired witness to the Popish Plot.	<i>Pevearil of the Peak.</i>
Dannischemend, the Persian sorcerer.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Darnley, Lord, Queen Mary's husband.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
D'Avenant, Will, a supposed descendant from Shakespeare.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Davie of the Stenhouse, a friend of Hobbie Elliot.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Davies, John, the Quaker's old fisherman.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Dawfyd, 'the one-eyed,' a robber chief.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Day, Ferquhard, the absentee from the Clan Chattan ranks at the conflict.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Deans, Douce Davie, the cowfeeder at Edinburgh.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Deans, Jeanie, his eldest daughter, afterwards married to Reuben Butler.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Deans, Mrs. Rebecca, his second wife.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Deans, Effie or Euphemia, their daughter, afterwards married to Sir George Staunton.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Debbitch, Deborah, the gouvernante at Lady Peveril's.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Deilbelicket, a friend of Barbara Clinkscale.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Delaserre, Captain, a friend of Harry Bertram's.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Demetrius, a citizen.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Dennet, an old peasant at the Lists of Templestowe.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Demnison, Jenny, Edith Bellenden's attendant, afterwards married to Cuddie Headrigg.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Derby, Countess of, and Queen of Man, Charlotte de la Tremouille.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Derby, Philip, Earl of, her son.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Derrick, Tom, quartermaster of the pirate's vessel.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Desborough, Colonel, one of the parliamentary commissioners.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Devorgoil, Lady Jean, a friend of the Hazlewoods.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Dhu, Mhich-Connel, or M'Ilduy, a Highland chief.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Dibble, Davie, the gardener at Monkbarns.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Dick, the ostler at the Seven Stars Inn, York.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dick, 'the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth.'	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dick of the Dingle, a friend of Hobbie Elliot.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Dick, Sir William, a zealous Covenanter.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dickens, Dame Martha, housekeeper for Major Bridgenorth.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Dickson, Thomas, the farmer at Douglas Dale.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Dickson, Charles, his son, killed in the church.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Digges, Miss Maria, a friend of Lady Penelope Penfeather.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Diggory, Father, one of the monks at St. Botolph's Priory.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Dijon, the Mayor of.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Dinah, the landlord's daughter at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Dingwall, Davie, the attorney at Wolf's Hope village.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Dingwell, one of Henry Smith's men.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dinmont, Dandie or Andrew, a store farmer at Charlie's Hope.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Dinmont, Ailie, his wife.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Diogenes, the negro slave of the cynic philosopher.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Disinherited Knight, the, <i>see</i> Wilfred.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Ditchley, Gaffer, one of Sir Geoffrey Peveril's miners.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Ditton, Thomas, the Rev. Mr. Staunton's footman.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Dixon, Mr. Richard Vere's servant.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Doboobie, Dr. Demetrius, chemist and astrologer.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Dods, Meg, landlady of the Cleikum Inn at St. Ronan's Old Town.	

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Dogget, the warder at the castle of Garde Dolou-reuse.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Donacha dhu na Dunaigh, the Highland robber near Roseneath.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Donald, an attendant of the M'Aulays.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Donald, the Duke of Argyle's gamekeeper at Roseneath.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Donnerhugel, Rudolph, one of the Swiss deputies, a cousin of the Biedermans.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Donnerhugel, Theodore, his uncle, page to the former Baron of Arnheim.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Doomster, the.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dorcas, Squire Ingoldsby's servant.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Dorcas, an old domestic at Cumnor Place.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Dorothy, old, the Glover's housekeeper.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dorothy, the old miser's charwoman.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Douban, the Emperor Alexius's physician.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Doublefee, Jacob, the Duke of Buckingham's money-lender.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Dougal, turnkey at Glasgow Tolbooth, an adherent of Roy Rob.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Douglas, Sir James, 'the Black Douglas.'	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Douglas, William the Hardy, father of Sir James.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Douglas, Archibald, Earl of.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Douglas, Marjory, his daughter, Duchess of Rothesay.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Douglas, George, nephew of the regent, and devoted to Queen Mary.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Dousterswivel, Herman, a German schemer.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Dowlas, Dame, the Duke of Buckingham's house-keeper.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Driver, Mr. Pleydell's clerk.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Dronsdaughter, Tronda, the Yellowleys' old serv- ing woman.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Drudgeit, Peter, Lord Bladderskate's clerk.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Drummond, Lord, an ally of the Earl of Douglas.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dryasdust, Dr., a literary friend of the Antiquary.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Dryfesdale, Jasper, the old steward at Lochleven Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Dubourg, Monsieur, a merchant at Bordeaux.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Dubourg, Clement, his nephew, a clerk of Mr. Osbaldistone, sen.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Duchran, the Laird of, a friend of Baron Brad- wardine.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Dudley, a young artist, a friend of Harry Bertram.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Duff, Jamie, the idiot boy, attending Mrs. Bertram's funeral.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Dumbiedikes, the old Laird of.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dumbiedikes, the young Laird of, in love with Jeanie Deans.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dummerar, Rev. Dr., a friend of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Dumtoustie, Mr. Daniel, a young barrister.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Dunbar and March, George, Earl of.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dunbar, Elizabeth, his daughter, betrothed to the Duke of Rothsay.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Dunois, the Count de.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Dunover, Mr. Hardie's one and only client.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dunter, a journeyman of Harry Gow.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Duroch, Duncan, a follower of Donald Bean Lean	<i>Waverley.</i>
Durward, Quentin, a young archer of the Scottish Guard, in love with Isabelle de Croye.	<i>Quentin Durward and Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Dutton, Mrs. Dolly, the Duke of Argyle's dairy-maid.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Dwining, Henbane, the pottingar or apothecary.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Earnscliff, Patrick, the young Laird of.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Eberson, Carl, William de la Marck's young son.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Ederic, the forester.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Edgar, an attendant on the Prince of Scotland.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Edith, the Lady, mother of Athelstane.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Edric, a domestic at Hereward's barracks.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Edward, brother to Hereward, the Varangian guard.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Edward IV, King of England.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Einion, Father, chaplain to the Welsh prince.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Eleanor, Queen Consort of Henry II.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Elgitha, a female attendant at Rotherwood.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Elizabeth, Queen of England.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Ellangowan, the Laird of, <i>see</i> Bertram, Godfrey.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Ellesmere, Mistress, Lady Peveril's head domestic.	
Ellieslaw, the Laird of, <i>see</i> Vere, Richard.	
Elliot, Halbert or Hobbie, the farmer at the Heugh-Foot.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Elliot, Mrs., his grandmother.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Elliot, John and Harry, his brothers.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Elliot, Lilius, Jean, and Annot, his sisters.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Elshender the Recluse, or Canny Elshie.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot, the old fisherman's mother, formerly servant to the Countess of Glenallan.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Elspeth, Dinmont's old servant.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Empson, Master, Charles the Second's flageolet player.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Engelbrecht, one of the Varangian guards.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Engelred, squire to Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Engelred, Bertha's father.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Enguerrand, brother to the Marquis of Montserrat.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Eppie, one of the Rev. Josiah Cargill's servants.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Eppls, Mr. Fairford's cook.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Erceldoun, Thomas of, or Thomas the Rhymer.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Erickson, Sweyn, a fisherman at Jarlshof.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Erland, the father of Norna of the Fitful Head.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Ermengarde, Lady of Baldringham.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Ernest the Apulian, page to Prince Tancred.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Errol, Gilbert, Earl of, lord high constable of Scotland.

Erskine, the Rev. Dr., minister of Grey Friar's Church, Edinburgh.

Esdale, Mr., a surgeon at Madras.

Essex, the Earl of, lord high constable of England.

Etherington, Earl of, father of Tyrrel and Bulmer.

Etherington, the titular Earl of, Valentine Bulmer.

Eustace, one of Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's attendants.

Eustace, Father, sub-prior and afterwards abbot of St. Mary's.

Eva, daughter of 'Torquil of the Oak,' betrothed to Ferquhard Day.

Evan Dhu of Lochiel.

Evan Dhu Maccombich, Fergus Mac-Ivor's foster brother.

Evandale, Lord, William Maxwell, in the royal army, a suitor of Edith Bellenden.

Evans, Master, King Charles the First's giant porter.

Everard, Colonel Markham, of the Commonwealth party.

Everard, Master, his father.

Everett, Master, a hired witness of the Popish Plot.

Eviot, Sir John Ramorny's page.

Ewan of Brigglands, the soldier who set Rob Roy free.

Ewart, Nanty or Anthony, the smuggler captain.

Faa, Gabriel, Meg Merrilies's nephew, the huntsman at Liddesdale.

Faggot, Master Nicholas, Mr. Justice Foxley's clerk.

Fairbrother, Mr., counsel for Effie Deans.

Fairfax, Thomas, Lord, the Duchess of Buckingham's father.

Fairford, Alan, a young barrister, a friend of Darsie Latimer.

Fairford, Mr. Alexander or Saunders, his father, a lawyer.

Fairford, Peter, Alan's cousin.

Fairscribe, Mr., a solicitor, friend of Mr. Croftangry.

Fairscribe, Katie, Mr. Croftangry's 'little siren.'

Fairscrieve, Mr., the magistrate's clerk.

Fairservice, Andrew, the gardener at Osbaldistone Hall.

Falconer, Mr., the Laird of Balmawhapple, a friend of Baron Bradwardine.

Falconer, Major, Lady Bothwell's brother.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

Guy Mannering.

The Surgeon's Daughter.

Ivanhoe.

St. Ronan's Well.

St. Ronan's Well.

Ivanhoe.

The Monastery and The Abbot.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

A Legend of Montrose.

Waverley.

Old Mortality.

Peveril of the Peak.

Woodstock.

Woodstock.

Peveril of the Peak.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

Rob Roy.

Redgauntlet.

Guy Mannering.

Redgauntlet.

The Heart of Midlothian.

Peveril of the Peak.

Redgauntlet.

Redgauntlet.

Redgauntlet.

Chronicles of the Canongate.

Chronicles of the Canongate.

The Heart of Midlothian.

Rob Roy.

Waverley.

My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Fatsides, Father, the priest whom Dalgetty consulted.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Faw, Tibbie, the ostler's wife, in Wandering Willie's tale.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Fea, Euphane, the old Udaller's housekeeper.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Featherhead, John, Esq., an opponent of Sir Thomas Kittlecourt.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Fenella, the deaf and dumb girl, the Countess of Derby's attendant, <i>alias</i> Zarah, daughter of Edward Christian.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Ferrand de Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Finlayson, Luckie, landlady of a tavern in the Cowgate.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Finniston, Luckie, a tenant of the Laird of Gudgeonford.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Finniston, Duncan, her husband.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Fisher, Ralph, Roland Græme's assistant at Avenel Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Fitzurse, Waldemar, a baron following Prince John.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Fitzurse, Alicia, daughter of Waldemar.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Flammock, Wilkin, the Flemish burgess at the Castle of Garde Doloureuse.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Flammock, Rose, or Roschen, his daughter, Lady Eveline's attendant.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Fleecebumpkin, Master, Mr. Ireby's bailiff.	<i>The Two Drovers.</i>
Fleming, Archdeacon, to whom old Meg Murdockson confessed.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Fleming, Lady Mary, one of Queen Mary's maids of honour.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Fleming, Sir Malcolm, a former suitor of Lady Margaret de Hautlieu.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Fletcher, Dick, one of the pirates.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Flibbertigibbet, Dickie Sludge.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Flockhart, Widow, landlady of Mac-Ivor's lodgings in the Canongate.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Florise, the Lady, one of Queen Berengaria's attendants.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Flyter, Mrs., landlady of Frank's lodgings in Glasgow.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Foljambe, Lady, a former owner of George Heriot's house.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Forester, Sir Philip, a libertine knight.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Forester, Lady Jemima, his wife.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Foster, Captain, on guard at Tully-Veolan ruin.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Foster, the English champion.	<i>The Laird's Jock.</i>
Foster, Anthony, or Tony Fire-the-Faggot, the Earl of Leicester's agent at Cumnor Place.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Foster, Janet, his daughter.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Foster, Sir John, the English warden.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Foxley, Squire Matthew, a magistrate.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Francis, Father, a Dominican monk, Catharine Glover's confessor.
Francis, Father, at the convent at Namur.
Front-de-Bœuf, Sir Reginald, one of the knights challengers.

The Fair Maid of Perth.
Quentin Durward.

Ivanhoe.

Gaethroughwi't, Gibby, the piper of Cupar.
Gaita, wife of Robert Guiscard.
Galbraith of Garschattachin, Major Duncan, a militia officer.
Galeotti, *see* Martivalle.
Gamelyn de Guardover, Sir.
Ganderclough, the Laird of.
Ganlesse, Richard, a name assumed by Edward Christian.

Waverley.
Count Robert of Paris.

Rob Roy.

The Antiquary.
Old Mortality.

Peveril of the Peak.
Redgauntlet.

Gardener, Richard, the Misses Arthuret's porter.
Gardiner, Colonel, commander of Waverley's regiment.
Gathral, old, the Duke of Buckingham's steward.
Gatherill, old, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's bailiff.
Geddes, Joshua, the Quaker.
Geddes, Rachel, his sister.
Geddes, Philip, their grandfather.
Geierstein, Arnold, Count of, Arnold Biederman.
Geierstein, Count Albert of, the black priest of St. Paul's.

Waverley.
Peveril of the Peak.
Peveril of the Peak.
Redgauntlet.
Redgauntlet.
Redgauntlet.
Anne of Geierstein.

Anne of Geierstein.

Geierstein, Anne of, his daughter, 'the Maiden of 'ne Mist.'
Geierstein, Count Heinrich of, Count Arnold's grandfather.
Geierstein, Count Williewald of, Count Arnold's father.

Anne of Geierstein.

Anne of Geierstein.

Geislaer, Peterkin, one of the insurgents at Liege.
Gellatley, Davie, the Baron of Bradwardine's idiot servant.

Anne of Geierstein.
Quentin Durward.

Gellatley, Janet, his mother.

Waverley.
Waverley.

Gemmells, Luckie, one of Edie Ochiltree's cronies.
Genvil, Ralph, a veteran in Hugo de Lacy's troop.
Geoffrey, the old ostler at John Mengs's inn.
Geraldin, Lord, son of the Earl of Glenallan, first as William Lovel.

The Antiquary.
The Betrothed.
Anne of Geierstein.

The Antiquary.

Geraldin, Sir Aymer de, an ancestor of Lord Geraldin.

The Antiquary.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
Woodstock.

Gerard, Sir Patrick Charteris's attendant.

Gibbet, Master, Bletson's secretary.

Gibbie, Goose, a half-witted lad in Lady Bellen-den's service.

Old Mortality.

Gibson, Janet, a young dependant on Mrs. Margaret Bertram.

Guy Mannering.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
Old Mortality.
The Pirate.

Gilbert, Sir Patrick Charteris's butler.

Gilbertsclough, cousin to Lady Margaret Bellenden.

Giles, Claud Halcro's serving boy.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Giles, a warder of the tower.
 Giles, Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's jailer.
 Giles, Will, the cooper's apprentice.
 Gilfillan, Habakkuk, or 'Gifted Gilfillan,' a Cameronian officer and enthusiast.
 Gillespie Grumach, the Marquis of Argyle.
 Gillian, Dame, the Lady Eveline's tirewoman.
 Gilliewhackit, married to Lady Cramfeizer.
 Gingham, Mrs., Lady Binks's attendant.
 Girder, Gibbie, the cooper at Wolf's Hope village.
 Girder, Jean, his wife.
 Girnington, Lady, Bucklaw's grand-aunt.
 Gladsmoor, Mr., the Earl of Glenallan's almoner.
 Glasgow, the bishop of.
 Glass, a citizen of Perth.
 Glass, Mrs., the tobacconist, Jeanie Deans's friend in London.
 Glenallan, the Great Earl of.
 Glenallan, Joscelind, Dowager Countess of.
 Glenallan, the Earl of, her son.
 Glendale, Sir Richard, a conspirator with Redgauntlet.
 Glendinning, or Brydone, Elspeth, the widow of Simon Glendinning.
 Glendinning, Halbert and Edward, her sons.
 Glendinning, Sir Halbert, the Knight of Avenel.
 Glenprosing, Lady, a neighbour of Yellowley's father.
 Glenvarloch, Lord, *see* Olifaunt.
 Glossin, Gilbert, a lawyer, purchaser of the Ellangowan estate.
 Gloucester, Henry, Duke of, brother of King Charles the Second.
 Gloucester, Richard, Duke of, brother of King Edward the Fourth.
 Gloucester, the Earl of, in King Henry the Second's court.
 Glover, Simon, the old glover of Perth.
 Glover, Catharine, his daughter, 'the Fair Maid of Perth.'
 Glover, Hans, Gertrude Pavillon's bachelor.
 Glowrowrum, Lady, a friend of Magnus Troil.
 Godfrey of Bouillon, the Crusader.
 Godfrey, Sir Edmondsbury, a magistrate killed by the Papists.
 Goffe, Captain, of the pirate vessel.
 Goldiebirds, Messrs., creditors of Sir Arthur Wardour.
 Goldthred, Laurence, the mercer near Cumnor Place.
 Goodriche, Mr., a Catholic priest at Middlemas.
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
Ivanhoe.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
Waverley.
A Legend of Montrose.
The Betrothed.
Waverley.
St. Ronan's Well.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Antiquary.
Castle Dangerous.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Heart of Midlothian.
The Antiquary.
The Antiquary.
The Antiquary.
Redgauntlet.
The Monastery.
The Monastery and The Abbot.
The Abbot.
The Pirate.
Guy Mannering.
Woodstock.
Anne of Geierstein.
The Betrothed.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
Quentin Durward.
The Pirate.
Count Robert of Paris.
Peveril of the Peak.
The Pirate.
The Antiquary.
Kenilworth.
The Surgeon's Daughter.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Goodsire, Johnnie, the weaver near Charlie's Hope farm.
 Gordon, Rev. Mr., chaplain in Cromwell's troop.
 Gordon, Francis, a drunken trooper.
 Gosling, Giles, landlord of the Black Bear Inn at Cumnor.
 Gosling, Cicely, his daughter.
 Gourlay, Ailshie, a privileged fool or jester.
 Gourlay, Ailsie, an old sibyl.
 Gow, Henry, 'Gow Chrom,' the armourer.
 Gow, Neil, the fiddler, and his son Nathaniel.
 Græme, Roland, the heir of Avenel.
 Græme, Magdalen, his grandmother, Mother Nic-neven at Kinross.
 Græme, William, the Red Reiver at Westburnflat.
 Græme, Mrs., his mother, the old hag.
 Grahame, Colonel John, of Claverhouse, afterwards the Viscount of Dundee.
 Grahame, Cornet Richard, his nephew.
 Graneangowl, Rev. Mr., Sir Duncan Campbell's chaplain.
 Grantmesnil, Sir Hugh de, one of the knights challengers.
 Gratian, Father, the begging friar at John Mengs's inn.
 Gray, old Alice, a former servant of the Ravenswoods.
 Gray, Dr. Gideon, the village doctor at Middlemas.
 Gray, Mrs., his wife.
 Gray, Menie, their daughter.
 Greenhalgh, the Earl of Derby's messenger.
 Greenhorn, Gilbert, an attorney.
 Greenhorn, Girnigo, his father.
 Greenleaf, Gilbert, the old archer at Douglas Castle.
 Gregor, Dougal, turnkey at the Edinburgh Tol-booth.
 Gregory, the armourer in Lochleven Castle.
 Gregson, Widow, Darsie Latimer's landlady at Shepherd's Bush.
 Gregson, Gilbert, Father Buonaventure's messenger.
 Grieve, Jockey, landlord of an alehouse near Charlie's Hope.
 Griffin, Allan, landlord of the Griffin Inn at Perth.
 Griffiths, the Earl of Derby's old steward.
 Griffiths, Samuel, Redgauntlet's agent in London.
 Grimesby, Gaffer, an old farmer at Marlborough.
 Grinderson, Gabriel, Mr. Greenhorn's partner.
 Grist, Goodman, the miller, a friend of the smugglers.
 Grizzel, the chamber-maid at the Kippletringan inn.
- Guy Mannerling.*
Woodstock.
The Heart of Midlothian.

Kenilworth.
Kenilworth.
The Antiquary.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
St. Ronan's Well.
The Abbot.

The Abbot.
The Black Dwarf.
The Black Dwarf.

Old Mortality.
Old Mortality.

A Legend of Montrose.

Ivanhoe.

Anne of Geierstein.

The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
Peveril of the Peak.
The Antiquary.
The Antiquary.
Castle Dangerous.

Waverley.
The Abbot.

Redgauntlet.

Redgauntlet.

Guy Mannerling.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
Peveril of the Peak.
Redgauntlet.
Kenilworth.
The Antiquary.

Redgauntlet.

Guy Mannerling.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Grizzie, Mrs. Saddletree's maid-servant.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Grizzy, one of the Rev. Josiah Cargill's servants.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Groatsetter, Miss Clara and Miss Maddie, nieces of the old Lady Glowrowrum.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Grumball, the Rev. Dr., a conspirator with Redgauntlet.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Guarine, Philip, Sir Hugo de Lacy's squire.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Gudyill, John, Lady Bellenden's butler.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Gueldres, Adolphus, Duke of.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Guenevra, the dwarf servant at the Hermit of Engaddi's cell.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Gurth, the swineherd at Rotherwood.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Guthrie, John, one of the archers of the Scottish Guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Guyot, Bertrand, one of the archers of the Scottish Guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Gwenwyn, or Gwenwynwen, Prince of Powis Land.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Gwynn, Nell, one of Charles the Second's mistresses.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Haagen, an unwilling follower of Montrose.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Hackburn, Simon of, a friend of Hobbie Elliot.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Hadaway, Jack, a former neighbour of Nanty Ewart.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Hadoway, Mrs., Lovel's landlady at Fairport.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Hagenbach, Sir Archibald von, the Governor of La Ferette.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Hakim, El, <i>see</i> Saladin.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Halcro, Claud, the Udaller's old bard.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Haldimund, Sir Ewes, a friend of Lord Dalgarno.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Halfext, John, a curate.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Halkit, Mr., a young lawyer.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Hall, Sir Christopher, an officer in the king's service.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Halliday, Tom, a private in the royal army.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Hamet, one of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert's black slaves.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Hamilton, Lady Emily, sister of Lord Evandale.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Hammerlein, Claus, the smith, one of the insurgents at Liege.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Hammorgaw, Mr., precentor at Glasgow.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Hannah, Mr. Fairford's housekeeper.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Hannah, Mr. Bindloose's housekeeper.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Hans, the pious ferryman on the banks of the Rhine.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Hansen, Neil, a soldier in the castle of Garde Doloureuse.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Hanson, Adrian, a Dutch merchant, killed at Boston.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Happer, or Hob, the miller to St. Mary's convent.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Happer, Mysie, his daughter, afterwards disguised as a page with Sir Piercie Shafton, and at last married to him.	

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Harborthel, Master Fabian, Sir Aymer de Valence's squire.
- Hardie, Mr., a young lawyer.
- Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor.
- Harpax, the centurion in the Immortal Guard.
- Harper, Will, page to Ludovic Lesly.
- Harrison, General, one of the parliamentary commissioners.
- Harrison, Lady Margaret Bellenden's steward.
- Harry, Blind, the minstrel.
- Hartley, Adam, afterwards Dr. Hartley, apprentice to Dr. Gray.
- Hassan, the story-teller, in the Arabian physician's retinue.
- Hastie, Robin, the smuggler publican at Annan.
- Hatteraick, Dirk, *alias* Jans Jansen, a Dutch smuggler captain.
- Hautlieu, Sir Artavan de, in the introduced story.
- Hautlieu, the Lady Margaret de, affianced to Sir Malcolm Fleming.
- Hawkins, boatswain of the pirate vessel.
- Hay, Colonel, in the king's service.
- Hay, John, the fisherman near Ellangowan.
- Hayston, Frank, *see* Bucklaw.
- Hazlewood, Sir Robert, of Hazlewood, an old baronet.
- Hazlewood, Charles, his son, in love with Lucy Bertram.
- Headrigg, Cuddie, the ploughman at Tillietudlem.
- Headrigg, Judden, his father.
- Headrigg, Mause, his mother.
- Heatherblutter, John, the Baron of Bradwardine's gamekeeper.
- Heavysterne, Rev. Dr., a learned professor from Utrecht.
- Hector of the Mist, an outlaw, killed by Allan M'Aulay.
- Hempfield, Jack, one of Captain Colepepper's companions.
- Henderson, Elias, the chaplain at Lochleven Castle.
- Henreich, a German lanzknecht.
- Henrietta Maria, Queen-Consort of Charles the First.
- Henry the Second, King of England.
- Herbert, Sir William, a friend of Hugo de Lacy.
- Hereward, one of the Varangian Guard.
- Heriot, Master George, the king's goldsmith.
- Heriot, Judith, his sister.
- Herman of Goodalricke, Sir.
- Hermione, the beautiful Persian lady.
- Castle Dangerous.*
- The Heart of Midlothian.*
- The Heart of Midlothian.*
- Count Robert of Paris.*
- Quentin Durward.*
- Woodstock.*
- Old Mortality.*
- The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- The Surgeon's Daughter.*
- The Talisman.*
- Redgauntlet.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Count Robert of Paris.*
- Castle Dangerous.*
- The Pirate.*
- A Legend of Montrose.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- Old Mortality.*
- Old Mortality.*
- Old Mortality.*
- Waverley.*
- The Antiquary.*
- A Legend of Montrose.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- The Abbot.*
- Quentin Durward.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Betrothed and The Talisman.*
- The Betrothed.*
- Count Robert of Paris.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Ivanhoe.*
- Anne of Geierstein.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Hermione, Lady, or Lady Erminia Pauletti, privately married to Lord Dalgarno. *The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Heron, Sir George, of Chipchase, an officer with Sir John Foster. *The Monastery.*
- Herries, Lord, attending Queen Mary to Dundrennan. *The Abbot.*
- Herries, Mr., of Birrenswork, *see* Redgauntlet, Edward Hugh.
- Hertford, the Marquis of, in Charles the Second's court. *Woodstock.*
- Heskett, Ralph, landlord of the village ale-house. *The Two Drovers.*
- Heskett, Dame, his wife. *The Two Drovers.*
- Hettly, May, an old servant of David Deans. *The Heart of Midlothian.*
- Heukbane, Mrs., the butcher's wife, a friend of Mrs. Mailsetter. *The Antiquary.*
- Hewit, Godfrey Bertram, natural son of Mr. Godfrey Bertram. *Guy Mannering.*
- Higg, 'the son of Snell,' the lame witness at the trial of Rebecca. *Ivanhoe.*
- Highland Widow, the, *see* MacTavish, Elspat.
- Hilarius, Brother, the refectioneer at St. Mary's. *The Monastery.*
- Hildebrod, Duke, president of the Alsatian Club. *The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Hillary, Tom, the town-clerk's apprentice, afterwards Captain Hillary. *The Surgeon's Daughter.*
- Hinchup, Dame, a peasant at the execution of Meg Murdockson. *The Heart of Midlothian.*
- Hislop, John, the old carrier of St. Ronan's. *St. Ronan's Well.*
- Hob Miller, of Twyford, one of the insurgents. *The Betrothed.*
- Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, one of the huntsmen near Charlie's Hope farm. *Guy Mannering.*
- Hobbler, the Rev. Dr., at Ellieslaw Castle, one of the Jacobite conspirators. *The Black Dwarf.*
- Hochspringen, the young Duke of, in Donnerhugel's narrative. *Anne of Geierstein.*
- Hodge, one of Luke Lundin's bodyguard. *The Abbot.*
- Hodges, John, a servant of Waverley. *Waverley.*
- Hodges, Joe, Bertram's landlord by the lake near Mervyn Hall. *Guy Mannering.*
- Hodgeson, Gaffer, a Puritan. *Peveril of the Peak.*
- Holdenough, Master Nehemiah, the Presbyterian preacher. *Woodstock.*
- Holdforth, Master, 'the afternoon's lecturer' of Saint Antonlin's. *Kenilworth.*
- Holiday, Erasmus, the schoolmaster in the Vale of Whitehorse. *Kenilworth.*
- Hookem, Mr., Lawyer Clippurse's partner. *Waverley.*
- Horsington, a groom at Ellieslaw Castle. *The Black Dwarf.*
- Horst, Conrade, one of the insurgents at Liege. *Quentin Durward.*
- Hostler, Jack, of Dame Crane's inn. *Kenilworth.*
- Houghton, Sergeant, in Waverley's regiment. *Waverley.*
- Howatson, Luckie, the midwife at Ellangowan. *Guy Mannering.*
- Howden, Jock, one of the Black Dwarf's patients. *The Black Dwarf.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Howden, Mrs., the saleswoman.
 Howie, Jamie, Malcolm Bradwardine's bailie.
 Howie, Willie, one of Edie Ochiltree's friends.
 Howlaglass, Master, a preacher, Justice Maultstatute's friend.
 Hubert, an archer under Sir Philip de Malvoisin.
 Hudson, Sir Geoffrey, the celebrated dwarf, formerly page to Queen Henrietta Maria.
 Hudson, Tam, a gamekeeper.
 Hugh, the blacksmith, of Ringleburn, a friend of Hobbie Elliot.
 Hugh, Count of Vermandois, a crusader.
 Hugonet, Hugo, the Douglas minstrel.
 Humgudgeon, Corporal Grace-be-here, in Cromwell's troop.
 Hundebert, the steward at Rotherwood.
 Hundwolf, the Lady of Baldringham's steward.
 Hunsdon, Lord, one of the Wardens of the Marches.
 Huntingdon, Lord, Queen Elizabeth's cousin.
 Huntingdon, the Earl of, at Queen Elizabeth's court.
 Huntingdon, David, Earl of, the Prince Royal of Scotland.
 Huntinglen, the Earl of, an old Scottish nobleman.
 Huntly, the Marquis of, in the king's service.
 Hutcheon, the old domestic in Wandering Willie's tale.
 Hutcheon, one of Julian Avenel's retainers.
 Hyder Ali Khan Behauder, the Nawaub of Mysore.
 Hymbereourt, Baron d', one of the Duke of Burgundy's officers.
 Hyndman, Master, usher to the council-chamber at Holyrood.
- Ilderim, *see* Saladin.
 Ilderton, Lucy, Isabel Vere's cousin and confidante.
 Ilderton, Nancy, Miss Vere's 'timid' cousin.
 Ingelram, Abbot, of St. Mary's.
 Inglewood, Squire, a magistrate near Osbaldistone Hall.
 Inglis, Frank, a corporal in the royal army.
 Ingoldsby, Squire, one of Redgauntlet's names.
 Ireby, Mr., a country squire.
 Irene, the Empress of Greece.
 Irwin, Hannah, Clara Mowbray's confidante.
 Isaac of York, the Jew.
 Isabelle, Canoness of Triers.
 Ismail, 'the infidel,' one of the Immortal Guard.
- The Heart of Midlothian.*
Waverley.
The Antiquary.
Peveril of the Peak.
Ivanhoe.
Peveril of the Peak.
Guy Mannering.
The Black Dwarf.
Count Robert of Paris.
Castle Dangerous.
Woodstock.
Ivanhoe.
The Betrothed.
The Monastery.
Kenilworth.
Kenilworth.
The Talisman.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
A Legend of Montrose.
Redgauntlet.
The Monastery.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
Quentin Durward.
The Abbot.
The Black Dwarf.
The Black Dwarf.
The Monastery.
Rob Roy.
Old Mortality.
Redgauntlet.
The Two Drovers.
Count Robert of Paris.
St. Ronan's Well.
Ivanhoe.
Quentin Durward.
Count Robert of Paris.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Ivanhoe, Sir Wilfred, Knight of, King Richard's favourite, Cedric of Rotherwood's disinherited son.

Ivanhoe.

Iverach, or Stewart, Allan, at the Clachan of Aberfoil.

Rob Roy.

Jabos, Jock, the postilion at the Kippletringan inn.
Jacqueline, a name assumed by the Countess of Croye.

Guy Mannering.

James I, King of England.

Quentin Durward.

James, Prince, youngest son of King Robert III.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Jamieson, Bet, the nurse at Dr. Gray's.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

Janet, the Ramsays' Scotch laundress.

The Surgeon's Daughter.

Janet of Tomahourich, Muhme.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Jannekin, Little, apprentice to Henry Smith.

The Two Drovers.

Jarvie, Bailie Nicol, the Glasgow magistrate.

The Fair Maid of Perth.

Jasper, the old ploughman at Glendearg Tower.

Rob Roy.

Jaup, Alison, an old woman at Middlemas village.

The Monastery.

Jaup, Saunders, a farmer at old St. Ronan's.

The Surgeon's Daughter.

Jehoiachim, the Quaker's servant.

St. Ronan's Well.

Jekyl, Captain Harry, confidential friend of the Earl of Etherington.

Redgauntlet.

Jellicot, Joan, Jocelin's old dame.

St. Ronan's Well.

Jenkin, one of Julian Avenel's retainers.

Woodstock.

Jenkins, Jack, one of the Duke of Buckingham's men.

The Monastery.

Jenkins, Jack, one of the pirate crew.

Peveril of the Peak.

Jephson, an old smuggler.

The Pirate.

Jeremy, Master, Lord Saville's head domestic.

Redgauntlet.

Jerningham, Master Thomas, the Duke of Buckingham's gentleman.

Peveril of the Peak.

Jerome, Father, the abbot at St. Bride's convent.

Peveril of the Peak.

Jervie, Provost, of Fairport.

Castle Dangerous.

Jessy, Clara Mowbray's waiting-maid.

The Antiquary.

Jeunesse, La, the solitary attendant of the Marquis of Hautlieu.

St. Ronan's Well.

Jezdegerd, the dreaded opponent of Alexius Comnenus.

Quentin Durward.

Jim, Reginald Lowestoffe's boy.

Count Robert of Paris.

Jin Vin, Jenkin Vincent.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Jinker, Lieutenant Jamie, the horse-dealer at Doune.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Joan, one of the Princesses of France, affianced to the Duke of Orleans.

Waverley.

Jobson, Mr. Joseph, Squire Inglewood's clerk.

Quentin Durward.

Jock o' Dawston Cleugh, a neighbour of Dandy Dinmont.

Rob Roy.

Jock, Slounging, one of Mac-Guffog the jailer's men.

Guy Mannering.

John or Jan, one of Squire Ingoldsby's servants.

Guy Mannering.

John, the driver of the Queensferry diligence.

Redgauntlet.

John, Prince, son of King Henry II.

The Antiquary.

The Betrothed.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

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|---|---|
| <p>John, Prince, of Anjou.
 John o' the Girnell, the Jolly Abbot.
 Johnstone, Dick, the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth.
 Johnstone, Auld Willie, an old fisherman.
 Johnstone, Peggy, his daughter.
 Joliffe, Lady Penelope Penfeather's footman.
 Joliffe, Joceline, the under keeper of Woodstock forest.
 Jonathan, one of General Harrison's servants.
 Jonathan, an attendant on Lord Saville.
 Jones, Mrs., Lady Penelope Penfeather's waiting woman.
 Jopson, Jacob, the farmer at the village near Clifton, who sheltered Edward Waverley.
 Jopson, Cicely, his daughter, afterwards married to Ned Williams.
 Jorworth-ap-Jevan, Prince Gwenwyn's envoy.
 Josceline, Sir, an English knight, a crusader.
 Joseph, the old gardener at Shaws Castle.</p> | <p><i>Ivanhoe.</i>
 <i>The Antiquary.</i>
 <i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
 <i>Guy Mannering.</i>
 <i>Guy Mannering.</i>
 <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i></p> |
| <p>Kaimes, Lord, a Scottish judge.
 Keelavine, Mr., the painter at the Spa hotel.
 Keltie, old, the innkeeper near Kinross.
 Kennedy, Frank, an excise officer murdered by the smugglers.
 Kenneth, Sir, the Knight of the Leopard, a disguise assumed by David, Earl of Huntingdon.
 Kenneth, one of Sir John Ramorny's followers.
 Kerneguy, Louis, a name assumed by Charles II.
 Kettledrummy, Gabriel, a Covenanter preacher.
 Kilderkin, Ned, at Greenwich.
 Kilian of Kersberg, Sir Archibald von Hagenbach's squire.
 Killancureit, the Laird of, <i>see</i> Bullsegg.
 Kinfrauns, Baron of, <i>see</i> Charteris.
 Kirk, Mr. John, foreman of the jury that tried Effie Deans.
 Kittlecourt, Sir Thomas, M.P., a neighbour of the Laird of Ellangowan.
 Knighton, the Duke of Buckingham's groom.
 Knock, Duncan, Captain of Knockdunder.
 Knockwinnock, Sybil, mother of Malcolm Misbegot.
 Kyle, David, landlord of the George Inn at Kennaquhair.</p> | <p><i>Woodstock.</i>
 <i>Woodstock.</i>
 <i>Peveril of the Peak.</i></p> <p><i>St. Ronan's Well.</i></p> <p><i>Waverley.</i></p> <p><i>Waverley.</i>
 <i>The Betrothed.</i>
 <i>The Talisman.</i>
 <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i></p> |
| <p>Kilgus, Lord, a Scottish judge.
 Keelavine, Mr., the painter at the Spa hotel.
 Keltie, old, the innkeeper near Kinross.
 Kennedy, Frank, an excise officer murdered by the smugglers.
 Kenneth, Sir, the Knight of the Leopard, a disguise assumed by David, Earl of Huntingdon.
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 Kilderkin, Ned, at Greenwich.
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 Killancureit, the Laird of, <i>see</i> Bullsegg.
 Kinfrauns, Baron of, <i>see</i> Charteris.
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 Knighton, the Duke of Buckingham's groom.
 Knock, Duncan, Captain of Knockdunder.
 Knockwinnock, Sybil, mother of Malcolm Misbegot.
 Kyle, David, landlord of the George Inn at Kennaquhair.</p> | <p><i>Redgauntlet.</i>
 <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
 <i>The Abbot.</i></p> <p><i>Guy Mannering.</i></p> <p><i>The Talisman.</i>
 <i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
 <i>Woodstock.</i>
 <i>Old Mortality.</i>
 <i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i></p> <p><i>Anne of Geierstein.</i></p> |
| <p>Lacy, Sir Hugo de, the constable of Chester, a crusader.
 Lacy, Damian de, his nephew, afterwards married to Lady Eveline.
 Lacy, Randal de, Sir Hugo's kinsman, in several disguises.</p> | <p><i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i></p> <p><i>Guy Mannering.</i>
 <i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
 <i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i></p> <p><i>The Antiquary.</i></p> <p><i>The Monastery.</i></p> <p><i>The Betrothed.</i>
 <i>The Betrothed.</i>
 <i>The Betrothed.</i></p> |

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Laidar, Donald, one of the prisoners at Portanferry.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Laird's Jock, the, <i>see</i> Armstrong, John.	
Lambert, General, the parliamentary leader.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Lambourne, Michael, a retainer of the Earl of Leicester.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Lambskin, Mrs. Alice, companion to Mrs. Baliol.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Lamington, a follower of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Lamplugh, Will, a smuggler.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Landais, Peter, the Duke of Bretagne's favourite minister.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Laneham, Master Robert, clerk of the council-chamber door.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Laneham, Sibyl, his wife, one of the revellers at Kenilworth Castle.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Langcald, the Laird of, a leader in the Covenanters' army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Langley, Sir Frederick, a suitor of Miss Vere, one of the Jacobite conspirators.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Langtale, Mr., the advocate.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Lapraik, Laurie, Steenie Steenson's friend.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Lascaris, a citizen.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Latherum, the barber, at the Black Bear Inn, at Darlington.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Latimer, Darsie, <i>see</i> Redgauntlet.	
Latimer, Mr. Ralph, Darsie Latimer's pretended father.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Lauderdale, Duke of, president of the Scottish privy council.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Launcelot, bard to the Countess Brenhilda's father.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Laurence, Tom, <i>alias</i> Tyburn Tam, a highwayman.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Lawford, Mr., the town clerk of Middlemas.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Lawson, Sandie, landlord of the Spa hotel.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Le Glorieux, the Duke's jester.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Lee, Sir Henry, an officer in attendance at Greenwich palace.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Lee, Sir Henry, ranger of Woodstock.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Lee, Alice, his daughter, afterwards married to Markham Everard.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Lee, Colonel Albert, his son, Charles the Second's friend.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Lee, Victor, an ancestor of Sir Henry.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Leicester, Robert Dudley, Earl of.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Leicester, the Countess of, formerly Amy Robsart.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Leopold, Archduke of Austria, a crusader.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Lesley, Mr., a friend of Captain M'Intyre.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Leslie, General, a parliamentary leader.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Lesly, Ludovic, 'Le Balafre,' an old archer of the Scottish Guard, uncle of Quentin Durward.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Leven, the Earl of, a parliamentary leader.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Levitt, Frank, a highwayman.
 Lickitup, the Laird of, one of Niel Blane's customers.
 Lightbody, Jean, Gibbie Girder's wife.
 Lightbody, Luckie, *alias* 'Marion Loup the Dyke,' Jean's mother.
 Lighto'heel, Janet, mother of Godfrey Bertram Hewit.
 Lillas, the Lady of Avenel's handmaiden.
 Lincoln, the Bishop of.
 Lindsay, Lord, one of the embassy to Queen Mary.
 Lindsay, an archer of the Scottish Guard.
 Linklater, Laurie, yeoman of the king's kitchen, a friend of Richie Moniplies.
 Littlejohn, Bailie, a magistrate at Fairport.
 Little John and Robin Hood.
 Lochleven, the Lady of, mother of the Regent Murray.
 Lockhard, Mr., confidential servant of Sir William Ashton.
 Locksley, or Robin Hood.
 Logothete, the, chancellor of the Grecian Empire.
 Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, high justiciary in England during King Richard's absence.
 Longsword, *see* Salisbury, Earl of.
 Longueville, Thomas de, the Red Rover.
 Loredani, Giacomo, King Richard's interpreter.
 Lorimer, on guard at Ardenvoehr castle.
 Lorn, M'Dougal of.
 Louis the Eleventh, King of France, first disguised as Maitre Pierre, a merchant.
 Louis the Eleventh, King of France.
 Louis of Bourbon, the Prince-Bishop of Liege.
 Louis, Duke of Orleans.
 Louis, one of Julian Avenel's retainers.
 Louise, the glee-maiden.
 Louponheight, the young Laird of, at the ball at Middlemas.
 Lovel, Mr., afterward Lord William Geraldin.
 Lowestoffe, Reginald, a young Templar.
 Lowrie, Tam, the innkeeper at Marchthorn.
 Lowther, Jack, a smuggler.
 Lumley, Captain, in the Royal Army.
 Lundin, Sir Louis, the town clerk of Perth.
 Lundin, Dr. Luke, the chamberlain at Kinross.
 Lutin, Lord Dalgarno's gipsy page.
 Lyle, Annot, daughter of the Knight of Ardenvoehr.
 Lysimachus, an artist of Constantinople.
 M'Alpin, Sergeant More.
 M'Alpin, Janet, his sister.
The Heart of Midlothian.
Old Mortality.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
Guy Mannering.
The Abbot.
Kenilworth.
The Abbot.
Quentin Durward.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
The Antiquary.
The Talisman.
The Abbot.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
Ivanhoe.
Count Robert of Paris.
The Talisman.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Talisman.
A Legend of Montrose.
A Legend of Montrose.
Quentin Durward.
Anne of Geierstein.
Quentin Durward.
Quentin Durward.
The Monastery.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Surgeon's Daughter.
The Antiquary.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
St. Ronan's Well.
Redgauntlet.
Old Mortality.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Abbot.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
A Legend of Montrose.
Count Robert of Paris.
A Legend of Montrose.
A Legend of Montrose.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

MacAlpine, Jeanie, landlady of the Clachan of Aberfoil.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
MacAnaleister, Eachin, a follower of Rob Roy.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
M'Aulay, Allan, or Allan of the Red Hand, in love with Annot Lyle.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
M'Aulay, Angus, a Highland chief.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Macbriar, Ephraim, an enthusiast preacher.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
MacCallum, Dougal, Sir Robert Redgauntlet's butler.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Mac-Candlish, Mrs., landlady of the Gordon Arms Inn at Kippletringan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mac-Casquil, Mr., of Drumquag, a relation of Mrs. Margaret Bertram.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Maccombich, Evan Dhu, foster brother of Fergus Mac-Ivor.	<i>Waverley.</i>
M'Combich, or MacGregor, Robin Oig, a Highland drover.	<i>The Two Drovers.</i>
Mac-Crosskie of Crookstone, Deacon, a neighbour of the Laird of Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
M'Donald, Alaster, young Colkitto.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
M'Dougal of Lorn, a Highland chief.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
MacEagh, Ranald, one of the Children of the Mist, Allan M'Aulay's foe.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
MacEagh, Kenneth, his grandson.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
MacEvoy, Janet, Mrs. Croftangry's landlady.	<i>The Highland Widow.]</i>
MacFarlane, Elspeth, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's mother.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
MacFarlane, Maggy, wife of Duncan MacNab.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Macfie, the Laird of Gudgeonford, a neighbour of the Laird of Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Macfin, Miles, the cadie at Edinburgh.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
MacFittoch, Mr., the dancing-master at Middlemas.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Mac-Grainer, Master, a dissenting minister at Kippletringan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
MacGregor, Rob Roy, the outlaw, or Robert Campbell.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
MacGregor, Helen, Rob Roy's wife.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
MacGregor, Hamish and Robert Oig, their sons.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Mac-Gruthar, Sandy, a beggar.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mac-Guffog, David, the keeper of Portanferry prison.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mac-Guffog, Mrs., his wife.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
MacIan, Gilchrist, father of Ian Eachin.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
MacIan, Hector, Ian Eachin or Connachar.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
M'Ilduy, or Mhich-Connel Dhu, a Highland chief.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
M'Intyre, Mary, the Antiquary's niece.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
M'Intyre, Captain Hector, her brother.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mac-Ivor, Fergus, or Vich Ian Vohr, the chief of Glennaquoich.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mac-Ivor, Flora, his sister.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mackerris, Colonel, the author's 'excellent friend and neighbour.'	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Mackitchinson, the landlord at the Queensferry inn.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
M'Lean, Sir Hector, a Highland chief.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Macleary, Widow, landlady of the Tully-Veolan village alehouse.	<i>Waverley.</i>
MacLeish, Donald, Mrs. Baliol's postilion.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Macleuchar, Mrs., the book-keeper at the coach-office in Edinburgh.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
MacLewis, captain of the king's guard.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Maclure, Elizabeth, an old widow, a Covenanter.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Mac-Morlan, Mr., Lucy Bertram's guardian.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mac-Morlan, Mrs., his wife.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mac-Murrough nan Fonn, Fergus Mac-Ivor's family bard.	<i>Waverley.</i>
MacPhadraick, Miles, a Highland soldier.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Macpherson, Secundus, translator of Annot Lyle's ballads.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Macraw, Francie, an old domestic at the Earl of Glenallan's.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
MacRae, Peter, the old piper of Stornoway.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Macready, Pate, a pedlar, Andrew Fairservice's friend.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
MacTavish Mhor, or Hamish MacTavish, a Highland outlaw.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
MacTavish, Elspat, or 'the woman of the tree,' his widow.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
MacTavish, Hamish Bean, their son.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
MacTurk, Captain Hector, 'the man of peace' at the Spa hotel.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
MacVittie, Ephraim, a Glasgow merchant.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Macwheeble, Duncan, the Baron of Bradwardine's bailie.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mahony, Dugald, Evan Dhu's attendant.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mailsetter, Mrs., keeper of the Fairport post-office.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mailsetter, Davie, her son.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Malachi, the canting smuggler's assistant.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Malagrowther, Sir Mungo, a crabbed old courtier.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Malcolm, the Usurper.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Malvoisin, Sir Albert de, a preceptor of the Knights Templars.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Malvoisin, Sir Philip de, one of the knights challengers.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Mangerton, the Laird of, John Armstrong.	<i>The Laird's Jock.</i>
Mangleman, Mungo, the surgeon at Greenock.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Mannering, Guy, the successful Indian colonel.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mannering, Mrs., his wife, formerly Sophia Wellwood.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mannering, Julia, their daughter, afterwards married to Henry Bertram.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mannering, Sir Paul, Guy's rich uncle.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mansel, Sir Edward, lieutenant of the Tower of London.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Mansel, Lady, his wife.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Marchmont, Matilda, Julia Mannering's confidante.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Marcian, armourer to Count Robert.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Marck, William de la, 'the Wild Boar of Ardennes,' a French noble.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Mareschal of Mareschal Wells, one of the Jacobite conspirators.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Margaret of Anjou, widow of King Henry the Sixth of England.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Margery, Lady Eveline's old nurse.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Markham, in the Earl of Sussex's train.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Marsport, Mungo, prosecutor of Captain Lackland.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Martha, Dame, Major Bridgenorth's housekeeper.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Martha, the servant girl at Shaws Castle.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Martha, the Abbess, of Elcho nunnery, a kinswoman of the Glovers.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Martha, the old housekeeper at Osbaldistone Hall.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Martha, <i>alias</i> Ulrica, mother of Hereward's betrothed.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Marthon, the old cook at Arnheim Castle.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Marthon, <i>alias</i> Rizpah, a Bohemian woman, attendant of the Countess of Croye.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Martigny, Marie, Countess de, mother of Frank Tyrrel.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Martin, Dame, Darsie Latimer's partner at the fishers' dance.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Martin, Luckie, mistress of a change-house.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Martin, the old verdurer.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Martin, the old shepherd, with the Lady of Avenel.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Martival, Stephen de, a steward of the field at the tournament.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Martivalle, Galeotti, the astrologer.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Mary, Queen of Scots.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Masters, Doctor, the queen's physician.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Mattie, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's maid-servant, and afterwards his wife.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Maugrabin, Zamet, a Bohemian hanged near Plessis.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Maugrabin, Hayraddin, his brother, afterwards disguised as Rouge Sanglier.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Mauley, Sir Edward, the Black Dwarf.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Maulstatute, Master, a magistrate.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Maultext, Melchisedek, a preacher.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Mause, Cuddie Headrigg's mother, a Covenanter.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Mauthe Doog, the fiend supposed to haunt Peel Castle.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Maxwell, the deputy chamberlain at Whitehall.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Maxwell, Mr., the Laird of Summertrees, 'Pate in Peril.'	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Maxwell, William, Lord Evandale.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Mayflower, Phœbe, a servant of Sir Henry Lee.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Meiklehose, Isaac, one of the elders of Roseneath parish.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Meiklewham, Mr. Saunders, 'the man of law,' at the Spa hotel.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Melchior, a monk attending the Black Priest of St. Paul's.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Melville, Major, a magistrate at Cairnvreckan village.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Melville, Sir Robert, one of the embassy to Queen Mary.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Mengs, John, the surly innkeeper at Kirchhoff village.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Menteith, the Earl of, a kinsman of the Earl of Montrose.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Mercer, Major, at the presidency at Madras.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Meredith, Mr., one of the conspirators with Redgauntlet.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Meredith, Mr. Michael, 'the man of mirth' at the Spa hotel.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Meredith, a Welsh knight.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Merrilies, Meg, 'Beelzebub's postmistress.'	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Mertoun, Basil, <i>alias</i> Vaughan, formerly a pirate.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Mertoun, Mordaunt, his son, in love with Brenda Troil.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Mervyn, Arthur, Julia Mannering's guardian.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Middleburgh, Mr. James, a magistrate in Edinburgh.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Middlemas, Mr. Matthew, a name assumed by General Witherington.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Middlemas, Mrs., his wife.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Middlemas, Richard, their son, the surgeon's apprentice.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Milan, the Duke of, an Italian nobleman.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Miller, the, one of Locksley's men.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Mincing, Mrs., maid to Julia Mannering.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Misbegot, or Misticot, Malcolm, natural son of Sybil Knockwinnock.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mitford, Colonel, a friend of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Mixit, Dr., the apothecary at the Black Bear Inn at Darlington.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Moffat, Mabel, Redgauntlet's domestic.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Moidart, John of, captain of the Clan Ranald in Montrose's army.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Monçada, Zilia de, married to General Witherington.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Monçada, Matthias de, her father, a merchant.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Moncrieff of Tippermalloch, a 'popish' laird.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Moniplies, Richie, Lord Nigel's Scotch servant.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Monk, General.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Monkbarns, Provost, the Antiquary's father.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Monmouth, the Duke of, commander in chief of the royal army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

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| Montenay, Sir Philip de, an English knight. | <i>Castle Dangerous.</i> |
| Montfaucon, the Lady Calista of, Queen Berengaria's attendant. | <i>The Talisman.</i> |
| Mont-Fitchet, Conrade, a preceptor of the Knights Templars. | <i>Ivanhoe.</i> |
| Monthermer, Guy, a nobleman in Henry the Second's service. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Montjoie, the chief herald of France. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Montreville, Madame Adela, or the Begum Mootee Mahul. | <i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i> |
| Montrose, the Duke of, commander in chief of the royalist army. | <i>Rob Roy.</i> |
| Montrose, the Marquis of. | <i>Woodstock.</i> |
| Montrose, James Grahame, Earl of, the king's lieutenant in Scotland. | <i>A Legend of Montrose.</i> |
| Montserrat, Conrade, Marquis of, a crusader. | <i>The Talisman.</i> |
| Moonshine, Saunders, a smuggler. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Mordaunt, Queen Margaret's secretary at Aix. | <i>Anne of Geierstein.</i> |
| Morgan, one of Prince Gwenwyn's soldiers. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Mornay, the old seneschal at Earl Herbert's tower at Peronne. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Morolt, Dennis, Sir Raymond's old squire. | <i>The Betrothed.</i> |
| Morris, a domestic of the Earl of Derby. | <i>Peveril of the Peak.</i> |
| Morris, Mr., Frank Osbaldistone's timid fellow traveller with the portmanteau. | <i>Rob Roy.</i> |
| Morrison, Hugh, a Lowland drover. | <i>The Two Drovers.</i> |
| Mortcloke, Mr., the undertaker at Mrs. Margaret Bertram's funeral. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Mortemar, Alberick of, an exiled noble, <i>alias</i> Theodorick, the hermit of Engaddi. | <i>The Talisman.</i> |
| Morton, the Earl of, in Queen Mary's service. | <i>The Monastery.</i> |
| Morton, the Earl of, a member of the privy council of Scotland. | <i>The Abbot.</i> |
| Morton, the Rev. Mr., the pastor of Cairnvreckan village. | <i>Waverley.</i> |
| Morton, Henry, a suitor of Miss Edith Bellenden's, and a leader in the Covenanters' army with Balfour. | <i>Old Mortality.</i> |
| Morton, Ralph, of Milnwood, Henry's uncle. | <i>Old Mortality.</i> |
| Morton, Colonel Silas, of Milnwood, Henry's father. | <i>Old Mortality.</i> |
| Mortsheugh, Johnie, the old sexton. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Mowbray, Mr. John, lord of the manor of St. Ronan's. | <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i> |
| Mowbray, Clara, his sister, betrothed to Frank Tyrrel, but married to Valentine Bulmer. | <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i> |
| Mowbray, Reginald Scrogie, father of Peregrine Touchwood. | <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i> |
| Mucklebackit, Saunders, the old fisherman at Musselcrag. | <i>The Antiquary.</i> |
| Mucklebackit, Elspeth, or Elspeth Cheyne, mother of Saunders. | <i>The Antiquary.</i> |

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Mucklebackit, Maggie, his wife.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mucklebackit, Steenie, their eldest son (drowned).	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mucklebackit, little Jenny, their daughter.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mucklebackit, Patie, Saunders's favourite child.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Mucklewrath, Habakkuk, a fanatic preacher.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Mucklewrath, John, the smith at Cairnvreckan village.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mucklewrath, Dame, his wife, a virago.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Multon, Sir Thomas de, of Gilsland, Lord de Vaux, a crusader.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Mumblazen, Master Michael, the old herald, a dependant on Sir Hugh Robsart.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Mumps, Tib, the landlady of the alehouse on the road to Charlie's Hope farm.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Murdockson, Meg, mother of Madge Wildfire.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Murray, the Earl of, in Queen Mary's service.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Murray, the Earl of, regent of Scotland.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Muschat, Nichol, the wife-murderer.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Musgrave, Sir Miles, an officer in the king's service.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Myrebeau, le Sieur de, one of the committee of the Estates of Burgundy.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Mysie, Lady Margaret Bellenden's female attendant.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Mysie, the old housekeeper at Wolf's Crag tower.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Narses, a domestic slave of the Emperor of Greece.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Neal, an attendant on the Marquis of Argyle.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Nectabanus, the dwarf, at the hermit of Engaddi's cell.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Neilson, Mr. Christopher, a surgeon at Glasgow.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Neipperg, Lawrenz, the Blue Cavalier.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Nell, a servant at Martindale Castle.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Nelly, Mrs. Dinmont's servant girl.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Netherstane, Edie, the miller at Grindieburn.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Neville, Sir Henry, King Richard's chamberlain.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Neville, Eveline, married to the Earl of Glenallan, mother of Lord Geraldin.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Neville, Major, an assumed name of Lord Geraldin.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Neville, Mr. Geraldin, uncle to Lord Geraldin.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Newcastle, the Duchess of, at Charles the Second's court.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Newcastle, the Marquis of, in King Charles the First's service.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Nicanor, the Protospathaire, a Greek general.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Nicneven, Mother, a name given to Magdalen Græme.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Nicodemus, one of General Harrison's servants.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Nicolas, Brother, a monk at St. Mary's convent.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Nigel, Lord, Olifaunt of Glenvarloch.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Nixon, Cristal, Mr. Redgauntlet's agent.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Nixon, Martha, the Earl of Oxford's old nurse.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Noble, Hobbie, an English outlaw.
 Norman, Sir William Ashton's forester.
 Norman nan Ord, or Norman of the hammer.
 Norna of the Fitful Head, 'the Reimkennar.'
 North, Lord, one of the judges.
 Northampton, the Earl of, a friend of the Earl of Huntinglen.
 Nosebag, Mrs., Waverley's inquisitive travelling companion.
 Novit, Mr. Nichil, the old Laird of Dumbiedikes's lawyer.
 Oates, Dr. Titus, the champion of the Popish Plot.
 Ochiltree, Edie, a king's bedesman, or blue-gown, the wandering beggar.
 O'Kean, Lieutenant, a former admirer of Mrs. Margaret Bertram.
 Olave, brother of Norna's father, and grandsire of Minna and Brenda.
 Oldbuck, Jonathan, the Antiquary, Laird of Monkbarns.
 Oldbuck, Miss Griselda, his sister.
 Old Mortality, the itinerant antiquary.
 Olifant, Basil, a kinsman of Lady Margaret Bellenden.
 Olifaunt of Glenvarloch, Lord Nigel.
 Oliver, Jack, a friend of Darsie Latimer.
 Oliver le Dain, or Oliver le Diable, Louis the Eleventh's favourite minister.
 O'Quilligan, Major, an adversary of Dugald Dalgetty.
 Orleans, Louis, Duke of.
 Ormond, the Duke of, a privy councillor.
 Ormston, Jock, a sheriff's officer at Fairport.
 Orrock, Puggie, a sheriff's officer at Fairport.
 Osbaldistone, William, a London merchant.
 Osbaldistone, Frank, his son, in love with Diana Vernon.
 Osbaldistone, Sir Hildebrand, Frank's uncle.
 Osbaldistone, Percival, 'the sot,' Sir Hildebrand's heir.
 Osbaldistone, Thorncliff, 'the bully,' Sir Hildebrand's favourite son.
 Osbaldistone, John, 'the game-keeper'; Richard, 'the horse-jockey'; Wilfred, 'the fool'; Rashleigh, 'the scholar,' other sons of Sir Hildebrand.
 Osmund, an old Varangian guard.
 Ostler, Dick, one of Mrs. Bickerton's menservants.
 Oswald, the cup-bearer at Rotherwood.
 Otranto, Tancred, Prince of, a crusader.
 Otranto, Ernest of, page to Prince Tancred.
 Outram, Lance, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's park-keeper.
- The Laird's Jock.*
The Bride of Lammermoor.
The Fair Maid of Perth.
The Pirate.
Peveril of the Peak.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
Waverley.
The Heart of Midlothian.
Peveril of the Peak.
The Antiquary.
Guy Mannering.
The Pirate.
The Antiquary.
The Antiquary.
Old Mortality.
Old Mortality.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
Redgauntlet.
Quentin Durward and Anne of Geierstein.
A Legend of Montrose.
Quentin Durward.
Peveril of the Peak.
The Antiquary.
The Antiquary.
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy.
Count Robert of Paris.
The Heart of Midlothian.
Ivanhoe.
Count Robert of Paris.
Count Robert of Paris.
Peveril of the Peak.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

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| Overdees, Rowley, a highwayman. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Overton, Colonel, in Cromwell's troop. | <i>Woodstock.</i> |
| Owen, Mr. Osbaldistone senior's confidential clerk. | <i>Rob Roy.</i> |
| Owen, Sam, Darsie Latimer's groom. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Oxford, the young Earl of, of Queen Elizabeth's court. | <i>Kenilworth.</i> |
| Oxford, John, Earl of, an exiled Lancastrian first disguised as the elder Philipson, a merchant. | <i>Anne of Geierstein.</i> |
| Oxford, the Countess of, his wife. | <i>Anne of Geierstein.</i> |
| Pacolet, or Nick Strumpfer. | <i>The Pirate.</i> |
| Paget, Lady, a lady of the Queen's bedchamber. | <i>Kenilworth.</i> |
| Palmer, the, Wilfred, knight of Ivanhoe, in disguise. | <i>Ivanhoe.</i> |
| Pate-in-Peril, <i>see</i> Maxwell, Mr. | |
| Paterson, Pate, Bryce Snailsfoot's serving boy. | <i>The Pirate.</i> |
| Patrick, an old domestic at Shaws Castle. | <i>St. Ronan's Well.</i> |
| Pattieson, Peter, a protégé of Jedediah Cleishbotham. | <i>Tales of My Landlord.</i> |
| Pattieson, Paul, brother of Peter. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Patullo, Mrs., Lady Ashton's waiting woman. | <i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i> |
| Pauline, Mademoiselle, or Monna Paula, the Lady Hermione's attendant. | <i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i> |
| Paupiah, the British Governor's steward at Madras. | <i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i> |
| Pavillon, Meinheer Hermann, the syndic at Liege. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Pavillon, Mother Mabel, his wife. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Pavillon, Trudchen or Gertrude, their daughter, betrothed to Hans Glover. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Pearson, Captain Gilbert, Cromwell's officer in attendance. | <i>Woodstock.</i> |
| Peebles, 'Poor Peter Peebles,' the pauper litigant. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Peel-the-Causeway, a friend of the smugglers. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Peggy, the laundry maid at Colonel Mannering's. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Peggy, the old widow Maclure's grandchild. | <i>Old Mortality.</i> |
| Pembroke, the Earl of, uncle to Sir Aymer de Valence. | <i>Castle Dangerous.</i> |
| Pembroke, the Rev. Mr., chaplain at Waverley Honour. | <i>Waverley.</i> |
| Penfeather, Lady Penelope, the lady patroness at the Spa. | <i>St. Ronan's Well</i> |
| Pengwinion, Mr., a Jacobite conspirator with Mr. Redgauntlet. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Penny, Jock, a highwayman. | <i>Guy Mannering.</i> |
| Pest, Mr., a barrister. | <i>Redgauntlet.</i> |
| Peter, Father, a learned monk of Aberbrothock. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Peter the Hermit, with the crusaders. | <i>Count Robert of Paris.</i> |
| Peter of the Brig, the bridge-keeper. | <i>The Monastery and The Abbot.</i> |
| Peters, Hugh, a famous divine. | <i>Peveril of the Peak.</i> |
| Petit-André, an executioner. | <i>Quentin Durward.</i> |
| Peveril, William, a natural son of William the Conqueror, and ancestor of Peveril of the Peak. | <i>Peveril of the Peak.</i> |

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Peveril, Sir Geoffrey, Peveril of the Peak, a cavalier.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Peveril, Lady Margaret, his wife.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Peveril, Julian, their son, in love with Alice Bridgenorth.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Phil, little, the old fisherman's lad.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Philip, Father, sacristan of St. Mary's.	<i>The Monastery and The Abbot.</i>
Philip Augustus, King of France, one of the crusading princes.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Philipson, Seigneur, a disguise assumed by John de Vere, the exiled Earl of Oxford.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Philipson, Arthur, his son.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Phraortes, the Greek admiral.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Pierre, Maître, a name assumed by Louis XI.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Pigal, Monsieur de, Alice Bridgenorth's dancing-master.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Pike, Gideon, Major Bellenden's old valet.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Pinnit, Orson, the keeper of the bears.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Piper, Mr., owner of the mail coach.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Pirner, John, the old fisherman at St. Ronan's.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Plainstances, Paul, the defendant in Peebles v. Plainstances.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Plantagenet, Lady Edith, Richard Cœur-de-Lion's kinswoman, afterwards married to the Prince of Scotland.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Pleydell, Paulus, an advocate in Edinburgh, first the sheriff at Ellangowan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Plumdamas, Peter, the grocer.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Poinder, George, one of the city officers.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Policy, Mrs., the housekeeper at Holyrood palace.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Polwarth, Alick, a servant of Waverley.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Polydore, a comrade of Ernest, Prince Tancred's page.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Pontoys, Stephen, a veteran in Hugo de Lacy's troop.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Porteous, Captain John, an officer of the city guard, hanged by the mob.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Porteous, Mrs., his widow.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Portsmouth, the Duchess of, La Belle Louise de Querouaille, one of Charles the Second's mistresses.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Pott, Mr., the librarian at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Pott, Mrs., his wife.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Poundtext, Peter, an 'indulged' pastor with the Covenanters' army.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Powheid, Lazarus, the old sexton in Douglas-town.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Pritchard, William, commander of H.M. sloop the Shark.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Protocol, Mr. Peter, an attorney in Edinburgh.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Protosebastos, the, or Sebastocrator, a state officer.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Proudfute, Oliver, the bonnet-maker of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Proudfute, Magdalen or Maudie, his widow.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Purefoy, Master, Dr. Rochecliffe's former tutor.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Quackleben, Dr. Quentin, 'the man of medicine,' at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Quentin, Black, Sir John Ramorny's groom.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Quid, Mr., the tobacconist, a relation of Mrs. Margaret Bertram.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Quitam, Mr., the lawyer at the Black Bear Inn at Darlington.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Quodling, the Rev. Mr., the Duke of Buckingham's chaplain.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Rachael, a servant girl at Lady Peveril's.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Raine, old Roger, the tapster of the Peveril Arms.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Raine, Dame, his widow, afterwards Dame Chamberlain.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Raleigh, Walter, afterwards Sir Walter, in the Earl of Sussex's train.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Ralph, Rough, Lance Outram's helper in the park.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Ramorny, Sir John, the Prince of Scotland's master of the horse.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Ramsay, David, the old watchmaker near Temple Bar.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Ramsay, Margaret, his daughter, afterwards married to Lord Nigel.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Randal, the boatman at Lochleven Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Raoul, Sir Raymond Berenger's old huntsman.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Raredrench, Master, the apothecary.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Rasper, Mrs. Glass's shopman.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Ratcliffe, Hubert, a friend of Sir Edward Mauley.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Ratcliffe, James, a noted thief.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Ratray, Sir Rullion, of Ranagullion, Sir Mungo Malgrowther's duelling friend.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Ravenswood, Allan, Lord.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Ravenswood, Edgar, his son.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Ravenswood, Sir Malise, the Revenger.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Raymond, Count of Toulouse, a crusader.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Rebecca, daughter of Isaac the Jew.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Rebecca, Mistress, Mrs. Margaret Bertram's favourite waiting woman.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Red Cap, Mother, an old nurse.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Alberick, an ancestor of that family.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Edward, his son, killed by Sir Alberick's horse.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Robert, an old Tory, in Wandering Willie's tale.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir John, son of Sir Robert.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Redwald, son of Sir John.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Henry Darsie, son of Sir Redwald.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Redgauntlet, Lady, wife of Sir Henry.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Arthur Darsie, their son, <i>alias</i> Darsie Latimer.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Miss Lillias, their daughter, afterwards married to Alan Fairford.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redgauntlet, Sir Edward Hugh, the Jacobite conspirator, uncle of Darsie Latimer.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Redman, Sir Magnus, English warden of the Eastern Marches.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Reinold, Sir Raymond Berenger's butler.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
René, King of Provence, father of Queen Margaret of Anjou.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Reuben, a servant at the Jew's friend's house.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Rewcastle, John, a Jedburgh smuggler, one of the Jacobite conspirators.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Richard, Cœur-de-Lion, King of England, leader of the crusade.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Richard, Cœur-de-Lion, King of England, first disguised as the Black Knight.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Richard, Prince, eldest son of King Henry II.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Richmond, the Duchess of, at Charles the Second's court.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Richmond, the Earl of, Henry of Lancaster.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Rickets, Mabel, an old nurse at Mr. Osbaldistone's.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Rimegap, Joe, one of Sir Geoffrey Peveril's miners.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Ringan, one of Henry Smith's men.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Ringhorse, Sir Robert, a magistrate.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Ringwood, a young Templar.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Rintherout, Jenny, a servant at Monkbarns.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Rintherout, Tam, her brother.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Rob the Rambler, the blind fiddler's comrade.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Rob Roy MacGregor, or Robert Campbell, the outlaw.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Robb, Duncan, the grocer at Kippletringan.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Robert III, King of Scotland.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Robert, Count of Paris, one of the crusading princes.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Robert, a servant of Sir Arthur Wardour.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Roberts, Master Heriot's cash keeper.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Roberts, John, a smuggler.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Robertson, George, 'Gentleman Geordie.'	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Robin, the butler to Ralph Morton.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Robin Hood, or Dickon Bend-the-Bow, first as Locksley the archer at the Tournament.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Robin Hood and Little John.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Robin of Redcastle, one of Julian Avenel's followers.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Robins, Zerubbabel, in Cromwell's troop.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Robison, Dick, the player whose ghost haunted Harrison.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Robsart, Amy, Countess of Leicester.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Robsart, Sir Hugh, of Lidcote Hall, her father.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Rochcliffe, Dr. Anthony, the plotting royalist,
 formerly Joseph Albany. *Woodstock.*
 Rochester, the Earl of, or Lord Wilmot, King
 Charles the Second's favourite. *Woodstock.*
 Rochester, the Earl of. *Peveril of the Peak.*
 Rollock, a citizen of Perth. *The Fair Maid of Perth.*
 Ronaldson, Neil, the old Ranzelman at Jarlshof. *The Pirate.*
 Rory Dall, the harper. *Waverley.*
 Rosamond Clifford, 'the Fair Rosamond,' King
 Henry the Second's mistress. *Woodstock.*
 Ross, Lord, an officer in the king's army. *Old Mortality.*
 Rothsay, Duke of, the Prince of Scotland, King
 Robert the Third's eldest son. *The Fair Maid of Perth.*
 Rothsay, Margaret, Duchess of. *The Fair Maid of Perth.*
 Rouge dragon, Lady Rachel, Lilius Redgauntlet's
 former guardian. *Redgauntlet.*
 Rouge Sanglier, herald of William de la Marck. *Quentin Durward.*
 Rouslaer, Meinheer, a leader of the discontented
 citizens of Liege. *Quentin Durward.*
 Rowena, the Lady, a ward of Cedric the Saxon,
 afterwards married to Ivanhoe. *Ivanhoe.*
 Rowley, one of Julian Avenel's retainers. *The Monastery.*
 Rubempré, Monseigneur de, a Burgundian noble-
 man. *Anne of Geierstein.*
 Rubrick, the Rev. Mr., chaplain to the Baron of
 Bradwardine. *Waverley.*
 Rupert, Prince, in King Charles the Second's service. *Woodstock.*
 Ruthven, Lord, one of the embassy to Mary,
 Queen of Scots. *The Abbot.*
 Rutland, the Duchess of, of Queen Elizabeth's
 court. *Kenilworth.*
 Rutledge, Archie, the constable at Osbaldistone
 Hall. *Rob Roy.*
 Rutledge, Gaffer, the farmer of Grimes Hill. *Rob Roy.*
 Rutledge, Job, a smuggler. *Redgauntlet.*
 Rymar, Mr. Robert, the poet at the Spa. *St. Ronan's Well.*
- Saddletree, Bartoline, the learned saddler. *The Heart of Midlothian.*
 Saddletree, Mrs., his careful helpmate. *The Heart of Midlothian.*
 Sadhu Sing, the mourner of the desert. *The Surgeon's Daughter.*
 Sadoc, Richard Middlemas disguised as a black
 servant. *The Surgeon's Daughter.*
 St. Asaph's, the Dean of, at Queen Elizabeth's
 court. *Kenilworth.*
 St. Botolph's, the prior of. *Ivanhoe.*
 Saint-Cyr, Hugh de, King René's seneschal at Aix. *Anne of Geierstein.*
 St. Maur, one of Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's
 attendants. *Ivanhoe.*
 Saladin, the Soldan of the East. *The Talisman.*
 Salisbury, the Earl of, or William with the Long
 Sword, King Richard's natural brother, one of
 the crusading princes. *The Talisman.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Sampson, Dominie, or Abel Sampson, the tutor at Ellangowan House.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Saunders, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's groom.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Saunderson, Saunders, butler, etc., to Baron Bradwardine.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Saville, Lord, a young nobleman with Chiffinch.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Saviola, Vincentio, a fencing master.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Scambester, Eric, the Udaller's old butler.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Scholey, Laurence, the Udaller's servant.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Schonfeldt, Sir Archibald von Hagenbach's lieutenant.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Schreckenwald, Ital, Count Albert's steward.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Schwanker, Jonas, the Archduke of Austria's jester.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Scriever, Jock, Bailie Macwheeble's apprentice.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Scroggs, Sir William, one of the judges.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Scrow, Mr. Glossin's clerk.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Seaforth, the Earl of, in King Charles's service.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Sebastes of Mitylene, the assassin.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Sebastian, a favoured servant of Queen Mary.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Sebastocrator, the, or Protosebastos, a state officer.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Sedley, Sir Charles, in Charles the Second's court.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Seelencoop, Captain, superintendent of the military hospital at Ryde.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Selby, Captain, an officer in the guards.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Selby, a messenger.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Sellok, Cisly or Sisley, a servant girl at Lady Peveril's.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Simple, John, a Presbyterian clergyman.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Simple, Mrs., the Duchess of Argyle's 'own woman.'	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Seth, a servant at the Jew's friend's house.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Settle, Elkana, the poet.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Seyton, Catherine, one of Queen Mary's maids of honour.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Seyton, Lord, her father, a supporter of Queen Mary's cause.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Seyton, Henry, Catherine's twin brother.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Shafton, Ned, one of the prisoners in Newgate with old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Shafton, Sir Piercie, a fashionable cavalier, grandson of old Overstitch, the tailor.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Shakebag, Dick, a highwayman with Captain Colepepper.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Shakespeare, William.	<i>Woodstock and Kenilworth.</i>
Sharp, Right Rev. James, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, murdered by Balfour and his party.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Sharpe, a pirate of the 'true breed.'	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Sharper, Master, the cutler in the Strand.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Sharpitlaw, Gideon, the police-officer.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Shavings, the Fairport carpenter.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- Sheba, the Queen of, a name given to Madame Montreville.
- Shemus an Snachad, or James of the Needle, Mac-Ivor's tailor.
- Shoolbred, Dame, Henry Smith's foster mother.
- Shortcake, Mrs., the baker's wife, a friend of Mrs. Mailsetter.
- Shortell, Master, the mercer at Liverpool.
- Shortyard, the mercer.
- Shrewsbury, Lord, the earl marshal.
- Sibbald, an attendant on the Earl of Menteith.
- Sigismund, Emperor of Austria.
- Silverquill, Sam, one of the prisoners at Portanferry.
- Simmie, the turnspit at Glendearg.
- Simmons, Widow, the seamstress, a neighbour of the Ramsays.
- Simon of Hackburn, a friend of Hobbie Elliot.
- Simson, Jean, an old woman at Middlemas village.
- Simson, Tam, the drunken barber.
- Sinclair, father-in-law of Magnus Troil.
- Skelton, Sam, a smuggler.
- Skreigh, Mr., the precentor.
- Skurliewhitter, Andrew, the scrivener.
- Sludge, Gammer, the Schoolmaster's landlady, near White Horse Vale.
- Sludge, Dickie, her son, or 'Flibbertigibbet.'
- Sma'trash, Eppie, the ale-woman at Wolf's Hope village.
- Smith, Henry, or Henry Gow, or Gow Chrom, or Hal of the Wynd, the armourer, Catharine Glover's lover.
- Smith, Wayland, attendant on Edmund Tressilian.
- Smotherwell, Stephen, the executioner.
- Snail, the collector of customs, near Ellangowan House.
- Snailsfoot, Bryce, the jagger or pedlar.
- Soles, a shoemaker, a witness at the examination of Dirk Hatteraick.
- Solmes, confidential valet to the Earl of Etherington.
- Solsgrace, Master Nehemiah, the Presbyterian pastor.
- Sommerville, Mr., Chrystal Croftangry's counsellor.
- Souplejaw, Saunders, the 'second-sighted' shoemaker.
- Sowerbrowst, Mr., the maltster.
- Spenser, Edmund.
- Spittal, or Spitfire, Will, Roger Wildrake's serving boy.
- Spontoon, Colonel Talbot's confidential servant.
- The Surgeon's Daughter.*
- Waverley.*
- The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- The Antiquary.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Kenilworth.*
- A Legend of Montrose.*
- Anne of Geierstein.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- The Monastery.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- The Black Dwarf.*
- The Surgeon's Daughter.*
- St. Ronan's Well.*
- The Pirate.*
- Redgauntlet.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- The Fortunes of Nigel.*
- Kenilworth.*
- Kenilworth.*
- The Bride of Lammermoor.*
- The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- Kenilworth.*
- The Fair Maid of Perth.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- The Pirate.*
- Guy Mannering.*
- St. Ronan's Well.*
- Peveril of the Peak.*
- The Highland Widow.*
- Quentin Durward.*
- St. Ronan's Well.*
- Kenilworth.*
- Woodstock.*
- Waverley.*

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Sprenger, Martin or Louis, Annette Veilchen's bachelor.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Spruch-sprecher, the, or sayer of sayings to the Archduke of Austria.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Spur'em, Dick, one of Mac-Guffog's men.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Stair, the Earl of.	<i>My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.</i>
Stanchells, the head jailer at the Glasgow tolbooth.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Standish, Mr. Justice, a magistrate.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Stanley, Frank, nephew of Colonel Talbot.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Stanley, in the Earl of Sussex's train.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Staples, Lawrence, the head jailer at Kenilworth Castle.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Staunton, George, afterwards Sir George.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Staunton, the Rev. Mr., his father, rector of Willingham.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Steele, Christie, landlady of the Treddles Arms.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Steenon, Willie, or Wandering Willie, the blind fiddler.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Steenon, Maggie, or Epps Anslie, his wife.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Steenon, Sandie, one of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's friends.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Steenon, Steenie, the piper in Wandering Willie's tale.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Steinernherz von Blut-Sacker, Francis, the Scharf-gerichter.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Steinfeldt, the old Baroness of.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Stephanos the Wrestler.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Stephen, one of Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's attendants.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Stephen, Count, the Count of Crèvecœur's nephew.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Stevens, a messenger of the Earl of Sussex.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Stewart, Allan, of Iverach.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Stewart, Colonel, governor of the Castle of Doune.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Stormheaven, Boanerges, David Deans's favourite preacher.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Strauchan, old, Sir Kenneth's armour-bearer.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Strickalthrow, Merciful, in Cromwell's troop.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Strumpfer, Nick, the dwarf.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Stuart, Prince Charles Edward, the young Chevalier, or the Pretender.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Stuart, Prince Charles Edward, disguised as Father Buonaventure.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Stubbs, the beadle at Willingham.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Stubbs, Miss Sissly, or Cecilia, a neighbour of the Waverleys.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Sturmthal, Melchior, the Banneret of Berne, one the Swiss deputies.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Suddlechop, Dame Ursula, or Ursley, a gossip and nurse.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Suddlechop, Benjamin, the barber, her spouse.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Sussex, the Earl of, of Queen Elizabeth's court,
a rival of the Earl of Leicester.

Swanston, a smuggler.

Sweepclean, Saunders, a king's messenger.

Swertha, the elder Mertoun's old housekeeper.

Syddall, Anthony, the house-steward at Osbaldi-
stone Hall.

Tacket, Martin, the old shepherd who gave the
Lady of Avenel refuge.

Tacket, Tibb, his wife.

Taffril, Lieutenant, in love with Jenny Caxon.

Talbot, Colonel, a friend of Waverley's.

Tallboy, the forester of St. Mary's convent.

Tam o' Todshaw, a huntsman, near Charlie's Hope
farm.

Tamson, Peg, an old woman at Middlemas vil-
lage.

Tancred, Prince of Otranto, one of the crusading
princes.

Tatius, Achilles, the Acolyte, or Follower of the
emperor, an officer in the Varangian Guard.

Templeton, Laurence, a fictitious writer.

Ternotte, one of Lady Eveline's attendants.

Thackham, Jane, afterward Dame Goldthred.

Theodorick, the hermit of Engaddi, or Alberick of
Mortemar, an exiled nobleman.

Theresa, Sister, with Flora Mac-Ivor at Carlisle.

Thiebault, a Provençal, one of Arthur Philipson's
escort to Aix.

Thimblethwaite, Timothy, a London friend of
Claud Halcro.

Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoun, an
ancient Scottish bard.

Thoresby, Broad, in Fitzurse's troop.

Thornhaugh, Colonel, in Cromwell's troop.

Thornton, Captain, an English officer.

Threepie, Deacon, the rope spinner.

Thwacker, Quarter-master, in the dragoons.

Tider, Robin, a servant of the Earl of Leicester.

Timothy, the old ostler at John Mengs's inn.

Tims, Corporal, in Waverley's regiment.

Tinto, Dick, the painter.

Tippoo Saib, Prince, son of Hyder Ali.

Tirlsneck, Johnnie, the beadle at Old St. Ronan's.

Toby, the waiter at the Spa hotel.

Toison d'Or, the Burgundian herald.

Tomahourich, Muhme Janet of, an old sibyl,
Robin Oig's aunt.

Tomkins, Joseph, Cromwell's emissary.

Kenilworth.

Redgauntlet.

The Antiquary.

The Pirate.

Rob Roy.

The Monastery.

The Monastery.

The Antiquary.

Waverley.

The Monastery.

Guy Mannering.

The Surgeon's Daughter.

Count Robert of Paris.

Count Robert of Paris.

Ivanhoe.

The Betrothed.

Kenilworth.

The Talisman.

Waverley.

Anne of Geierstein.

The Pirate.

Castle Dangerous.

Ivanhoe.

Woodstock.

Rob Roy.

Rob Roy.

Redgauntlet.

Kenilworth.

Anne of Geierstein.

Waverley.

*The Bride of Lammermoor
and St. Ronan's Well.*

The Surgeon's Daughter.

St. Ronan's Well.

St. Ronan's Well.

Quentin Durward and

Anne of Geierstein.

The Two Drovers.

Woodstock.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Topham, Master Charles, the usher of the black rod.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Torfe, George, the provost of Orkney.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Tormot, Torquil of the Oak's youngest son.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Torquil of the Oak, Eachin MacIain's foster-father.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Toshach Beg, at the combat.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Touchwood, Mr. Peregrine Scrogie, the traveller, a relation of the Mowbrays.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Tough, Mr., an old barrister.	<i>Redgaunlet.</i>
Touthope, Mr. Clerk, a Scotch attorney.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Toxartis, a Scythian soldier, killed by the Countess Brenhilda.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Tracy, in the Earl of Sussex's train.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Tramp, Gaffer, a peasant at the execution of old Meg Murdockson.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Trapbois, the old miser of Alsatia.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Trapbois, Martha, his daughter, afterwards married to Richie Moniplies.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Tresham, Mr., Mr. Osbaldistone's partner.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Tresham, Richard, Richard Middlemas.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Tressilian, Edmund, to whom Amy Robsart was betrothed.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Tristan l'Hermite, Louis the Eleventh's provost-marshal.	<i>Quentin Durward and Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Tristrem of the hospital.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Troil, Magnus, the old Udaller of Zetland.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Troil, Minna, his eldest daughter, in love with the Pirate.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Troil, Brenda, her sister, afterwards married to Mordaunt Mertoun.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Trois-Eschelles, an executioner.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Trotcosey, Abbot.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Trotter, Nelly, the fishwoman near St. Ronan's old town.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Trumbull, Thomas, or Tom Turnpenny, the canting smuggler.	<i>Redgaunlet.</i>
Tuck, Friar, the holy clerk of Copmanhurst.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Tuck, Thomas, or Tyburn Tom, the footpad.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Tull, Rab, town clerk of Fairport.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Tunstall, Frank, one of David Ramsay's apprentices.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Turnbull, Michael, the Douglas huntsman.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Turner, Mrs., Dame Suddlechop's patroness.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Turnpenny, Mr., the banker at Marchthorn.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Turntippet, Lord, one of the privy council.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Twigtythe, Rev. Mr., the clergyman at Farmer Williams's.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Tyre, Archbishop of, with the crusaders.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Tyrie, one of the archers of the Scottish Guard.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Tyrie, the Rev. Michael, minister of Glenorquhy.	<i>The Highland Widow.</i>
Tyrral, Frank, son of the late Earl of Etherington and his wife La Comtesse de Martigny.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Ulrica, daughter of the late Thane of Torquilstone.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Una, one of Flora Mac-Ivor's attendants.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Unreason, the Abbot of, or Father Howleglas.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Urrie, Sir John, a military leader.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Ursel, the imprisoned rival of the Emperor Alexius.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Ursula, Sister, a name assumed by the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Valence, Sir Aymer de, Sir John de Walton's lieutenant.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Vanda, the spirit of the lady with the red hand.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Vanwelt, Jan, Rose Flammock's supposed suitor.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Varney, Sir Richard, the Earl of Leicester's master of the horse.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Vaughan, Basil, <i>see</i> Mertoun, Basil.	
Vaughan, Clement, <i>see</i> Cleveland, Captain.	
Vaughan, Father, <i>see</i> Vernon, Sir Frederick.	
Vehmique Tribunal, the, the Secret Tribunal or Court of the Holy Vehme.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Veilchen, Annette, Anne of Geierstein's attendant.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Vere, Sir Arthur de, son of the Earl of Oxford.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Vere, Mr. Richard, the Laird of Ellieslaw, a Jacobite conspirator.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Vere, Letitia, his wife.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Vere, Miss Isabella, his daughter, afterwards married to young Earnscliff.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Vermandois, Hugh, Count of, brother of the King of France.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Vernon, Diana, niece to Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Vernon, Sir Frederick, her father, a political intriguer, first disguised as Father Vaughan.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Vexhelia, the wife of Osmund, the old Varangian guard.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Vincent, Jenkin, or Jin Vin, one of old Ramsay's apprentices, in love with Margaret Ramsay.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Violante, an attendant on the Princess Anna Comnena.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Vipont, Sir Ralph de, a knight of St. John, one of the knights challengers.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Vorst, Peterkin, the sleeping sentinel at the Castle.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Wabster, Michael, a citizen of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Wakefield, Harry, the English drover, killed by Robin Oig.	<i>The Two Drovers.</i>
Wakeman, Sir George, the queen's physician.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Waldeck, Martin, the miner.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Waldstetten, the Countess of, a relative of the Baron of Arnheim.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Walkinshaw, Mrs., the Pretender's mistress.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Wallace, William, the Champion of Scotland.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Wallenrode, the Earl of, a Hungarian noble, a crusader.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Walsingham, Sir Francis, of Queen Elizabeth's court.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Waltheof, Father, a Grey Friar, confessor of the Duchess of Rothsay.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Waltheoff, the Abbot, of St. Withold's convent.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Walton, Sir John de, governor of Douglas Castle.	<i>Castle Dangerous.</i>
Wamba, the son of Witless, the jester at Rotherwood.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Warden, Henry, the Protestant preacher, <i>alias</i> Henry Wellwood.	<i>The Monastery.</i>
Warden, Henry, the Protestant chaplain at Avenel Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Wardlaw, the land steward at Osbaldistone Hall.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Wardlaw, Henry, Archbishop of St. Andrews.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Wardour, Sir Anthony, father of Sir Arthur.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Wardour, Sir Arthur, of Knockwinnock Castle.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Wardour, Isabella, his daughter, afterwards married to Lord Geraldin.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Wardour, Captain Reginald, her brother.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Wardour, Sir Richard, or Richard with the Red Hand, an ancestor of Sir Arthur.	<i>The Antiquary.</i>
Watkins, William, the Prince of Scotland's English attendant.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Waverley, Captain Edward.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Waverley, Mr. Richard, his father.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Waverley, Sir Everard, Edward's uncle.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Waverley, Mistress Rachel, Sir Everard's sister.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Wayland, Lancelot, or Wayland Smith, the farrier in the vale of Whitehorse.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Weatherport, Captain, a naval officer.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Weiver, the preacher, an old conspirator.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Wellwood, Henry, <i>see</i> Warden, Henry.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Wellwood, Sophia, afterward Mrs. Mannering.	<i>The Betrothed.</i>
Wenlock, the besieged Englishman whom Damian de Lacy went to relieve.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Westenho, Captain, an old friend of Captain Craigengelt.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Wetheral, Stephen, or Stephen Steelheart, in Fitzurse's troop.	<i>Quentin Durward.</i>
Wetzweiler, Tiel, or Le Glorieux, the Duke of Burgundy's court jester.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Whackbairn, Mr., the schoolmaster at Liberton.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Whalley, Richard, the regicide.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Whistler, the, the young outlaw who shot his father, Sir George Staunton.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Whitaker, Richard, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's old steward.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Whitcraft, John, the innkeeper and miller at Altringham.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Whitcraft, Dame, his pretty wife.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Wildblood, 'young Dick Wildblood of the Dale,' a friend of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Willfire, Madge, the mad woman.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Willdrake, Roger, a dissipated Royalist.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Willfred, Cedric's son, knight of Ivanhoe.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Wilkinson, James, Mr. Fairford's servant.	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Will-o'-the-Flat, one of the huntsmen near Charlie's Hope farm.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
William, King of Scotland.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
William, a serving lad at Arnheim Castle.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Williams, Ned, Cicely Jopson's sweetheart.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Williams, Farmer, his father.	<i>Waverley.</i>
Willie, Andrew Skurliewhitter's clerk.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Willieson, William, a brig-owner, one of the Jacobite conspirators.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Willoughby, Lord, of Queen Elizabeth's court.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Willmot, Lord, or the Earl of Rochester.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Wilsa, Dame Ursley Suddlechop's mulatto girl.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Wilson, Alison, the old housekeeper at Milnwood.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Wilson, Andrew, the smuggler, Geordie Robertson's comrade.	<i>The Heart of Midlothian.</i>
Wilson, Bob, Sir William Ashton's groom.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Wilson, Christy, one of the party in the Wallace Inn.	<i>The Black Dwarf.</i>
Wilson, John, Colonel Mannering's groom.	<i>Guy Mannering.</i>
Win-the-Fight, Master Joachim, Major Bridge-north's attorney.	<i>Peveril of the Peak.</i>
Winchester, the Bishop of.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Windsor, the Rev. Mr., a friend of Master George Heriot.	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel.</i>
Wing-the-Wind, Michael, a servant at Holyrood Palace, a friend of Adam Woodcock.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Wingate, Master Jasper, the steward at Avenel Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Wingfield, the feather dresser, a citizen of Perth.	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
Wingfield, Ambrose, employed at Osbaldistone Hall.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Wingfield, Lancie, a spy for Clerk Jobson.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Winkelbrand, Louis, De Bracy's lieutenant.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Winnie, Annie, an old sibyl.	<i>The Bride of Lammermoor.</i>
Winter, General Witherington's head servant.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Winterblossom, Mr. Philip, 'the man of taste,' at the Spa.	<i>St. Ronan's Well.</i>
Wisheart, the Rev. Dr., the Earl of Montrose's chaplain.	<i>A Legend of Montrose.</i>
Witherington, General, <i>alias</i> Richard Tresham.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Witherington, Mrs., his wife, formerly Zilia de Monçada.	<i>The Surgeon's Daughter.</i>
Wittenbold, a Dutch commandant in the king's service.	<i>Old Mortality.</i>
Wolfgang, Torquil, Ulrica's father.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Wolfram, Abbot of St. Edmund's.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Woodcock, Adam, the falconer at Avenel Castle.	<i>The Abbot.</i>
Woodstall, Henry, in King Richard's guard.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Woodstock, the Mayor of.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Woodville, Lord, a friend of General Browne.	<i>The Tapestried Chamber.</i>
Wylie, Andrew, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's former clerk.	<i>Rob Roy.</i>
Wyvil, William de, a steward of the field at the tournament.	<i>Ivanhoe.</i>
Yellowley, Triptolemus, the experimental agriculturist.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Yellowley, old Jasper, his father.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Yellowley, Mistress Baby, or Barbara, his sister and housekeeper.	<i>The Pirate.</i>
Yoglan, Zacharias, the old Jewish chemist in London.	<i>Kenilworth.</i>
Yolande of Anjou, daughter of King René.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
York, James, Duke of, brother of King Charles the Second.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
York, Geoffrey, Archbishop of, one of the high justiciaries of England in King Richard's absence.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Zarah, <i>see</i> Fenella.	
Zedekiah, one of General Harrison's servants.	<i>Woodstock.</i>
Zimmerman, Adam, the old burgher of Soleure, one of the Swiss deputies.	<i>Anne of Geierstein.</i>
Zohauk, the Nubian slave, a disguise assumed by Sir Kenneth.	<i>The Talisman.</i>
Zosimus, the patriarch of the Greek Church.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>
Zulichium, the enchanted Princess of.	<i>Count Robert of Paris.</i>

III. ANIMAL FAVOURITES

DOGS

- Balder, Cedric's grisly old wolf-dog. *Ivanhoe*.
Ban, one of Baron Bradwardine's deerhounds. *Waverley*.
Bash and Battie, two of the king's staghounds. *The Fortunes of Nigel*.
Bawty, Donald Bean Lean's dog. *Waverley*.
Belzie, Duke Hildebrod's bull-dog, that 'never flew but at head in his life.' *The Fortunes of Nigel*.
Bevis, Sir Henry Lee's faithful hound, 'one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient Highland deerhounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida,' of whom Landseer made a famous picture. *Woodstock*.
Bingo, Colonel Mannering's 'little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flopping ears.' *Guy Mannering*.
Bran, Fergus Mac-Ivor's large greyhound. *Waverley*.
Bungay, Sir Hugh Robsart's favourite dog. *Kenilworth*.
Buscar, one of Baron Bradwardine's deerhounds. *Waverley*.
Charlot, the little French spaniel of Louise the glee-maiden. *The Fair Maid of Perth*.
Dustiefoot, Jeanie Deans's little dog. *The Heart of Midlothian*.
Elphin, the cocking spaniel that recognized Harry Morton when he returned from exile. *Old Mortality*.
Fangs, Gurth's 'ragged, wolfish-looking dog.' *Ivanhoe*.
Gorgon, a hunting bitch belonging to Charles the Bold. *Anne of Geierstein*.
Hemp, little Benjie Coltherd's 'lurcher.' *Redgauntlet*.
Juno, Hector M'Intyre's spaniel. *The Antiquary*.
Killbuck, Hobbie Elliot's deerhound, that killed one of the Black Dwarf's goats. *The Black Dwarf*.
Lucy, John Osbaldistone's black spaniel. *Rob Roy*.
Mustard and Pepper, Dandy Dinmont's terriers. *Guy Mannering*.
Neptune, one of John Davies's dogs. *Redgauntlet*.
Plato, Colonel Mannering's favourite spaniel. *Guy Mannering*.
Ranger, one of Frank Kennedy's dogs. *Guy Mannering*.
Roswal, the faithful stag greyhound of Sir Kenneth of Scotland. *The Talisman*.
Snap, Madge Wildfire's little dog. *The Heart of Midlothian*.

ANIMAL FAVOURITES

- Tearum, the gaunt mastiff watch dog at Portanferry jail. *Guy Mannering*.
- Thetis, one of John Davies's dogs. *Redgauntlet*.
- Thryme, the Lady of Baldringham's large old wolf-dog. *The Betrothed*.
- Trimmer, John Mowbray's favourite hound, that 'beat the whole country.' *St. Ronan's Well*.
- Wasp, Vanbeest Brown's rough terrier. *Guy Mannering*.
- Whistler, the Laird of Balmawhapple's greyhound. *Waverley*.
- Wolf, the staghound that saved Roland Graeme from drowning. *The Abbot*.
- Wolf-Fanger, Rudolph of Donnerhugel's bloodhound. *Anne of Geierstein*.
- Yarrow, Dandy Dinmont's sheepdog. *Guy Mannering*.

HORSES

- Apollyon, Herman von Arnheim's favourite jet-black horse. *Anne of Geierstein*.
- Ball, Mysie Happer's palfrey. *The Monastery*.
- Bayard, the palfrey that Wayland Smith appropriated for Amy Robsart. *Kenilworth*.
- Benedict, the sober palfrey of Abbot Boniface. *The Monastery*.
- Bergen, Magnus Troil's horse, 'a strong, square-made, well-barrelled palfrey, of Norwegian breed.' *The Pirate*.
- Berwick, Baron Bradwardine's charger. *Waverley*.
- Black Hastings, Sir Geoffrey Peveril's war-horse. *Peveril of the Peak*.
- Black Moor, the led horse of the Master of Ravenswood. *The Bride of Lammermoor*.
- Dermid, Fergus Mac-Ivor's brown mare. *Waverley*.
- Dobbin, the horse that Widow Raine lent to Julian Peveril. *Peveril of the Peak*.
- Dumple, Dandy Dinmont's galloway pony, so strong that he 'could carry six folk, if his back was lang enough.' *Guy Mannering*.
- Fairy, Julian Peveril's handsome Manx pony, 'of a high-spirited mountain breed, remarkable alike for hardiness, for longevity, and for a degree of sagacity approaching to that of the dog.' *Peveril of the Peak*.
- Gauntlet, the horse that Simon Glover rode when he fled to Neil Booshalloch's cottage. *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

ANIMAL FAVOURITES

- Grey Gilbert, one of Bucklaw's horses. *The Bride of Lammermoor*.
 Gustavus, Dugald Dalgetty's horse, named after Gustavus Adolphus. *A Legend of Montrose*.
 Jemima, a brood mare belonging to the Earl of Glenallan. *The Antiquary*.
 Jezabel, Oliver Proudfoot's 'great trampling Flemish mare.' *The Fair Maid of Perth*.
 Kilsythe, Major Bellenden's horse. *Old Mortality*.
 Klepper, Hayraddin Maugrabbin's active little jennet. *Quentin Durward*.
 Loyalty's Reward, the horse given to Dalgetty by Montrose when Gustavus was killed. *A Legend of Montrose*.
 Mad Tom, one of the Earl of Glenallan's stallions. *The Antiquary*.
 Mahound, the old huntsman's Arab horse 'with a temper as vicious as that of a fiend.' *The Betrothed*.
 Malkin, the 'ambling jennet' of the Prior of St. Botolph. *Ivanhoe*.
 Moorkoff, the horse that Harry Morton rode when seeking the aid of Wittenbold and his German troop. *Old Mortality*.
 Pestle and Mortar, Dr. Gray's two ponies which he used alternately. *The Surgeon's Daughter*.
 Phoebe, Diana Vernon's beautiful horse. *Rob Roy*.
 Pixie, Sir Henry Lee's pony, 'diminutive, but full of spirit.' *Woodstock*.
 Roan Robin, the horse that Darsie Latimer rode on his tour to the south of Scotland. *Redgauntlet*.
 Rory Bean, the Laird of Dumbiedikes's 'powny.' *The Heart of Midlothian*.
 Rosabelle, Queen Mary's favourite horse, 'never matched in Scotland for swiftness, for ease of motion, and for sureness of foot.' *The Abbot*.
 Satan, Adam Woodcock's 'vicious devil of a brown Galloway nag.' *The Abbot*.
 Shagram, the old horse that Mary Avenel rode when driven from home. *The Monastery*.
 Sloth, Wilkin Flammock's 'Flanderkin elephant of a horse.' *The Betrothed*.
 Solomon, Joshua Geddes's iron-grey galloway. *Redgauntlet*.
 Sorrel, Sir Hugh Robsart's hunter. *Kenilworth*.
 Souple Sam, the 'blood-bay beast, very ill o' the spavin,' that Guy Mannering rode on his first visit to Ellangowan. *Guy Mannering*.

ANIMAL FAVOURITES

Souple Tam, the 'three-legged palfrey' of Andrew Fairservice.
Rob Roy.

Tarras, Hobbie Elliot's horse. *The Black Dwarf.*

Tom with the Tod's Tail, the Lord Abbot's ranger. *The Monastery.*

Wildblood, the horse that Claverhouse rode to Drumshinnel.
Old Mortality.

Yarico, one of the Earl of Glenallan's blood mares. *The Anti-quary.*

Yseulte, the horse that Eveline Berenger rode when she left Baldringham. *The Betrothed.*

Zamor, Brian de Bois-Guilbert's horse, won from the Soldan of Trebizond. *Ivanhoe.*

OTHER ANIMALS

Crombie, the one cow left at the nunnery of St. Catherine. *The Abbot.*

Crummie and Grizzy, two of the cows stolen from Martin Tackett. *The Monastery.*

Gowans, Jeanie Deans's 'brockit cow.' *The Heart of Midlothian.*

Gibbon, the Earl of Derby's pet monkey. *Peveril of the Peak.*

Major Weir, Sir Robert Redgauntlet's 'ill-favoured jackanape.'
Redgauntlet.

Sylvanus, the orang-outang in the prison of Alexius Comnenus.
Count Robert of Paris.

Cheviot, Diana Vernon's falcon. *Rob Roy.*

Diamond, Sir Halbert Glendinning's favourite falcon. *The Abbot.*

POEMS

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TWO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN
OF BÜRGER

WILLIAM AND HELEN

IMITATED FROM THE 'LENORÉ' OF BÜRGER

THE Author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the Author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the Author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances: — A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus —

Tramp! tramp! across the land they speede,
Splash! splash! across the sea;
Hurrah! The dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me?

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:
'Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?'

WILLIAM AND HELEN

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade,
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts and mirth and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad,
She sought the host in vain;

WILLIAM AND HELEN

For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

'O, rise, my child,' her mother said,
'Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again.'

'O mother, what is gone is gone,
What's lost forever lorn:
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share.']

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord!'
The pious mother prays;
'Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

WILLIAM AND HELEN

'O, say thy pater-noster, child!
O, turn to God and grace!
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss.'

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

'Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only prayed for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain.'

'O, take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O, hallowed be thy woe!'

'No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!

WILLIAM AND HELEN

Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer.'

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

'Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.'

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?'

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

WILLIAM AND HELEN

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell

That o'er the moat was hung;

And, clatter! clatter! on its boards

The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard

As off the rider bounded;

And slowly on the winding stair

A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock — tap! tap!

A rustling stifled noise; —

Door-latch and tinkling staples ring; —

At length a whispering voice.

'Awake, awake, arise, my love!

How, Helen, dost thou fare?

Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep'st?

Hast thought on me, my fair?'

'My love! my love! — so late by night! —

I waked, I wept for thee:

Much have I borne since dawn of morn;

Where, William, couldst thou be?'

'We saddle late — from Hungary

I rode since darkness fell;

WILLIAM AND HELEN

And to its bourne we both return

Before the matin-bell.'

'O, rest this night within my arms,

And warm thee in their fold!

Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind: —

My love is deadly cold.'

'Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!

This night we must away;

The steed is wight, the spur is bright;

I cannot stay till day.

'Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind

Upon my black barb steed:

O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,

We haste to bridal bed.'

'To-night — to-night a hundred miles! —

O dearest William, stay!

The bell strikes twelve — dark, dismal hour!

O, wait, my love, till day!'

'Look here, look here — the moon shines clear —

Full fast I ween we ride;

Mount and away! for ere the day

We reach our bridal bed.

WILLIAM AND HELEN

'The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.'

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurned from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

'Sit fast — dost fear? — The moon shines clear —
Fleet goes my barb — keep hold!
Fear'st thou?' — 'O no!' she faintly said;
'But why so stern and cold?

'What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet grey?'

WILLIAM AND HELEN

'T is death-bells' clang, 't is funeral song,
The body to the clay.

'With song and clang at morrow's dawn
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride with my young bride
To deck our bridal bed.

'Come with thy choir, thou coffined guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!'

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

'O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?'

'T is distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid.'

WILLIAM AND HELEN

'No room for me?' — 'Enough for both; —
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!'
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me? —
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!' —
'O William, let them be! —

'See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks mid whistling rain?' —

'Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain. —

'Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;

WILLIAM AND HELEN

And thou shalt prance a fether dance
Before me and my bride.'

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Dost faithful Helen fear for them?' —
'O leave in peace the dead!' —

'Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done.'

WILLIAM AND HELEN

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
 Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
 The flashing pebbles flee.

‘Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
 The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
 For, Helen, here’s my home.’

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
 Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon’s setting beam
 Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
 The birds of midnight scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
 Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O’er many a tomb and tombstone pale
 He spurred the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
 He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
 Down drops the casque of steel,

WILLIAM AND HELEN

The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldering flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And with a fearful bound
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song;

'E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven!'

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, '*Gluck zu, Falkenburgh!*' [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh!] 'Dost thou wish me good sport?' answered a hoarse voice; 'thou shalt share the game'; and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in *Sully's Memoirs*, who says he was called *Le Grand*

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

Veneur. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called St. Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

' Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross, —
So to the simple swain tradition tells, —
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen: —
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.'

Albania — reprinted in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted relics had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The eager pack from couples freed
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound and horn and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled;

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left from eye of tawny glare
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, 'Welcome, welcome, noble lord!

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?’

‘Cease thy loud bugle’s changing knell,’
Cried the fair youth with silver voice;
‘And for devotion’s choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

‘To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain.’

‘Away, and sweep the glades along!’
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
‘To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells and books and mysteries.’

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
‘Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

‘Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray: —
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and hark away!’

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
Each stranger horseman followed still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below; —
But live who can, or die who may,
Still, 'Forward, forward!' on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrowned:

'O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance,' was his cry,
'Earned by the sweat these brows have poured
In scorching hour of fierce July.'

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

'Away, thou hound so basely born,
Or dead the scourge's echoing blow!'
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'

So said, so done: — A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man and horse and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall:
'O spare, thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!'

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

'Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!'

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
And through the herd in ruthless scorn
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The murderous cries the stag appall, —
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, 'Hark away! and, holla, ho!'

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer;
'Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar and forbear!

'The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head: —
Be warned at length and turn aside.'

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads;
The black, wild whooping, points the prey: —
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

'Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rites I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn!'

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs and howls and bugle-sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds,
No distant baying reached his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

'Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorned of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

'Be chased forever through the wood,
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child.'

'T was hushed: — One flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing,
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

Earth heard the call; — her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound and horse and horn
And, 'Hark away, and holla, ho!'

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn and hound and horse
That oft the lated peasant hears;

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of 'Holla, ho!'

EARLY BALLADS AND LYRICS.

EARLY BALLADS AND LYRICS.

A TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL

1782

IN awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are tossed,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

ON A THUNDER-STORM

1783

LOUD o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 't is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And hardened sinners thy just vengeance fear.

ON THE SETTING SUN

1783

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

THE VIOLET

1797

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow,
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL

1797

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE ERL-KING

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

1797

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast and to keep himself warm.

'O father, see yonder! see yonder!' he says;
'My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?' —
'O, 't is the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud.' —
'No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud.'

THE ERL-KING SPEAKS

'O, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy.'

'O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?' —
'Be still, my heart's darling — my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees.'

THE ERL-KING

ERL-KING

'O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee and kiss thee and sing to my child.'

'O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past through the
rain?' —

'O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.'

ERL-KING

'O, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.' —
'O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so cold!'

Sore trembled the father; he spurred thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasped to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

WAR-SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

1798

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they marked the avenging call ¹
Their brethren's murder gave,

¹ See Note 1.

WAR-SONG

Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Should we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-colour,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

WAR-SONG

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!

Adieu each tender tie!

Resolved, we mingle in the tide,

Where charging squadrons furious ride,

To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;

High sounds our bugle call;

Combined by honour's sacred tie,

Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*

March forward, one and all!

SONG

FROM GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN

It was a little naughty page,

Ha! ha!

Would catch a bird was closed in cage.

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

He seized the cage, the latch did draw,

Ha! ha!

And in he thrust his knavish paw.

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

The bird dashed out, and gained the thorn,

Ha! ha!

And laughed the silly fool to scorn!

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

SONGS

FROM THE HOUSE OF ASPEN

I

Joy to the victors, the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping,
Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Bursting, resistless, through foemen they go;
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gained the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning,
Roderic's power scorning,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eye-balls descried on the field!

SONGS

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away.
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

II

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
As a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sighed to the breezes and wept to the flood.—
'Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die.'

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread
rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

SONGS

Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

'Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe.'

III

RHEIN-WEIN LIED

What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster?
The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,
Bedeck your Saracen;
He'll freeze without what warms our heart within, sirs,
When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
That makes our troopers' frozen courage muster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

GLENFINLAS;

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

1799

For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.

COLLINS.

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and

GLENFINLAS

Benvoirlich are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The River Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.

‘O HONE a rie’! O hone a rie’!

The pride of Albin’s line is o’er,
And fallen Glenartney’s stateliest tree;
We ne’er shall see Lord Ronald more!’

O! sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell
How on the Teith’s resounding shore
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny’s pass you bore.

But o’er his hills in festal day
How blazed Lord Ronald’s beltane-tree,¹
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

¹ See Note 2.

GLENFINLAS

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'T was Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,¹
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 't is said, in mystic mood
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O, so it fell that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,

¹ See Note 3.

GLENFINLAS

The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard the Highland sword.

Three summer days through brake and dell
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still when dewy evening fell
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

GLENFINLAS

Now in their hut in social guise
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

'What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

'To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

'Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

'But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

'Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,

GLENFINLAS

Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes 'twixt tear and smile.

'Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good Saint Oran's rule prevail,¹
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?'

'Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss or melting eyes.

'E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe
To dash each glimpse of joy was given —
The gift the future ill to know.

'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gayly part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dashed and torn
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

¹ See Note 4.

GLENFINLAS

'Thy Fergus too — thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st with pride the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tartans wave
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan's resistless roar.

'And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court like thee the wanton kiss —
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

'I see the death-damps chill thy brow:
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance — they're gone, and now —
No more is given to gifted eye!

'Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!

GLENFINLAS

Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

'Or false or sooth thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doomed to stain the Saxon spear.

'E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.'
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound,
In rushed the rousers of the deer;
They howled in melancholy sound.
Then closely couched beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet, though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl,
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

GLENFINLAS

Untouched the harp began to ring
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light
* Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seemed,
Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
'O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

'With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?' —

'And who art thou? and who are they?'
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:

GLENFINLAS

'And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?'

'Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

'To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met while wandering here
The son of great Macgillianore.

'O, aid me then to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.'

'Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.'

'O, first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day.'

GLENFINLAS

'First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way.'

'O, shame to knighthood, strange and foul
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

'Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morna's melting eye.'

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came
As fear and rage alternate rose.

'And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind?

'Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;

GLENFINLAS

Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood —
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.'

He muttered thrice Saint Oran's rhyme,
And thrice Saint Fillan's powerful prayer;¹
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud and high and strange they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail
And die amid the northern skies.

¹ See Note 5.

GLENFINLAS

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And spattering foul a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head in battling field
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we — behind the chieftain's shield
No more shall we in safety dwell;

GLENFINLAS

None leads the people to the field —
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

1799

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,¹
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor²
Ran red with English blood;

¹ See Note 6.

² See Note 7.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed.

His action pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued, —
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,

He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

'Come thou hither, my little foot-page,

Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

'Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,

And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?'

'My lady, each night, sought the lonely light

That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

'The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

'I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone; —
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

'The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

'And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

'The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

'And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

And say, "Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good Saint John."

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be."

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall
not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone¹ and by holy Saint John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

"Though the blood-hound be mute and the rush
beneath my foot,

¹ The black rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know."

"O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne."

'He turned him around and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully —
"He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight
May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour when bad spirits have
power
In thy chamber will I be." —
With that he was gone and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.'

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron's brow
From the dark to the blood-red high;
'Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!'

'His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.'

'Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree.'¹

'Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.'

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale —
'The grave is deep and dark — and the corpse is
stiff and stark —
So I may not trust thy tale.

'Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe
That gay gallant was slain.

'The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;

¹ See Note 8.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white monks do sing
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

He passed the court-gate and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

'Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!
'Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?'

'The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well.'

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed
and turned,

And oft to himself he said, —

‘The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep —

It cannot give up the dead!’

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,

The night was well-nigh done,

When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,

On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,

By the light of a dying flame;

And she was aware of a knight stood there —

Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

‘Alas! away, away!’ she cried,

‘For the holy Virgin’s sake!’

‘Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;

But, lady, he will not awake.

‘By Eildon-tree for long nights three

In bloody grave have I lain;

The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,

But, lady, they are said in vain.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

'By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

'At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so.'

Love mastered fear — her brow she crossed;
'How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved or art thou lost?'
The vision shook his head!

'Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.'

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed;

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

And forevermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,¹
That monk who speaks to none —
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.

¹ See Note 9.

THE GREY BROTHER¹

1799

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given by the saints in heaven
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all among the crowded throng
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof and aisles aloof
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quivered for fear,
And faltered in the sound —
And when he would the chalice rear
He dropped it to the ground.

'The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;²
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

¹ See Note 10.

² See Note 11.

THE GREY BROTHER

'A being whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring,
A wretch at whose approach abhorred
Recoils each holy thing.

'Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!'

Amid them all a pilgrim kneeled
In gown of sackcloth grey;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But when the Holy Father spoke
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,

THE GREY BROTHER

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat
Mid Eske's fair woods regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country still
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the telltale ray;

THE GREY BROTHER

From that fair dome where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,¹
To Auchendinny's hazel glade²
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?³

Yet never a path from day to day
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While on Carnethy's head
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the grey with red,

And the convent bell did vespers tell
Newbattle's oaks among,

¹ See Note 12.

² See Note 13.

³ See Note 14.

THE GREY BROTHER

And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan —
And there was aware of a Grey Friar
Resting him on a stone.

'Now, Christ thee save!' said the Grey Brother;
'Some pilgrim thou seemest to be.'
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

'O, come ye from east or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Or Saint John of Beverley?'

THE GREY BROTHER

'I come not from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which forever will cling to me.'

'Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down to me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin
That absolved thou mayst be.'

'And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He to whom are given the keys of earth and
heaven
Has no power to pardon me?'

'O, I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day.'

The pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his saye —
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Grey Brother laye.

.

THE FIRE-KING ¹

The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him. — *Eastern Tale.*

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love and of war and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh in the midst of your glee
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

O, see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat and the staff in his hand? —

'Now, palmer, grey palmer, O, tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?'

'O, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead and Nablous and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the heathen have lost and the Christians have won.'

A fair chain of gold mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:

¹ See Note 15.

THE FIRE-KING

'O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

'And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back and the Red-cross rushed
on,
O, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?'

'O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong and your hopes soar on high,
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

'The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls:
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.'

O, she's ta'en a horse should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith or his knighthood had he:
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

THE FIRE-KING

'O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

'And next, in the cavern where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone and in silence three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

'And last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.'

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;

THE FIRE-KING

They searched all his garments, and under his weeds
They found and took from him his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled
round;

Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved and naught else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But as he descended a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode
When the winds from the four points of heaven were
abroad,

THE FIRE-KING

They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And borne on the blast came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through
 smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
'With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no
 more,
Till thou bend to the Cross and the Virgin adore.'

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee:
The thunders growl distant and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;

THE FIRE-KING

And the Red-cross waxed faint and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple and Knights of Saint
 John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horseman and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did
 wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield to his steel saddlebow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head, —
'*Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!*' he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp and was never seen more;

THE FIRE-KING

But true men have said that the lightning's red
 wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth and his gauntleted hand;
He stretched with one buffet that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted
 hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain. —
O, who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee? —
O, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie?

The lady was buried in Salem's blest bound,
The count he was left to the vulture and hound:

THE FIRE-KING

Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel in harping can tell
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell:
And lords and gay ladies have sighed mid their glee
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

BOTHWELL CASTLE

A FRAGMENT

1799

WHEN fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruined towers
The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry,
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers in ruin piled
O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene —
Of Bothwell's banks that bloomed so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

BOTHWELL CASTLE

O, if with rugged minstrel lays
 Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
 Another tale wilt hear, —

Then all beneath the spreading beech,
 Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
 Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
 He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
 Has started at the sound.

Saint George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
 Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
 Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
 That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen mustered fast,
 And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
 Proud Pembroke's Earl was he —
While —

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

A FRAGMENT

1799

.
AND ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog with slaughter red
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopt and turned his head,
As by fits the night wind blew;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flashed between.

The moonbeams through the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Through the cloudy night the snow gleamed white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

'Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

But more rough and rude are the men of blood
That hunt my life below!

'Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had loured melle with the fiends of hell
Than with Clavers and his band.'

He heard the deep-mouthed bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of the faulting hound,
And the muttered oath of balked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear.

'O, bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering band;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

'Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mixed with the sea-fowl's shrilly moans
And ocean's bursting roar!

'O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O, stretch him on the clay!

'His widow and his little ones,
O, may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones,
And crush them in the dust!'

'Sweet prayers to me,' a voice replied,
'Thrice welcome, guest of mine!'
And glimmering on the cavern side
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man in amice brown
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger stretched upright
Arose a ghastly flame,

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

That waved not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold —
'Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

'But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow.'

The wanderer raised him undismayed:
'My soul, by dangers steeled,
Is stubborn as my Border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

'And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate from bridge and gate
To feed the hooded crows.'

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

The Brownie looked him in the face,
And his colour fled with speed —
'I fear me,' quoth he, 'uneath it will be
To match thy word and deed.

'In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

'A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

"Look thou," he said, "from Cessford head
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe."

'For many a year wrought the wizard here
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete and in July's heat
Appeared December's snow;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

'For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while by female guile
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

'But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain, —
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign.'

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which opened there.

Through the gloomy night flashed ruddy light,
A thousand torches glow;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall
Stood a steed in barding bright;
At the foot of each steed, all armed save the head,
Lay stretched a stalwart knight.

In each mailed hand was a naked brand;
As they lay on the black bull's hide,

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

Each visage stern did upwards turn
With eyeballs fixed and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there for battle yare
A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam,
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape and giant size
Appeared a sword and horn.

'Now choose thee here,' quoth his leader,
'Thy venturous fortune try;
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie.'

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail;
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took
To 'say a gentle sound;
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast
That the Cheviot rocked around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

On Carlisle wall and Berwick withal
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with whoop and cry.

'Woe, woe,' they cried, 'thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?'

The morning on the mountain shone
And on the bloody ground,
Hurled from the cave with shivered bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread
Among the glidders grey,
A shapeless stone with lichens spread
Marks where the wanderer lay.

• • • • •

CHEVIOT

A FRAGMENT

1799

.
Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
 In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
 Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
 She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
 Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
 Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot rolled,
 Earth's mountain billows come.

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FREDERICK AND ALICE¹

1801

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone,
Mourned o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows! —
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed;
Seven long days and nights are o'er:

¹ See Note 16.

FREDERICK AND ALICE

Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking blithe the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountains' sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly to the hills around
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, woe the while!
Ceaseless care and causeless fright
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

FREDERICK AND ALICE

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell and rain-streams pour,
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruined aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound:
Down a ruined staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound. .

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide! —
'Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!'

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;

FREDERICK AND ALICE

As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din he seemed to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed; —
Well, he knew that solemn air,
'T was the lay that Alice loved. —

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthened clangors die,
Slowly opes the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

FREDERICK AND ALICE

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell; —
‘Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!’

CADYOW CASTLE¹

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE
HAMILTON

1801

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

¹ See Note 17.

CADYOW CASTLE

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns — the present flies.

Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'T is night — the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;

CADYOW CASTLE

Steeds snort, uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls — they hurry out —
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on; ¹
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetier than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

¹ See Note 18.

CADYOW CASTLE

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan —
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the pryse!

'T is noon — against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

'Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?'

Stern Claud¹ replied with darkening face —
Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he —

¹ See Note 19.

CADYOW CASTLE

'At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

'Few suns have set since Woodhouselee¹
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths in social glee
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

'There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

'O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

'What sheeted phantom wanders wild
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child —
O! is it she, the pallid rose?

'The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe —
"Revenge," she cries, "on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"'

¹ See Note 20.

CADYOW CASTLE

He ceased — and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;¹

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair? —
'T is he! 't is he! 't is Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke — "'T is sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

'Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,

¹ See Note 21.

CADYOW CASTLE

But prouder base-born Murray rode,
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

'From the wild Border's humbled side,¹
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

'But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

'With hackbut bent,² my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked where mingling in his band
Trooped Scottish pipes and English bows.

'Dark Morton,³ girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.⁴

'Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,⁵
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,⁶
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

¹ See Note 22.

² See Note 23.

³ See Note 24.

⁴ See Note 25.

⁵ See Note 26.

⁶ See Note 27.

CADYOW CASTLE

'Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.¹

'From the raised vizor's shade his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

'But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
"Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!"

'The death-shot parts! the charger springs;
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plummy helmet rings —
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

'What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell —
Or he who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell!

'But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;

¹ See Note 28.

CADYOW CASTLE

And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

‘My Margaret’s spectre glided near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
“Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!”

‘Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!¹
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow! —
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!’

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim —
‘Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of flame!’

But see! the minstrel vision fails —
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan’s lonely roar.

For the loud bugle pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

¹ See Note 29.

CADYOW CASTLE

For chiefs intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

A FRAGMENT

1802

O, WILL ye hear a mirthful bourd?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will ye hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

'Ca' out the kye,' quo' the village herd,
As he stood on the knowe,
'Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow.'

'Ah! by my sooth,' quoth William then,
'And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the lord has but his cow?

'I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,
And the might of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's kye.'

He took a bugle frae his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er —

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore —

He blew a note baith sharp and hie
Till rock and water ran around —
Threescore of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had entered then,
And ere she wan the full
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a bassened bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower
And the English ale flowed merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's braes was there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laughed, they sang and quaffed,
Till naught on board was seen,
When knight and squire were boune to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

Lord William has ta'en his berry-brown steed —

A sore shent man was he;

'Wait ye, my guests, a little speed —

Weel feasted ye shall be.'

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,

His cousin dear to see,

With him to take a riding turn —

Wat-draw-the-Sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen,

Beneath the trysting-tree,¹

On the smooth green was carved plain,

'To Lochwood bound are we.'

'O, if they be gane to dark Lochwood

To drive the Warden's gear,

Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud;

I'll go and have my share:

'For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,

The Warden though he be.'

So Lord William is away to dark Lochwood

With riders barely three.

The Warden's daughters in Lochwood sate,

Were all both fair and gay,

¹ See Note 30.

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister Jean had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and braw;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's wa' —
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

'Of all the knights, the knight most fair
From Yarrow to the Tyne,'
Soft sighed the maid, 'is Harden's heir,
But ne'er can he be mine;

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

'Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah!' sighing sad, that lady said,
'Can ne'er young Harden's be.'

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father's men
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.

O, fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

.

CHRISTIE'S WILL ¹

1802

TRAQUAIR has ridden up Chapelhope,
And sae has he down by the Grey Mare's Tail;²
He never stinted the light gallop,
Until he speered for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peeped frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
'And ever unlucky,' quo' he, 'is the hour,
That the Warden comes to speer for me!'

'Good Christie's Will, now, have nae fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

'Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread,³
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again.'

'Gramercy, my lord,' quo' Christie's Will,
'Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!

¹ See Note 31.

² A cataract above Moffat.

³ 'He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would never open his lips.' — *The Honest Whore*, Act v, Scene 2.

CHRISTIE'S WILL

When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree.'

And he has opened the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

'Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?'

'O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare.

'But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stoun . . .
My bonny braid lands would still be my ain.'

'O, mony a time, my lord,' he said,
'I've stoun the horse frae the sleeping loon;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh toun.

CHRISTIE'S WILL

'O, mony a time, my lord,' he said,
 'I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed;
 For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench.'

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
 At the Borough Muir then entered he;
And as he passed the gallow-stane,
 He crossed his brow and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
 And there he knocked most manfullie;
And up and spake Lord Durie sae stour,
 'What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?'

'The fairest lady in Teviotdale
 Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee;
She pleas at the Session for her land, a' haill,
 And fain she wad plead her cause to thee.'

'But how can I to that lady ride,
 With saving of my dignitie?'
'O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
 And in my cloak ye sall muffled be.'

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
 He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;

CHRISTIE'S WILL

He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,¹
They met, I ween, our noble King.

When Willie looked upon our King,
I wot a frightened man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The King he crossed himself, iwis,
When as the pair came riding bye —
'An uglier crone, and a sturdier loon,
I think, were never seen with eye!'

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garred his auld banes gie mony a crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

¹ Middleton Moor is about fifteen miles from Edinburgh on the way to the Border.

CHRISTIE'S WILL

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross,¹
Had fanged him in their nets sae fast;
Or that the gipsies' glamour'd gang²
Had laired his learning at the last.

'Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud!'
These were the morning sounds heard he;
And ever 'Alack!' auld Durie cried,
'The de'il is hounding his tykes on me!' —

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie;
'I have tar-barrelled mony a witch,³
But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!'

The King has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron, —
'He that will bring Lord Durie back,
Shall have five hundred merks and one.'

Traquair has written a privie letter,
And he has sealed it wi' his seal, —
'Ye may let the auld brock out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel.'

O Will has mounted his bonny black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,

¹ See Note 32.

² See Note 33.

³ See Note 34.

CHRISTIE'S WILL

And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
'Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!'

THOMAS THE RHYMER¹

PART FIRST

ANCIENT

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

¹ See Note 35.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;

'Harp and carp along wi' me;

And if ye dare to kiss my lips,

Sure of your bodie I will be.'

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,

That weird shall never daunt me.'

Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,

All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said;

'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;

And ye maun serve me seven years,

Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed;

She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:

And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,

The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;

The steed gaed swifter than the wind;

Until they reached a desert wide,

And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,

And lean your head upon my knee;

THOMAS THE RHYMER

Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

'And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.'

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree — ¹
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

'My tongue is mine ain,' true Thomas said;
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

¹ See Note 36.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART SECOND

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirred his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says — 'Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me.'
Says — 'Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcume, good Dunbar, to me!

'Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

'A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's Hills to Solway sea.'
'Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.'

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He showed him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,¹
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

'The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

'A Scottish King shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feathered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

'When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say —
"For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day."²

¹ King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

² See Note 37.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

'Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

'There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day.'

'Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie,' Corspatrick said,
'Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!'

The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's called of bread;³
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

'Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

'Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;

³ See Note 38.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the crosses there shall be.'

'But tell me now,' said brave Dunbar,
'True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?'

'A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

'The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.'

PART THIRD

MODERN

When seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw showed high Dunyon ¹
His beacon blazing red.

¹ Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills near Jedburgh.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,¹
Pitched palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.²

The feast was spread in Ercildoune;
In Learmont's high and ancient hall:
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done:
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hushed were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;

¹ See Note 39. ² Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

And armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearkened to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelled in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venomed wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doomed in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segremore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;

THOMAS THE RHYMER

Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes! — like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes! — she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seemed to hear.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ear assail.

He starts, he wakes; — 'What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!'

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth sight they see —
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.¹

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;

¹ See Note 40.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
'My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me.'

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall:
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

'Farewell, my father's ancient tower!

A long farewell,' said he:

'The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,

Thou never more shalt be.

'To Learmont's name no foot of earth

Shall here again belong,

And, on thy hospitable hearth,

The hare shall leave her young.

'Adieu! adieu!' again he cried,

All as he turned him roun' —

'Farewell to Leader's silver tide!

Farewell to Ercildoune!'

The hart and hind approached the place,

As lingering yet he stood;

And there, before Lord Douglas' face,

With them he crossed the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,

And spurred him the Leader o'er;

But, though he rode with lightning speed,

He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,

Their wondrous course had been;

But ne'er in haunts of living men

Again was Thomas seen.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby:
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak —
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock; —
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

'Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

The Spectre with his Bloody Hand ¹
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

'Souls of the mighty, wake and say
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
All by your harpings doomed to die
On bloody Largs and Loncarty.²

'Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by,
Nor through the pines with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now? — Ye ne'er were mute
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

'O, yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enrolled,

¹ The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Shamdearg, or Red Hand.

² Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold: —
From Coilgach,¹ first who rolled his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him of veteran memory dear
Who victor died on Aboukir.

'By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell!
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!'

The wind is hushed and still the lake —
Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years —
'When targets clashed and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we
And hymned the joys of Liberty!'

¹ The Galgacus of Tacitus.

HELLVELLYN¹

1805

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide;

All was still save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bend-
ing,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

¹ See Note 41.

HELLVELLYN

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And O, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

A POEM

IN SIX CANTOS

Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci iudice, digna lini.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THE Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

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A POEM of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as, in the edition of the *Waverley Novels* now in course of publication, I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained for a season an extensive reputation.

I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the *Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry*, when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The second edition of that work, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilised history was ignorant. It was, on the whole, one of those books which are more praised than they are read.

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipt my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an

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insulated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the *Minstrelsy* appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married, — was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should, therefore, seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

'Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.'¹

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with

¹ 'If dust be none, yet brush that none away.'

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the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular, an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, — being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature was at as much pains to conceal it as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered much loss that jurisprudence might be enriched.

Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser

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alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalised by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness; but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resting. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also, with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by some, who like myself, consulted rather their desire than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three

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years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

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With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which, depending upon accident, can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my

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plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labour, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honours. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public, in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the *Tales of Wonder*, in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to

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revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grinding hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the *Gondibert* of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary.¹ But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it in more modern days, by

¹ Thus it has been often remarked, that, in the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in Italics.

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumber'd, *heavenly* goddess, sing;
That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign,
The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones, unburied on the *desert* shore,
Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore.'

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encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the 'fatal facility' of the octosyllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us.¹ Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,² near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it

¹ [The Duchess of Buccleuch died in August, 1814.]

² This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show: A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavouring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. 'No, sir,' said old Mickledale; 'my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the auld riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about.'

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was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta), who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his *Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland*. I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the *Joan of Arc*, the *Thalaba*, and the *Metrical Ballads* of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called *Christabel*, by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, and others; but it was in *Christabel* that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to

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his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr. Coleridge's productions. On this subject I have only to say that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the Author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity.¹ In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own *at least*, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge —

¹ One of these, William Erskine, esq. (Lord Kinnedder), I have often had occasion to mention, and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranstoun, esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Corehouse. [1831.]

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'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good-nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city, they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the *Faery Queen*, such as —

'Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed:
The face of Golden Mean:
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish clean.'

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor by whom the lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

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The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of bold and liberal industry which was of so much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for £500, to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added £100, in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the Author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.

It would be great affectation not to own frankly, that the Author expected some success from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent

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of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the *Lay* were disposed of by the trade; and the Author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity.

A few additional remarks on the Author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of *Marmion*.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

INTRODUCTION

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;

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The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.
He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess¹ marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

¹ Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

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When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis,¹ dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter,² rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain

¹ Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

² Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

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Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost

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In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST

I

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,¹
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell —
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight and page and household squire
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;²

¹ See Note 42.

² See Note 43.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barded with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;¹

¹ See Note 44.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

A hundred more fed free in stall: —
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors armed by night?
They watch to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
To see Saint George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop or Howard or Percy's powers
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,¹
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

VII

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall
Beside his broken spear.

Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell!²
When startled burghers fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of high Dunedin

¹ See Note 45.

² See Note 46.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell, —
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII

Can piety the discord heal,
Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage they drew,
Implored in vain the grace divine
For chiefs their own red falchions slew.
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!¹

IX

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent,
And many a flower and many a tear
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent;
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear!

¹ See Note 47.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe,
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,
'And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire
And wept in wild despair.
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied,
For hopeless love and anxious fear
Had lent their mingled tide;
Nor in her mother's altered eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan
With Carr in arms had stood,¹
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;

¹ See Note 48.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And well she knew her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,¹
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI

Of noble race the Ladye came;
Her father was a clerk of fame
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:²
He learned the art that none may name
In Padua, far beyond the sea.³
Men said he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when in studious mood he paced
Saint Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!⁴

XII

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.⁵
And now she sits in secret bower
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound
That moans the mossy turrets round.

¹ See Note 49.

² See Note 50.

³ See Note 51.

⁴ See Note 52.

⁵ See Note 53.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII

At the sullen, moaning sound
The ban-dogs bay and howl,
And from the turrets round
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XV

RIVER SPIRIT

'Sleep'st thou, brother?'

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

'Brother, nay —

On my hills the moonbeams play.

From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,

By every rill, in every glen,

Merry elves their morris pacing,

To ærial minstrelsy,

Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,

Trip it deft and merrily.

Up, and mark their nimble feet!

Up, and list their music sweet!'

XVI

RIVER SPIRIT

'Tears of an imprisoned maiden

Mix with my polluted stream;

Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,

Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.

Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,

When shall cease these feudal jars?

What shall be the maiden's fate?

Who shall be the maiden's mate?'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XVII

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
 Ill may I read their high decree:
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower
 Till pride be quelled and love be free.'

XVIII

The unearthly voices ceased,
 And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throbbed high with pride:
'Your mountains shall bend
And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XIX

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And with jocund din among them all
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper,¹ the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall right merrily
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambles bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied
How the brave boy in future war
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.²

XX

The Ladye forgot her purpose high
One moment and no more,
One moment gazed with a mother's eye
As she paused at the arched door;
Then from amid the armed train
She called to her William of Deloraine.³

¹ See Note 54.

² See Note 55.

³ See Note 56.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXI

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway Sands, through Tarras Moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;¹
In Eske or Liddel fords were none
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime:
Steady of heart and stout of hand
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

XXII

'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur nor stint to ride
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

¹ See Note 57.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Greet the father well from me;

Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,

To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be Saint Michael's night,
And though stars be dim the moon is bright,
And the cross of bloody red

Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII

'What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born!'

XXIV

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day,' the warrior gan say,
'Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never one,
Were 't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'¹

¹ See Note 58.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXV

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,¹
Where Druid shades still flitted round:
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.²

XXVI

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:
'Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.'
'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horseliehill;

¹ See Note 59.

² See Note 60.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Broad on the left before him lay
For many a mile the Roman way.

XXVII

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed,
Drew saddle-girth and corselet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,¹
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest
Where falcons hang their giddy nest
Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove
Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,²
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;

¹ See Note 61.

² See Note 62.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow:
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

XXX

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;¹
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;

¹ See Note 63.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas in the van
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached 't was silence all;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.¹

HERE paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell:

¹ See Note 64.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Dejectedly and low he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek in every eye
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age and wandering long
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the aged man
After meet rest again began.

CANTO SECOND

I

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;¹
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;²
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair:

¹ See Note 65.

² See Note 66.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate:
Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?'
From Branksome I,' the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.¹

III

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle
To hail the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

IV

'The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me,
Says that the fated hour is come,

¹ See Note 67.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.'

From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide:
'And darest thou, warrior, seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear —
Then, daring warrior, follow me!'

VI

'Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.¹
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.'

VII

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.²

VIII

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.

¹ See Note 68.

² See Note 69.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

So had he seen, in fair Castile,¹

The youth in glittering squadrons start,
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,

And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX

By a steel-clenched postern door

They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof

On pillars lofty and light and small:
The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,

Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!²

¹ See Note 70.

² See Note 71.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale! ¹
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!

XI

The moon on the east oriel shone ²
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII

They sate them down on a marble stone ³ —
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone:

¹ See Note 72.

² See Note 73.

³ See Note 74.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

'I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII

'In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;¹
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave,²
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!³
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,⁴
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin,
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

XIV

'When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:

¹ See Note 75.

² See Note 76.

³ See Note 77.

⁴ See Note 78.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV

' I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on Saint Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI

' It was a night of woe and dread
When Michael in the tomb I laid;
Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast' —
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one! —

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII

'Lo, warrior! now, the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead:
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.'¹
Slow moved the monk to the broad flagstone
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII

With beating heart to the task he went,
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent,
With bar of iron heaved amain
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength

¹ See Note 79.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might,
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee.
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XX

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe,
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:
'Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayst not look upon
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!'
Then Deloraine in terror took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;¹

¹ See Note 80.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom,
For the moon had gone down and the stars were few;
And as the knight and priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'T is said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man,
As if the fiends kept holiday
Because these spells were brought to-day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

XXIII

'Now, hie thee hence,' the father said,
'And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye and sweet Saint John
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!'
The monk returned him to his cell,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell,
The Monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he passed the tombstones grey
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic book, to his bosom pressed,
Felt like a load upon his breast,
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen-leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot grey;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

XXV

The sun had brightened Cheviot grey,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;¹
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,

¹ A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And wakened every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastily;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?
Why does she stop and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII

The ladye steps in doubt and dread
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The ladye caresses the rough bloodhound
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster father's son;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII

The knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately and young and tall,
Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red,
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon pressed,
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold —
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow.
Ye ween to hear a melting tale
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the knight, with tender fire,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

To paint his faithful passion strove,
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid; —
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,¹
And held his crested helm and spear:
That dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border far and near.
'T was said, when the Baron a-hunting rode

¹ See Note 81.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,

A leap of thirty feet and three
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,

Distorted like some dwarfish ape,

And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.

Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;

'T is said that five good miles he rade,

To rid him of his company;

But where he rode one mile, the dwarf ran four,

And the dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII

Use lessens marvel, it is said:

This elfish dwarf with the Baron staid;

Little he ate, and less he spoke,

Nor mingled with the menial flock;

And oft apart his arms he tossed,

And often muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,

But well Lord Cranstoun served he:

And he of his service was full fain;

For once he had been ta'en or slain,

An it had not been for his ministry.

All between Home and Hermitage

Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXXIII

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish page,
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes;
For there, beside Our Lady's lake,¹
An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band¹
Of the best that would ride at her command;
 The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
 They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to Saint Mary's lake ere day,
But the chapel was void and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIV

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,

¹ See Note 82.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

As if a distant noise he hears.
The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel-grove
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

WHILE thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail.
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them and laughed.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD

I

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love? —
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

II

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill,
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat and splashed with clay,
 His armour red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

IV

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest;¹
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
For question fierce and proud reply
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire when wheeled around
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

¹ See Note 83.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

V

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor prayed,
Nor saint nor ladye called to aid;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent,
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield and jack and acton passed,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course,
Nor knew — so giddy rolled his brain —
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII

But when he reined his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to staunch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
'This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.

VIII

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corselet off he took,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvelled a knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride:¹
He thought not to search or staunch the wound
Until the secret he had found.

IX

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp;
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristened hand
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall,
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth —
All was delusion, nought was truth.²

¹ See Note 84.

² See Note 85.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

X

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretched him on the plain
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismayed,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he muttered and no more,
'Man of age, thou smitest sore!'
No more the elfin page durst try
Into the wondrous book to pry;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak. —
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.¹

XI

Unwillingly himself he addressed
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall
Before the beards of the warders all,

¹ See Note 86.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And each did after swear and say
There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII

As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seemed to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The running stream dissolved the spell,¹
And his own elfish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child,
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
And laughed, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

XIV

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frightened, as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He feared to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
And deeper in the wood is gone, —

¹ See Note 87.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray, —
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

xv

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously.
I wene you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the bloodhound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring;
When dashed an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed,
He drew his tough bowstring;
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward, — 't is a boy!'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XVI

The speaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,
And quelled the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true and eye more clear
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face;
Old England's sign, Saint George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantily to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

He never counted him a man,¹

Would strike below the knee:

His slackened bow was in his hand,

And the leash that was his bloodhound's band.

XVIII

He would not do the fair child harm,

But held him with his powerful arm,

That he might neither fight nor flee;

For when the red cross spied he,

The boy strove long and violently.

Now, by Saint George,' the archer cries,

'Edward, methinks we have a prize!

This boy's fair face and courage free

Show he is come of high degree.'

XIX

'Yes! I am come of high degree,

For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;

And, if thou dost not set me free,

False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!

For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,

And William of Deloraine, good at need,

And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;

And, if thou dost not let me go,

¹ See Note 88.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow!'

XX

'Gramercy for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order:
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border!
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son.'

XXI

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinched and beat and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guessed
That the young baron was possessed!

XXII

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled,
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wondered to find him lie
On the stone threshold stretched along:
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunched the blood.¹
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood;

¹ See Note 89.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.¹
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toiled, for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV

So passed the day — the evening fell,
'T was near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,

¹ See Note 90.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star? —
O, 't is the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXVII

The seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:
'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,¹
And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome,² every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout.
Ye need not send to Liddesdale,
For when they see the blazing bale
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail.
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life,
And warn the warden of the strife!
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin and clan and friends to raise!'³

XXVIII

Fair Margaret from the turret head
Heard far below the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamour dread
The ready horsemen sprung:

¹ See Note 91.

³ See Note 92.

² 'Mount for Branksome' was the gathering word of the Scotts.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices mingled notes,
 And out! and out!
 In hasty rout,
 The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX

The ready page with hurried hand
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blushed the heaven;
For a sheet of flame from the turret high
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven.
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height and hill and cliff were seen,
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,¹

¹ See Note 93.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw
From Soltra and Dumpender Law,
And Lothian heard the Regent's order
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell with backward clang
Sent forth the larum peal.
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI

The noble dame, amid the broil,
Shared the grey seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile,
Cheered the young knights, and council sag
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.

Some said that there were thousands ten;
And others weened that it was nought

But Leven Clans or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,

Might drive them lightly back agen.
So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound — the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend — no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer?
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
'Ay, once he had — but he was dead!' —
Upon the harp he stooped his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH

I

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn.

II

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dundee.¹

¹ The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid? —
Enough — he died the death of fame;
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

III

Now over Border dale and fell
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh and mountain cell
The peasant left his lowly shed.¹
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed Southern ravage was begun.²

IV

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried:
'Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,³
Comes wading through the flood.

¹ See Note 94.

² See Note 95.

³ See Note 96.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate and prove the lock;
It was but last Saint Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twanged the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said,
' I think 't will prove a Warden-raid.'

v

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.¹
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,²
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed and lean withal:
A battered morion on his brow;
A leathern jack, as fence enow,

¹ See Note 97.

² See Note 98.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe:
'Belted Will Howard is marching here,¹
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,²
And all the German hackbut-men³
Who have long lain at Askerten.
They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower —
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barnyard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight,
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw and Fergus Græme
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright —

¹ See Note 99.

² See Note 100.

³ See Note 101.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

I had him long at high despite;
He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'

VII

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen.
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came, in their chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII

From fair Saint Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave
For faith, mid feudal jars;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines revealed,
'Ready, aye ready,' for the field.¹

IX

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And, azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.²
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood Tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low,
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms;

¹ See Note 102.

² See Note 103.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And still in age he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow.
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,¹
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The earl was gentle and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike and fierce and rude;
High of heart and haughty of word,
Little they recked of a tame liege-lord.
The earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and signiory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.'

¹ See Note 104.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;
Lord and earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI

The earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man!
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merry men in the midst of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
'Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

XII

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.'
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse
That the dun deer started at far Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain-mist there did lances
appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

That the echoes answered from Pentounlinn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied and lances broke!
For each scornful word the Galliard had said
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man,
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouseslie to Chester-glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.¹
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye marked the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose;

¹ See Note 105.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes:

'The boy is ripe to look on war;

I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar

The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a Southern breast
Is broader than the raven's nest:

Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

XIV

Well may you think the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
And moaned, and plained in manner wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,

That wont to be so free and bold.

Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame:

'Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleugh!
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

To Rangleburn's lonely side.
Sure, some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!

XV

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omened elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
Nor heeded bit nor curb nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!' Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again,
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XVI

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs from below
Proclaimed the approaching Southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm and shield and spear.

XVII

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white and crosses red,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

XVIII

Behind the English bill and bow
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord: ¹
They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All as they marched, in rugged tongue
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,

¹ See Note 106.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, 'Saint George for merry England!'

XX

Now every English eye intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe and spear and partisan;
Falcon and culver on each tower
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked like a witch's caldron red.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary seneschal.

XXI

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait,
Forced him with chastened fire to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on his spear.¹
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII

'Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,

¹ See Note 107.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest
As scare one swallow from her nest,
Saint Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.'

XXIII

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
'May't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came and when we go.'
The message sped, the noble dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue —
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And this his master's will he said:

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXIV

'It irks, high dame, my noble lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.¹
It was but last Saint Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

¹ See Note 108.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXV

He ceased — and loud the boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high,
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned;
Then deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest,
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied in dauntless mood:

XXVI

'Say to your lords of high emprise
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him by oath of march-treason stain,¹
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,²
When English blood swelled Ancram ford;³

¹ See Note 109.

² See Note 110.

³ See Note 111.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine!
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

XXVII

Proud she looked round, applause to claim —
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
'Saint Mary for the young Buccleuch!'
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each Southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown; —
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXVIII

'Ah! noble lords!' he breathless said,
'What treason has your march betrayed?
What make you here from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wandered long,
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurred all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe.'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXIX

'And let them come!' fierce Dacre cried;
'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers displayed,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!'

XXX

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, 'calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the Blanche Lion e'er fall back? ¹
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine ²
In single fight, and if he gain,

¹ See Note 112.

² See Note 113.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

He gains for us; but if he's crossed,
'T is but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat and death and shame.'

XXXI

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stayed,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet called with parleying strain
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight.
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:
'If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Shall hostage for his clan remain;
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.

Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

XXXIII

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsaid;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew

How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed

Beneath the castle on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Should for himself and chieftain stand
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV

I know right well that in their lay
Full many minstrels sing and say
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, whenas the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial harper,¹ taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,²
In the old Douglas' day.
He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood,
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

¹ See Note 114.

² See Note 115.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXXV

Why should I tell the rigid doom
That dragged my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died! — his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer, —
In pity half, and half sincere, —
Marvelled the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled:
In sooth, 't was strange this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH

I

CALL it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn,
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun
Glanced momentary to the sun;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!¹
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne²
Their men in battle-order set,
And Swinton laid the lance in rest
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.³
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, 'A Home! a Home!'⁴

V

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went:
To every chief and lord they paid

¹ See Note 116.

² See Note 117.

³ See Note 118.

⁴ See Note 119.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid,
And told them how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye prayed them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy;
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask
How these two hostile armies met,
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the football play.¹

VII

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,

¹ See Note 120.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day;¹
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII

The blithesome signs of wassail gay
Decayed not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;²
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

¹ See Note 121.

² See Note 122.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

IX

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died,
And you might hear from Branksome hill
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the dame's reproving eye;
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh:
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
 She viewed the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI

She gazed upon the inner court,
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,
Where coursers' clang and stamp and snort
 Had rung the livelong yesterday:
Now still as death; till stalking slow, —
 The jingling spurs announced his tread, —
A stately warrior passed below;
 But when he raised his plumed head —
 Blessed Mary! can it be? —
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
 With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak —
O, if one page's slumbers break,
 His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
 Shall buy his life a day.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XII

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page:
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage;
But O, what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love —
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII

Oft have I mused what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round,
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow and sin and shame,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight.
And to the gentle Ladye bright
Disgrace and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. —
Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And bandied many a word of boast
About the knight each favoured most.

XV

Meantime full anxious was the dame;
For now arose disputed claim
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane.
They gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife — for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared and craved the combat due.
The dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much in courteous phrase they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb — his Flemish ruff

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

XVII

Behind Lord Howard and the dame
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose footcloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The dame and she the barriers graced.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XVIII

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists in knightly pride
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading-staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field,
While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look or sign or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke: —

XIX

ENGLISH HERALD

' Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

He sayeth that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God and his good cause!’

XX

SCOTTISH HERALD

‘Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth that foul treason’s stain,
Since he bore arms ne’er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave’s body prove
He lies most foully in his throat.’

LORD DACRE

‘Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!’

LORD HOME

‘God defend the right!’ —
Then, Teviot, how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid-list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXI

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

XXII

'T is done, 't is done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise — brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood — some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp! —
O, bootless aid! — haste, holy friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII

In haste the holy friar sped; —
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays; — the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.

When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise

Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the thronged array,

In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:

He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy and in pain;

And all upon the armed ground

Knew William of Deloraine!

Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;

‘And who art thou,’ they cried,

‘Who hast this battle fought and won?’

His plumed helm was soon undone —

‘Cranstoun of Teviot-side!

For this fair prize I’ve fought and won,’ —

And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said —
For Howard was a generous foe —
And how the clan united prayed
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still:
'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be,
For this is your betrothing day,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.'

XXVII

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain:
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lingered till he joined the maid.
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII

William of Deloraine some chance
Had wakened from his deathlike trance,
And taught that in the listed plain
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence to the field unarmed he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe.
And so 't was seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he looked down:

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made:

XXIX

' Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here,
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth Castle long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both, of us did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear.
'T was pleasure, as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And with the bugle rouse the fray! ¹
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

XXX

So mourned he till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levelled lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests in sable stole
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul;
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,

¹ See Note 123.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Now meets, and now eludes the ear,
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep,
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH

I

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

II

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

III

Not scorned like me, to Branksome Hall
The minstrels came at festive call;
Trooping they came from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now for every merry mate

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound:
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh,
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these: — I trust right well,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

She wrought not by forbidden spell,¹
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say, —
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,²
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI

The spousal rites were ended soon;
'T was now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,³

¹ See Note 124.

² See Note 125.

³ See Note 126.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

And cygnet from Saint Mary's wave,¹
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laughed;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,

¹ See Note 127.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly crossed
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill,¹
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose;
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove ² and shook his head.
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found:
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 't was said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII

The dwarf, who feared his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,

¹ See Note 128.

² See Note 129.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revelled as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;¹
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
'A deep carouse to yon fair bride!'
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foamed forth in floods the nut-brown ale,
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,²
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife;

¹ See Note 130.

² See Note 131.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venomed wound and festering joint
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
And board and flagons overturned.
Riot and clamour wild began;
Back to the hall the urchin ran,
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinned, and muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

X

By this, the dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
And first stepped forth old Albert Græme,¹
The minstrel of that ancient name:
Was none who struck the harp so well
Within the Land Debatable;
Well friended too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;

¹ See Note 132.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

They sought the beeves that made their broth
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI

ALBERT GRÆME

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall) ¹
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight be lord of all!

¹ See Note 133.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XII

That wine she had not tasted well,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; —
So perish all would true love part,
 That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
 So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
 For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII

As ended Albert's simple lay,
 Arose a bard of loftier port,
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay
 Renowned in haughty Henry's court:

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre ¹ —
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV

They sought together climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stayed,
And deemed that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV

Fitztraver, O, what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey of the deathless lay
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?

¹ See Note 134.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI

FITZTRAVER

'T was All-souls's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised by his art
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark if still she loved and still she thought of him.

XVII

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright;
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX

Fair all the pageant — but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And pensive read from tablet eburnine
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find:
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XX

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away —
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.
Then from his seat with lofty air
Rose Harold, bard of brave Saint Clair, —
Saint Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst Saint Clairs held princely sway¹
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; —
Still nods their palace to its fall,²
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall! —

¹ See Note 135.

² See Note 136.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave,
And watched the whilst, with visage pale
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might Fancy cull;
For thither came in times afar
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave;¹
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale,
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold in his youth
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth, —
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;²
Of those dread Maids³ whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;

¹ See Note 137.

² See Note 138.

³ See Note 139.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Of chiefs who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,¹
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
-With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learned a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII

HAROLD

O, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.²

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,³
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;

¹ See Note 140.

² See Note 141.

³ See Note 142.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL'

The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

'T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 't is not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.¹

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

¹ See Note 143.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

XXIV

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all.
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretched hand behold.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chilled the soul of every guest;
Even the high dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elfish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, 'Found! found! found!'

XXV

Then sudden through the darkened air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seemed on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall:
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Were instant seen and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elfish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud, —
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some
Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME!'
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimmed each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

'T was feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.¹
At length by fits he darkly told,
With broken hint and shuddering cold,
That he had seen right certainly
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew — but how it mattered not —
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale:
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to Saint Bride of Douglas make,²
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some blest saint his prayers addressed:
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,

¹ See Note 144.

² See Note 145.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to Our Lady of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en and prayers were
 prayed,
'T is said the noble dame, dismayed,
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.

XXVIII

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene 't were vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row:
No lordly look nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

XXX

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song,
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA,
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSHED is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No: close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath,
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES

NOTE 1, p. 38

THE allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved. [1812.]

NOTE 2, p. 46

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the 1st of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the pagan times, are termed *the beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

NOTE 3, p. 37

I can only describe the second sight by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it 'an impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present.' To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

NOTE 4, p. 50

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather

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dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

NOTE 5, p. 56

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote, — a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

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In the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars concerning St. Fillan are to be found in *Bellenden's Boece*, Book IV, folio ccxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

NOTE 6, p. 59

Smaylholme or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylholme Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylholme Tower.

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NOTE 7, p. 59

Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum-total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers: —

Towns, towers, barnekynes, parysche churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed,	192
Scots slain,	403
Prisoners taken,	816
Nolt (cattle),	10,386
Shepe,	12,492
Nags and geldings,	1296
Gayt,	200
Bolls of corn,	850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture), an incalculable quantity.	

Murdin's State Papers, vol. I, p. 51.

For these services, Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose. (Godscroft.) In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish-men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbolls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley), and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being prob-

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ably unwilling to cross the Teviot, while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed, with a small, but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed, than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: 'O!' exclaimed Angus, 'that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!' (Godscroft.) The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to 'remember Broomhouse!' (Lesley, p. 478.)

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son; together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII, was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his

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ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch. (Redpath's *Border History*, p. 563.)

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the Earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: 'Is our brother-in-law offended?'¹ said he, 'that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less — and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable: I can keep myself there against all his English host.' (Godscroft.)

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Fair maiden, Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.

Vide *Account of the Parish of Melrose*.

It appears from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers, held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. 'I have seen,' says the historian, 'under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I, a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34.' (Stowe's *Annals*, p. 210.) This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

¹ Angus had married the widow of James IV, sister to King Henry VIII.

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NOTE 8, p. 64

Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon Tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

NOTE 9, p. 68

The circumstance of the nun 'who never saw the day,' is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that during her absence her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damp. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow that during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-46, and she nevermore would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her dis-

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turbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night. [1803.]

NOTE 10, p. 69

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.

This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will

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be remembered by posterity, as having taught the genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

NOTE II, p. 69

The scene with which the ballad opens was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the *Life of Alexander Peden*, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

‘About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand’s house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head he said, “They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto”; he halted a little again, saying, “This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!” Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* [partition of the cottage]: immediately he halted and said, “There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!” This person went out, and he *insisted* [went on], yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.’

A friendly correspondent remarks, ‘that the incapacity of

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proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden.' — *Vide Hygini Fabulas*, cap. 26. '*Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*'

— '*Postea sacerdos Diqnæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negebat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; tunc exulatur.*'

NOTE 12, p. 72

The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*.

NOTE 13, p. 72

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuick, the present residence of H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, etc., [1803.]

NOTE 14, p. 72

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him.

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. [1803.]

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NOTE 15, p. 75

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder*. It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story, however, is partly historical, for it is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar called Saint-Alban deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

NOTE 16, p. 95

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *Claudina Von Villa Bella*, where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *Tales of Wonder*.

NOTE 17, p. 100

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern

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to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay in which they now appear shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

‘Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent’s clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent’s favourites [Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk], who seized his house and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed

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on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound.' (*History of Scotland*, Book v.)

'Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland

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to commit murders in France, he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.' (*Thuanus*, cap. 46.)

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, 'who,' he observes, 'satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering'; but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity. (Jebb, vol. II, p. 263.) With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, 'that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes.' (Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. I, p. 197.)

NOTE 18, p. 102

The head of the family of Hamilton at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

NOTE 19, p. 103

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate

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princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction.

NOTE 20, p. 104

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

NOTE 21, p. 105

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, 'after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i.e., ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses.' (*Diary*, p. 18.)

NOTE 22, p. 106

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders.

NOTE 23, p. 106

With gun cocked. The carbine with which the Regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a

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middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

NOTE 24, p. 106

Of this noted person it is enough to say that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

NOTE 25, p. 106

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, 'In this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtaining pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle.' Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that 'Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, "Let them go, I shall fill their place better"; and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight.' (Calderwood's MS. *apud* Keith, p. 480.) Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

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NOTE 26, p. 106

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

NOTE 27, p. 106

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

NOTE 28, p. 107

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim. (Spottiswoode, p. 233.)

NOTE 29, p. 108

An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

NOTE 30, p. 112

At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken.

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NOTE 31, p. 115

In the reign of Charles I, when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction's sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting-vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the President was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind

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him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.¹ The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty* — the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was

¹ It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat.

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advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

'We may frame,' says Forbes, 'a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the decisions of the Session, from July 1621, till July 1642, but also from the following circumstances: 1. In a tract of more as twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'T is commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the Session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained); during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up.' (Forbes's *Journal of the Session*, Edin. 1714. *Preface*, p. 28.)

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known that, during the troubles of Charles I, the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the King's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the service of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed

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the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But, in the meantime, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But, as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of Parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk — the soldiers shouted — he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off, at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless in astonishment, at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him — an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Esk, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a border-rider, invited his followers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and un-mixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the Border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original; but it must be considered as, on the whole, a modern ballad.

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NOTE 32, p. 119

'As for the rencounter betwixt Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper (who has wrote a grammar), and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble Greek wine from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news then at Rome; then trysted Mr. Williamson at London, who met the same man in a coach, near to London Bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr. Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and found him and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a-praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city.' (*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. 1, p. 15.) With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the ap-

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pearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

NOTE 33, p. 119

Besides the prophetic powers ascribed to the gipsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus in the old ballad of 'Johnie Faa,' the elopement of the Countess of Cassillis, with a gipsy leader, is imputed to fascination: —

As sune as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the *glamour* ower her.

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *Mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, who, *per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare conspectus.* Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin*: —

Tho' thai com the Kinges neighe
Merlin hef his heued on heighe
And kest on hem enchaument
That he hem alle allmest blent
That none other sen no might
A gret while y you plight, etc.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in a magical sleight, the *tragetoures* of Father Chaucer, who

—— within a hall large
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down;
Somtime hath seemed come a grim leoun,
And sometime flowres spring as in a mede,
Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;
And when hem liketh voideth it anon.
Thus seemeth it to every mannes sight.

Frankelene's Tale.

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And again, the prodigies exhibited by the Clerk of Orleans to Aurelius: —

He shewd him or they went to soupere
 Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere;
 Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
 The gretest that were ever seen with eie:
 He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
 And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes;
 He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
 Thise fauconers upon a fair rivere,
 That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
 Tho saw he knyghtes justen on a plain;
 And after this he did him swiche plesance,
 That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
 On which himselven danced, as him thought:
 And whan this maister that this magike wrought
 Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
 And farewell! all the revel is ago.
 And yet remued they never out of the house,
 While they saw all thise sights merveillous:
 But in his studie ther his bookes be,
 They saten still and no wight but this three.

Ibid.

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan*; 'for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so dirke, that no man may se nothing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringen in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and aftre, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, fulle of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they maken knyghtes to justen in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely, and they broken her speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is marveyle for to see.' (Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*, p. 285.)

I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Ger-

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many could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain, '*Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par dessus une pillier, et en telle sort, qu'il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la place couroit une riviere fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle riviere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. Et quand ceux de palais virent l'eau si grande, ils commencerent tous a lever leur robes, et a crier fort, comme s'ils eussent eu peur d'estre noyés; et Pacolet, qui l'enchantement regarda, commenca a chanter, et fit en sort si subtil en son chant qu'il sembla a tous ceux de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf grand et cornu, qui jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur fut advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec grande puissance de levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusieurs de la campagne qui saillirent au devant pour le Cerf attraper et cuyder prendre; mais Pacolet fist tost le Cerf sailer. "Bien avez joué," dit Orson, "et bien scavez vostre art user."*' (L'Histoire des Valentin et Orson, à Rouen, 1631.)

The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was, to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend), that a gipsy exercised his glamour over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dunghill cock, trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

NOTE 34, p. 119

Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of Scotland, 11th September,

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1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the Baron-bailie of Preston Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker), for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st, she was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria*; 2d, the pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker; 3d, he never acted, but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore*; 4th, his trade was lawful; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum*; and, 6thly, were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus*. — Answered, 1st, denies consent; 2d, nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum*; 3d, the pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed; and it was found, that inferior ‘judges might not use any torture, by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep’; the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But Lord Durie, a judge of the Court of Session, could have no share in such inflictions.

NOTE 35, p. 121

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer’s castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The*

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Rhymer was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, the son of our poet designed himself 'Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,' which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little further back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation ¹

¹ The lines alluded to are these: —

I hope that Thomas's prophetic,
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,
In him, etc.

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as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness. (*Chartulary of Melrose.*)

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle* —

Of this fycht quillum spak Thomas
Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.
He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was *ferly*.

Book VIII, chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.¹

¹ Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge: —

Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
Which happened sooth in many divers case;
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace, etc.

History of Wallace, Book II.

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Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad.

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It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of canto, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymers: and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry.

NOTE 36, p. 124

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal tree of knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

NOTE 37, p. 126

The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV is well known.

NOTE 38, p. 127

One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

The burn of breid
Shall run fou reid.

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

NOTE 39, p. 129

An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

Vengeance! Vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and evermair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

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NOTE 40, p. 133

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of *Thomas the Rhymer*, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:—

Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.

NOTE 41, p. 139

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

NOTE 42, p. 164

In the reign of James I, Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm,¹ lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,² and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Rob-

¹ Brankholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

² There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

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ert III, 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanché for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend:

"Sir W. Scott of Brancheim Kncht or of Sir William Scott of Rickard Kncht began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 siet quha departit at God's pleisour ye 17 April 1574."

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On a similar copartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, 'DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOUS COMPLETIT THE FORSAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576.' Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

In. warld. is. nocht. nature. hes. brought. pat. sal. lest. ap.
 Tharefore. serve. God. heip. weil. pe. rod. thy. fame. sal. norht.
 dehap.

Sir Walter Scot of Branhholm Knight. Margaret Douglas. 1571.

Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq., of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE 43, p. 164

The ancient Barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name,

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who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry,

No baron was better served in Britain;
The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin;
Each two had a servant to wait upon them;
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
The bells rung and the trumpets sowned;
Ane more than that, I do confess,
They kept four and twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
For the pensioners I can all name:
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth, or lie.
Every pensioner a room¹ did gain,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh.

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, 'These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a year.' (*History of the Name of Scott*, p. 45.) An immense sum in those times.

NOTE 44, p. 165

'Of a truth,' says Froissart, 'the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of

¹ Room, portion of land.

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need, they give heavy strokes.' The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE 45, p. 166

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig. B. viii*, f. 222.

'Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions vpon the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and, soo they dyde meet vppon Monday, before night, being the iii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, upon Northe Tyne water, above Tyn-daill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo invadet Scotland at the hour of viii of the klok at nyght, at a place called Whele Causay; and before xi of the klok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdail, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely did set vpon a towne called Branhholm, where the Lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysynge to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branhholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haid

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ordered theymeself, soo that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the bréyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warnying, shulde haue bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invasion: whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scotts shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theyme, amonges theymeselves, made proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglyzman vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the klok before none, vppone Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdail, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servauntes, under the said assurance, offerring theymselves with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of xii of the klok at none the same daye, came into this your highnes realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scotts men prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought also ccc nowte, and above lx horse and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There were alsoo a towne, called Newbyggins, by diverse fotmen of Tyndaill and Ryddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scotts men of the said towne, and

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many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the ground of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werk-worthe, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great snawes doth lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buclough beyng always a mortall enemy to this your Graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly haid to my said servants, before they reenterprice maid vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f. . . . annoysaunce of your highnes enemys.' In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey. (Pinkerton's *History*, vol. II, p. 318.)

NOTE 46, p. 166

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, 'the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V, then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain

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have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

'This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

'But when the Lord Hume, Cessfoord, and Fernyherst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, "Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate" (i. e. interrupt your passage.) "I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with

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any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it." The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darneliver,¹ either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst followed furiously, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessfoord, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing.'

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses: —

¹ Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field*.

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VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCLUCHIUS,

*Egregio suscepto facinore, libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub JACOBO
V. A°. Christi, 1526.*

*Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum
Audet, nec pavidum morsve, metusve quatit,
Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Regis:
Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse paras;
Si vincis, quanta ô succedunt præmia dextræ!
Sin victus, falsas spes jace, pone animam.
Hostica vis nocuit: stant altæ robora mentis
Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides.
Insita queis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor
Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?*

Heroes ex orani Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Johan. Jonstonio Abredonæ Scotæ, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Jerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza VII; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, 'that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other, were now transferred upon England:

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not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together.' (Birch's *Memorials*, vol. II, p. 67.)

NOTE 47, p. 167

Among other expedients resorted to for staunching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III, had taken the town of Ryol in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. For his deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native

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city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim. (Froissart's *Chronycle*, vol. I, p. 123.)

NOTE 48, p. 168

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,¹ was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his *Travels*, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnihurst.

NOTE 49, p. 169

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE 50, p. 169

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated

¹ The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

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Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country.¹ The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleugh, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation, of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder 'the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch.*'

NOTE 51, p. 169

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. — See the Examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE 52, p. 169

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Goycas informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go

¹ This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written. [1821.]

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before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. (Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 475.) The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily, that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus *lost their shadow* always prove the best magicians.

NOTE 53, p. 169

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

Airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded

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by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say;

It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced. (Macfarlane's MSS.) I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE 54, p. 173

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, 'The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.*

'*Original.* I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterised by him to be *a wild and warlike people.* They are called *moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.

'2. *Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none

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at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

'3. *Height*. Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies, — *the Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse*.

'4. *Decay*. Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. (Bracton, lib. VIII, trac. 2, cap. 11: "*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite pereant, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusârunt.*" — "Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.")

'5. *Ruine*. Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.' (Fuller's *Worthies of England*, p. 216.)

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The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

NOTE 55, p. 173

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were *Vert* on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

NOTE 56, p. 173

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, 'William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine, for his service.' And again, 'This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.' The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, 'it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable.' As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable

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military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But 'when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye encresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thyng considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcasonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysandre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottions, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: al was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companye, and I and Perot of Vernoy took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kep it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was fournyshed with vytaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytayllinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoy, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done."'

(Froissart, vol. II., p. 195.)

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NOTE 57, p. 174

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up: —

Rycht to the burn thai passyt ware,
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
And waueryt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gate couth ga;
Till at the last that John of Lorne
Perseuivit the hund the sleuth had lorne.

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance: The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound.

In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,
While (i.e. *till*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body: —

The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his

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attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes, —

Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth indeed,
Supposing it be no point of the creed.

The Wallace, Book v.

NOTE 58, p. 175

Hairibee was the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

NOTE 59, p. 176

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot*, A. S. *Concilium, Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes.

NOTE 60, p. 176

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells: —

Hassendean came without a call,
The ancientest house among them all.

NOTE 61, p. 177

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a pro-

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jecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do;
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore!
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 't is too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!

NOTE 62, p. 177

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was,

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but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient Riddell': 1st, a charter by David I to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, &c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, a bull of Pope Adrian IV, confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, a bull of Pope Alexander III, confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II, and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, a bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil. — These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

NOTE 63, p. 178

An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.

NOTE 64, p. 179

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic

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architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Roman churchmen.

NOTE 65, p. 181

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

NOTE 66, p. 181

David I of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a sore saint for the crown*.

NOTE 67, p. 182

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II, Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieston and Rankleburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animæ suæ*.

NOTE 68, p. 184

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about

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religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreyemen, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists.' But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE 69, p. 184

The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus*.

NOTE 70, p. 185

'By my faith,' sayd the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), 'of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe.' 'By my fayth, sir,' sayd the squyer, 'ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure, for, at the said skyrmishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead.' (Froissart, vol. II, ch. 44.) This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jeugo de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: 'Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knight

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seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thune, after the discease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped.' (Vol. II, ch. 71.)

NOTE 71, p. 185

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, 'Of all the battayles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. 'His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.' (Froissart, vol. II, p. 165.)

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NOTE 72, p. 186

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II, and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.¹ So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The

¹ There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which is excited: —

To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorrow for til here;
He wes the grettast menynd man
That ony cowth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mare be fare;
All menynt him, bath bettyr and war;
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekil skath.

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his *Statistical Account of Castletown*.

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place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William Hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

NOTE 73, p. 186

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's *Essay on Gothic Architecture* is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

NOTE 74, p. 186

A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II, one of the greatest of our early kings; others say, it is the resting-place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

NOTE 75, p. 187

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the thirteenth century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid

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of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, liv. XII, p. 495. Lesely characterises Michael Scott as '*singularie philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude præstans; dicebatur penitissimos magicæ recessus indagasse.*' Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:—

Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.

Inferno, canto xx.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:—

He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;
Which history was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

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Young scholars have pick'd out something
 From the contents, that dare not read within.
 He carried me along the castle then,
 And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
 His writing pen did seem to me to be
 Of hardened metal, like steel, or accumie;
 The volume of it did seem so large to me,
 As the Book of Martyrs and Turks historie.
 Then in the church he let me see
 A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie;
 I asked at him how that could appear,
 Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year?
 He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
 More than he had been dead a few years ago:
 For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one.
History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.

NOTE 76, p. 187

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age. (*William of Malmsbury*, lib. II, cap. 10.) There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. (D'Auton, *On Learned Incredulity*, p. 45.) These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance: —

Questo città di Tolieto solea
 Tenere studio di negromanzia,
 Quivi di magica arte si leggea
 Pubblicamente, e di peromanzia;
 E molti geomanti sempre avea,
 Esperimenti assai d' idromanzia
 E d' altre false opinion' di sciocchi
 Come è fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi.
Il Morgante Maggiore, canto xxv, st. 259.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Mont-alban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygremon*t.

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He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, '*qu'on tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis.*' This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader enquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult, '*Les faicts et proessos du noble et vaillant Hercules,*' where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight-errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, '*maximus quæ docuit Atlas.*' In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, '*Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither,*' on the left hand, '*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people*'; on one shoulder, '*I invoke the sons of Hagar*'; on the other, '*I do mine office.*' When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern

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to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. (*Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna, 1654, cap. vi.*)

NOTE 77, p. 187

'*Tantanne rem tam negligenter?*' says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? — Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and

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caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jawhole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good-wife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,

Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat nane.

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of return-

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ing, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

NOTE 78, p. 187

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or damhead, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing

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him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE 79, p. 189

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible. (*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72.) Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill. (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58.) In a very rare romance, which 'treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wychecraft and nygramancye, throughe the helpe of the devyls of hell,' mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. 'Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret'; and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnynge*. 'And then sayd Virgilius to the man, "Se you the barrel that standeth here?" and he sayd, yea: "Therein must thou put me: fyrst ye

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must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiij pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made yonge agen.'" At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrellled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. 'And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they soughte so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperour the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius's man. And when all this was done, then saw the emperour, and all his folke, a naked child iii tymes rennyng about the barrell, saynge these wordes, "Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here." And with those words vanyshed the chylde awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus abyed Virgilius in the barrell deed.' (*Virgilius*, bl. let., printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet*

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Biblioth. Franc., IX, 225; *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. II, p. 5; *De Bure*, no. 3857.)

NOTE 80, p. 191

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became a Christian. Heywood's *Hierarchy*, p. 480, quoted from Sebastian Cobarruvia's *Croze*.

NOTE 81, p. 196

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance: —

‘The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw hill, in Eskedale Muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground, (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, “*Tint ! tint ! tint !*”¹ One of the men, named Moffat, called out, “What deil has tint you? Come here.” Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in

¹ *Tint* signifies *lost*.

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features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground, but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, "Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!" After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, "*Gilpin Horner!*" It started, and said, "*That is me, I must away,*" and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.' To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more

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universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

NOTE 82, p. 198

'Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delaitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire, (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoune for his destruction.' On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling. (*Abridgement of Books of Adjournal*, in Advocates' Library.) The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawhaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallochill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John

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Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Fassyde, and the Laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scotts.

NOTE 83, p. 202

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want*.

NOTE 84, p. 205

'At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes) there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called, by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these Book-a-bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time.' (*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MS.*)

NOTE 85, p. 205

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of

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Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader: —

Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the *glamour* o'er her.

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to 'make the ayre so thycke, that they within shall thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded, "Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell to assayle it?" "Syr," quod the enchantour, "I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see." Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, "Syr, for god-sake, let the mayster assey his cunning: we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme." The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. "'By my fayth," quod the Earl of Savoy, "ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys

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be suche crafte." Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, "Go and get a hangman, and let him stryke of this mayster's heed without delay;" and as soone as the Erle had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erle's tent.' (Froissart, vol. i, ch. 391, 392.)

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrely of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv, p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the Houlat, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-53, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described: —

He gart them see, as it semyt in samyn houre,
Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,
Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;
He coulde carye the coup of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the stede,
Bot a black bunwede;
He could of a henis hede
Make a man mes.

He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
That the *corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland.
He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald,
Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
A lang spere of a bittile, for a berne bald,
Nobilis of nutschelles— and silver of sand.
Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,
Fair ladyes in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth dansis and singis,
It semyt as sa.

NOTE 86, p. 206

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon: —

'I remember an old gentleman in the country of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may under-

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stand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this: —

Ens is nothing till sense finds out:
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and some others to call him); but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; "So," thought he now, "I am invited to the converse of my spirit," and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

'But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would

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prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtile consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scab-bard, — "Well," said I, "father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business: — Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world." Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce.'

NOTE 87, p. 208

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. 'Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.' (*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p.1076.)

NOTE 88, p. 211

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers: —

A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good:
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;

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Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.

Poly-Albion, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, 'they met at the speare poyntes rudely: the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done.' (Froissart, vol. I, chap. 366.) Upon a similar occasion, 'the two knyghts came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant strake the English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wylliam Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thighe, so that the speare went clene throughe, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wylliam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him." (Froissart, vol. I, chap. 373.)

NOTE 89, p. 213

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

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Tom Ports was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he staunch'd the blood.
Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, London, 1791, p. 131.

NOTE 90, p. 214

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case: —

‘Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel’s hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie’s head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel’s face besmeared with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him

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home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his Majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

‘It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; “for I understand,” said he, “that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.” In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, “the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma* (Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.)”

‘I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloudy garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? “I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.” I replied, “Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound

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clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of his new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.' (Page 6.)

The King (James VI) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms: 'And that which is more strange . . . they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain.' I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest*: —

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Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
Till I have time to visit him again. — Act v, Sc. ii.

Again, in Scene iv, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword
wrapt up:—

Hip. O my wound pains me!

Mir. I am come to ease you.

[*She unwraps the Sword.*]

Hip. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;

My wound shoots worse than ever.

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*]

Hip. Now, methinks, there 's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

NOTE 91, p. 216

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. 'The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthiane, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realme.' These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.' (Stevenson's *History*, vol. II, p. 701.)

NOTE 92, p. 216

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse may be judged of from the following extract, when the

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subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs*: —

'Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

'I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. — About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, "Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please." Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice

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presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, "Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours." I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkilld; (there was so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent

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with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.'

NOTE 93, p. 217

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTE 94, p. 221

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I, p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar

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recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. 'In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry), George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . happened upon a cave in the ground, the mouth whereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was readily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known wheyther thei wold be content to yield and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng, gat licence to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; anoother he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so wel maynteyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devysed we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smoother them, or fynd out their ventes, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needes get them out, or smoother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother.' (Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud Dalyell's *Fragments*.)

NOTE 95, p. 221

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII, preserved among the Cotton MSS. *Calig.*, Book VII, 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders

Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come

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within 'three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seying they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettynge your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes name, I comaundet dewe watche to be kepte on your Marchies, for comynge in of any Scotts. Neuertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying toward Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell More, and there wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and took a wyf being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym; and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger: whereupon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wylful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottsmen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforthe and me, hrad by credible persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidaill, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre returne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murreis provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke

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sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cataill, which, now as I am informed, hath not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murreis not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr self uppon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the King of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remain. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not faill to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndaill and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and * * * your most royal estate, with longlyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth the xxiid day of October.*' (1522.)

NOTE 96, p. 221

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the Captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: 'Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp* [creak], and the seams *rive* [tear].'' 'If I cannot sew,' retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which

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nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, 'if I cannot sew, I can *yerk*' [twitch, as shoemakers do in securing the stitches of their work].

NOTE 97, p. 222

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game: —

Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
And Carit haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

NOTE 98, p. 222

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionately anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females. (See Lesley's *de Moribus Limitaneorum*).

NOTE 99, p. 223

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the

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guardroom, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

NOTE 100, p. 223

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII, giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE 101, p. 223

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches: 'The Almaines, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your

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wardenry, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used.' Repeated mention occurs of the Almain, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary 'victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire.' (*History of Cumberland*, vol. I, Introd., p. lxi.) From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, p. 121:—

Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and frounst, with divers colours deckt.

NOTE 102, p. 225

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V, and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleur-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the follow-

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ing accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

‘JAMES REX.

‘We James, by the grace of God, King of Scottis, considerand the ffaith and guid servis of of of ¹ right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Soutra-edge, with three score and ten launciers on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of ffleure de lises about his coatte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy, ay Readdy, that he and all his after-cummers may bruik the samine as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zeires. By the King’s graces speciall ordinance.

‘JO. ARSKINE.’

On the back of the charter is written, —

‘Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registred, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M’Kaile, pror. and produced by Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J.’

NOTE 103, p. 225

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieson was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the

¹ *Sic* in original.

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Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage. (See Gladstaine of Whitelawe's MSS., and *Scott of Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.)

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; others in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border Ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs: —

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The *Scott*, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain-home; — a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

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The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'T is Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

NOTE 104, p. 226

In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in

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the dale. The old people give locality to the story by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, etc.

NOTE 105, p. 229

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick Water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.

NOTE 106, p. 233

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsaile, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothyng."

"By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde then have good leyser to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!" (Froissart, vol. I, ch. 393.)

NOTE 107, p. 235

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.

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NOTE 108, p. 237

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, 'Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux before sayd, ane of that company sall be hanget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubbie.' (*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd., p. xxxix.)

NOTE 109, p. 238.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: 'You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God.'

NOTE 110, p. 238

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly of-

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fended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours. (See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park.) But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Belrinnes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Mr. Dalrymple, in *Godly Sangs and Ballets*, Edin. 1802.

NOTE III, p. 238

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE II2, p. 241

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

The Description of the Armes.

Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betweene two angels of Sathan;
The six bloudy axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the cruelte of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne.

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The six bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
 Betokeneth his stordy furiousness,
 Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,
 He bryngeth in his dyvlish darness;
 The bandog in the middes doth expresse
 The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,
 Gnawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.
 The cloubbe signifieth playne his tiranny,
 Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
 Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
 Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
 For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt.
 The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,
 Wherefore, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne.

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*.

NOTE 113, p. 241

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitscottie gives the following account of the affair: 'The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kircaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, and the judges let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain.' (Page 202.)

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The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:—

‘It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A.D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breaches, plaite sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL

‘1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty’s Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty’s sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty’s Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to

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witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

'2. He chargeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein: Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Runion Blackburne.

'3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

'Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed)

'THOMAS MUSGRAVE.

'LANCELOT CARLETON.'

NOTE 114, p. 244

The person here alluded to is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This soubriquet was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore,

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published a few verses of this song in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text: —

Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
And he's for the rood-day;¹
But Stobs and young Falnash²
They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water
They fand him sleeping sound.

Stobs light aff his horse,
And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
And down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk³ gars him die.

Ah wae light on ye, Stobs!
An ill death mot ye die;
Ye 're the first and foremost man
That e'er laid hands on me;
That e'er laid hands on me,
And took my mare me frae:
Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!
Ye are my mortal fae!

The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk gars him die.

NOTE 115, p. 244

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus: 'Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of De-

¹ The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.

² Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falnash.

³ A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

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cember, 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincluden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, discern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming.'

NOTE 116, p. 249

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE 117, p. 249

Sir David Hume, of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife Isabel. They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburn.

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NOTE 118, p. 249

At the battle of Beauge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V, was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

NOTE 119, p. 251

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the color of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, 'A Home! a Home!' It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The *Hepburns*, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

NOTE 120, p. 251

The football was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a football match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs*, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at football, but which terminated in an incursion upon England.

NOTE 121, p. 252

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the

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inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [*truce*] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armies, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtylsye they will say, God thank you.' (Berners's *Froissart*, vol. II, p. 153.) The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:—

Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand.

In the twenty-ninth stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

NOTE 122, p. 252

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on

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his expedition against Scotland. 'As we wear then a setling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all tounes of war, and in all campos of armies, quietness and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I nede not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a hie way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so ootherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our campe more like the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as some sey) in a hoole vyage.' (*Apud Dalzell's Fragments*, p. 75.)

NOTE 123, p. 268

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horns, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope,

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in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

NOTE 124, p. 273

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:—

‘Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dylygently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fylde, after the usance of the ole tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles all about. It fortunèd he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell

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farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called, "Virgilius! Virgilius!" and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Then sayd he (i.e., the *voice*), "Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll borde lying bysyde you there marked with that word?" Than answered Virgilius, "I see that borde well ancugh." The voyce said, "Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte." Than answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, "Who art thou that callest me so?" Than answered the devyll, "I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgmend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby methinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doying. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe, and make ryche your enemyes." Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, "Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?" "Yea, I shall well," said the devyl. "I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it." "Well," sayd the devyll, "thereto I consent." And then the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeyth shytted styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, "What have ye done, Virgilius?" Virgilius answered, "Abyde

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there styll to your day appoynted"; and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practyse of the black scyence.'

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil, are of Oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

'Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he did by his cunnyng, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the town sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.' This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil. (Montfaucon, vol. II, p. 329.)

NOTE 125, p. 273

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight, or baron. Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a

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royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a goshawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, 'The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full.' Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE 126, p. 273

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festivals, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies.'

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.

NOTE 127, p. 274

There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow.

NOTE 128, p. 275

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, soon after these songs were first

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published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a ballad apparently the same with the 'Raid of the Reidsquare,' but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:—

Bauld Rutherford he was fu' stout,
With all his nine sons him about,
He brought the lads of Jedbrught out,
And bauldly fought that day.

NOTE 129, p. 275

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

NOTE 130, p. 76

The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.

NOTE 131, p. 276

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pur-

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sued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buckcleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the Sovereign's feet.¹

The deer being curee'd in that place,
At his Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water to his hand.
The King did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'Thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

'The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Bucksleuch.'

* * * * *

In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;
Night's men² at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.

¹ Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with fagots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

² 'Minions of the moon,' as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: 'For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something

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Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day.

WATT'S *Bellenden*.

The Buccleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or*, upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestaine long retained the bugle-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was, — *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE 132, p. 277

John Grahame, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides): 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves; Both to England and Scotland outlawed: yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid

of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be thieves or not; as a thyng neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Acaruanians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theiving.' (Hobbes's *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond.)

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of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.' (*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*)

The residence of the Grames being chiefly in the Debatable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.

NOTE 133, p. 278

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus:—

She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa':
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

NOTE 134, p. 280

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII, who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

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NOTE 135, p. 283

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Caenmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion: The King, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a 'white faunch deer,' which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleeter than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, *Hold* stopped her in the brook; and *Help*, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earncraig, etc. in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession,

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built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.¹ (MS. History of the Family of St. Clair, by Richard Augustin Hay, Canon of St. Genevieve.)

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the Crown, in 1471, by Act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William St. Clair, Earl of Caithness.

NOTE 136, p. 283

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

'I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholic prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy

¹ The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,

Help, Haud, an ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

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reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faultrie, after his brother, Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglas, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they had thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends than sovereigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated

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as I was, and in that unluckie state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularity of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve.' (MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.)

NOTE 137, p. 284

The chiefs of the *Vakingr* or Scandinavian pirates assumed the title of *Sækonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the *Skalds*, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

NOTE 138, p. 284

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE 139, p. 284

These were the *Valkyrier*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

NOTE 140, p. 285

The Northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms and their other treasures. Thus Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated that if he fell, his

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sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the *Hervarar-Saga*. Indeed, the ghosts of the Northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.

NOTE 141, p. 285

This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne.

NOTE 142, p. 285

A large and strong castle, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III, dated in 1471.

NOTE 143, p. 287

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland Moor, etc., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to

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the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or waterfall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

‘Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller’s daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (i.e., Sir William’s) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour; late Rosline, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts, which were made in the following Parliament.’

NOTE 144, p. 290

The ancient castle of Peel Town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these

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chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: 'They say, that an apparition, called, in the Mankish language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

'One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-

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room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

'The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head.' (Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.)

NOTE 145, p. 290

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular; as we learn from the following passage: 'The Queen Regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, "Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God" (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Bryde of Douglas), "if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!" — So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose.' (Godscroft, vol. II, p. 131.)

GLOSSARY

- abbaye**, an abbey.
aboon, above.
acton, a buckram vest worn under armour.
ain, own.
air, a sand-bank.
airn, iron.
almagest, an astronomical or astrological treatise.
Almayn, German.
amice, an ecclesiastical vestment.
amrie, ambry, a cupboard, a locker.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anerly, alone.
aneugh, enough.
angel, an old English gold coin.
arquebus, a hagbut, or heavy musket.
auld, old; auld Reekie, Edinburgh.
aventayle, the movable front of a helmet.

bairn, a child.
baith, both.
baldric, a belt.
bale, a beacon-fire.
ballium, a fortified court.
bandelier, a belt for carrying ammunition.
ban-dog, a watch-dog.
bandrol, a kind of banner or ensign.
banes, bones.
bang, strike violently, beat, surpass.
barbican, the fortification at a castle-gate.
barded, armoured (said of horses).
barding, horse-armour.
barret-cap, a cloth cap.
bartizan, a small overhanging turret.
basnet, a light helmet.
bassened, having a white stripe down the face.

battalia, a battalion, an army (*not* a plural).
battle, an army.
beadsman, one hired to offer prayers for another.
beaver, the movable front of a helmet.
Beltane, the first of May (a Celtic festival).
bend, bind.
bend (noun), a heraldic term.
bent, a slope; also, aimed.
beshrew, may evil befall, confound.
bicker, a cup, a wooden vessel.
bill, a kind of battle-axe or halberd.
billmen, troops armed with the bill.
black-jack, a leather jug or pitcher.
blaze, blazon, proclaim.
blink, a glimpse.
bluidy, bloody.
bonail, i. e. **bonallez**, a god-speed, parting with a friend.
bonnet-pieces, gold coins with the king's cap (bonnet) on them.
boot and bale, help and hurt.
boune, bowne, prepare, make ready.
boune, ready, prepared.
bountith, a gratuity.
bourd, a jest.
bow o' kye, a herd of cattle.
bower, a chamber, a lodging-place, a lady's apartments.
bra', braw, brave.
bracken, fern.
brae, a hillside.
braid, broad.
branking, prancing.
brast, burst.
bratchet, a slowbound.
brigantine, a kind of body armour.
brigg, a bridge.
brock, a badger.
broke, quartered (the cutting up of a deer).
brose, broth.

GLOSSARY

- brotikins**, buskins.
buff, a thick cloth.
burn, a brook.
busk, dress, prepare.
buxom, lively.
by times, betimes, early.
- caird**, a tinker.
cairn, a heap of stones.
canna, cotton-grass.
cantle, the crown.
canty, cheerful, lively.
cap of maintenance, a cap worn by the king-at-arms or chief herald.
carle, a fellow.
carline, a woman, a witch.
carp, talk.
cast, a pair (of hawks).
causey, a causeway.
chanters, the pipes of the bagpipe.
check at, meditate attack (in falconry).
cheer, face, countenance.
claymore, a large sword.
clerk, a scholar.
clip, clasp, embrace.
clout, mend.
cogie, a small wooden bowl.
combust, an astrological term.
corbel, a bracket.
coronach, a dirge.
correi, a hollow in a hillside, a resort of game.
crabs, crab-apples.
craig, the head.
crenell, an aperture for shooting arrows through.
cresset, a hanging lamp or chandelier.
crouse, bold.
culver, a small cannon.
cumber, trouble.
cummer, a gossip, an intimate friend.
curch, a matron's coif, or head-dress.
cushat-dove, a wood-pigeon.
- daggled**, bespattered.
darkling, in the dark.
daunder, saunter, wander.
daunton, subdue, tame.
- deas**, a dais, a platform.
deft, skillful.
demi-volt, a movement in horsemanship.
dern, hid.
dight, decked, dressed, prepared.
dinna, do not.
dinnle, tinkle, thrill.
dint, strike, knock.
dirdum, an uproar.
donjon, the main tower or keep of a castle.
doom, judgment, arbitration.
double tressure, a kind of border in heraldry.
dought, was able, could.
down, a hill.
downa, do not.
dramock, meal and water.
drie, suffer, endure.
drouth, thirst.
dwam, a swoon, a fainting fit.
- earn**, erne, an eagle.
eburnine, made of ivory.
een, eyes.
embossed, exhausted by running, foaming at the mouth (hunter's term).
emprise, enterprise.
ensenzie, an ensign, a war-cry.
even, spotless, pure.
- failzie**, failure.
falcon, a kind of small cannon.
fand, found.
fang, to catch.
far yaud, the signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.
Fastern's night, Shrove Tuesday.
fauld, a sheep-fold.
fay, faith.
ferlie, a marvel.
fleech, flatter, cajole.
flemens-firth, an asylum for outlaws.
foray, a predatory inroad.
force, a waterfall.
fosse, a ditch, a moat.
fou, full, tipsy.
frae, from.

GLOSSARY

fretted, adorned with raised work.

fro, from.

frounced, flounced, plaited.

gae, go; **gaed**, went.

gaitling, a young child.

galliard, a lively dance.

gallowglasses, heavy-armed soldiers
(Celtic).

gane, gone.

gang, go.

gar, to make.

gazehound, a hound that pursues by
sight rather than scent.

gear, goods, possessions.

gent, high-born, valiant and courteous.

ghast, ghastly.

gie, give.

gin, if.

gipon, a doublet or jacket worn under
armour.

glaive, a broadsword.

glamour, a magical illusion.

glee-maiden, a dancing-girl.

gleg, quick, sharp, lively.

glidders, slippery stones.

glozing, flattering.

gorged, having the throat cut.

gorget, armour for the throat.

graith, armour.

gramarye, magic.

gramercy, great thanks (French,
grand merci).

gree, prize.

greet and grane, weep and groan.

griple, grasping, miserly.

grisly, horrible, grim.

guarded, edged, trimmed.

gude, good.

gules, red (heraldic).

gylte, a young sow.

hackbuteer, a soldier armed with
hackbut or hagbut, a musketeer.

hae't, haet, an atom.

haffets, cheeks.

hag, broken ground in a bog.

**hagbut (hackbut, haquebut, arque-
bus, harquebuss, etc.)**, a heavy
musket.

halberd, halbert, a combined spear
and battle-axe.

hale, haul, drag.

hame, home.

handsel, a gift, earnest money.

hanger, a short broadsword.

harried, plundered, sacked.

haud, hold.

hearse, a canopy over a tomb, or the
tomb itself.

heeze, heise, hoist, raise.

hent, seize.

heriot, tribute due to a lord from a
vassal.

heron-shew, a young heron.

hight, called, named, promised.

holt, wood, woodland.

hosen, hose (old plural).

howf, howff, a haunt, a resort.

idlesse, idleness.

ilka, each, every.

imp, a child.

inch, an island.

jack, a leather jacket, a kind of arm-
our for the body.

jennet, a small Spanish horse.

jerkin, a kind of short coat.

jowing, ringing or tolling.

kale, broth.

kebbuck, cheese.

keek, peep.

ken, to know.

kern, a light-armed soldier (Celtic).

kill, a cell.

kipper, salmon or sea trout.

kirk, a church.

kirn, the Scottish harvest-home.

kirtle, a skirt, a gown.

kist, a chest.

kittle, ticklish, delicate.

knosp, a knob (architectural).

knowe, a knoll, a hillock.

kye, cows.

lair, learning.

lair, to stick in the mud.

largesse, largess, liberality, gift.

GLOSSARY

- lauds**, psalms.
launcegay, a kind of spear.
laverock, a lark.
leading-staff, a staff carried by a commanding officer.
leaguer, a camp.
leal-fast, loyal, faithful.
leash, a thong for leading a greyhound; also the hounds so led.
leister, to spear.
leven, a lawn, an open space between or among woods.
levin, lightning, thunderbolt.
libbard, a leopard.
Lincoln green, a cloth worn by huntsmen.
linn, a waterfall, a pool below a fall, a precipice.
lintstock, a handle for the lint or match used in firing cannon.
lists, the enclosure for a tournament.
litherlie, mischievous, vicious.
loon, a rogue, a strumpet.
loot, let.
lorn, lost.
loup, leap.
lourd, rather.
lout, bend, stoop.
lurch, rob.
lurcher, a dog that lurches (lurks), or lies in wait for game.
lurdane, a blockhead.
lyke-wake, the watching of a corpse before burial.
lyme-dog, a bloodhound.

mair, more.
make, do.
malison, a malediction, a curse.
Malvoisie, Malmsey wine.
march, a border, a frontier.
march-treason, offences committed on the Border.
massy, massive.
maukin, a hare.
maun, must.
mavis, the thrush.
meikle, much, great.
melle, mell, meddle.

merk, a Scottish coin worth about 13½d.
merle, the blackbird.
merlin, a species of falcon.
mewed, shut up, confined.
mickle, much, great.
minion, favourite.
miniver, a kind of fur.
mirk, dark.
mony, many.
moonlight, smuggled spirits.
morion, a steel cap, a helmet.
morrice-pike, a long heavy spear.
morris, a kind of dance.
morsing-horns, powder-flasks.
mot, mote, must, might.
muckle, much, large.
muir, a moor, a heath.

nae, no.
need-fire, a beacon-fire.
neist, next.
nese, a nose.

oe, an island.
O hone, alas!
Omrahs, nobles (Turkish).
or, gold (heraldic).
orra, odd, occasional.
owches, jewels.
ower, over, too.

pall, fine or rich cloth.
pallioun, a pavilion.
palmer, a pilgrim to the Holy Land.
pardoner, a seller of priestly indulgences.
partisan, a halberd, a combination of spear and battle-axe.
peel, a Border tower.
pensils, small pennons or streamers.
pentacle, a magic diagram.
pibroch, a Highland air on the bagpipe.
pied, variegated.
pike, pick.
pinnet, a pinnacle.
pirn, a spool, a reel.
placket, a stomacher, a petticoat, a slit in a petticoat, etc.

GLOSSARY

- plate-jack**, coat-armour.
plump, a body of cavalry, a group, a company.
poke, a sack, a pocket.
port, a lively tune, a catch.
post and pair, an old game at cards.
pow, a head.
pranked, dressed up, adorned.
presence, the royal presence-chamber.
pricked, spurred.
propine, a present.
pryse, the note blown at the death of the game.
puir, poor.
pursuivant, an attendant on a herald.

quaigh, a wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
quarry, game (hunter's term).
quatre-feuille, quatrefoil (Gothic ornament).
quit, requite.

rack, a floating cloud.
racking, flying, like a breaking cloud.
rade, rode.
rais, the master of a vessel.
reads, counsels.
reave, tear away.
rede, a story, counsel, advice.
reiver, a plunderer, a robber.
reliquaire, a repository for relics.
retrograde, an astrological term.
rie, a prince or chief; **O hone a rie**, alas for the chief!
rin, run.
risp, creak.
rive, tear.
rochet, a bishop's short surplice.
rokelay, a short cloak.
rood, a cross (as in **Holy-Rood**).
room, a piece of land.
rowan, the mountain-ash.
ruth, pity, compassion.

sack, Sherry or Canary wine.
sackless, innocent.
sae, so.
saga, a Scandinavian epic.
sair, sore, very.

sall, shall.
saltier, in heraldry an ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross.
salvo-shot, a salute of artillery.
sark, a shirt.
saye, say, assertion.
scalds, Scandinavian minstrels.
scallop, a pilgrim's cockle-shell worn as an emblem.
scapular, an ecclesiastical scarf or short cloak.
scathe, harm, injury.
scaur, a cliff, a precipitous bank of earth.
scaur'd, scared.
scrae, a bank of loose stones.
scrogg, a stunted tree, underwood.
sea-dog, a seal.
selcouth, strange, uncouth.
selle, a saddle.
seneschal, the steward of a castle.
sewer, an officer who serves up a feast.
shalm, a shawm, a musical instrument.
sheeling, a shepherd's hut.
sheen, bright, shining.
shent, shamed.
shirra, a sheriff.
shrieve, shrive, absolve.
shroud, a garment, a plaid.
sic, such.
siller, silver.
skirl, scream, sound shrilly.
sleights, tricks, stratagems.
slogan, the war-cry or gathering word of a Border clan.
snood, a maiden's hair-band or fillet.
soland, solan-goose, gannet.
sooth, true, truth.
sped, despatched, 'done for.'
speer, **speir**, ask.
speerings, tidings.
spell, make out, study out.
sperthe, a battle-axe.
springlet, a small spring.
spule, a shoulder.
spurn, kick.
stag of ten, one having ten branches on his antlers.
stamock, the stomach.

GLOSSARY

stance, a station.
stane, a stone.
stark, stout, stalwart.
stern, a star.
sterie, started.
stirrup-cup, a parting cup.
stole, an ecclesiastical scarf or robe.
stoled, wearing the **stole**.
store, stored up.
stoun, **stoun**, stolen.
stour, severe.
stowre, battle, tumult.
strain, stock, race.
strath, a broad river-valley.
strathspey, a Highland dance.
streight, strait.
strook, struck, stricken.
stumah, faithful.
swith, haste, quickly.
syde, long.
syne, since; **lang syne**, long ago.

tabard, a herald's coat.
tait, a tuft.
targe, a shield.
tarn, a mountain lake.
tartan, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
tett, a plait or plaited knot.
throstle, a thrush.
tide, time.
tine, lose; **tint**, lost.
tire, a head-dress.
toom, empty.
tottered, tattered, ragged.
toun, a town.
train, allure, entice.
tressure, a border (heraldic).
trews, Highland trousers.
trine, threefold, an astrological term.
truncheon, a staff, the shaft of a spear.
tyke, a dog.
tyne, lose.

uncouth, strange, unknown.
uneath, not easily, with difficulty.
unsparrd, unbarred.
upsees, a Bacchanalian cry or interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
urchin, an elf.

vail, avail.
vail, lower, let fall.
vair, a kind of fur, probably of the squirrel.
vantage-coign, an advantageous position.
vaunt-brace, or **warn-brace**, armour for the forearm.
vaward, van, front.
vilde, vile.

wad, would.
wan, won.
Warden-raid, a raid commanded by a Border Warden in person.
ware, beware of.
warlock, a wizard.
warped, frozen.
warre, worse.
warrison, a note of assault.
warstle, wrestle.
wassail, spiced ale, a drinking-bout.
wauk, wake.
waur, worse.
weapon-schaw, a military array of a county, a muster.
weed, a garment.
weird, fate, doom.
whenas, when.
whilere, **while-ere**, erewhile, a while ago.
whiles, sometimes.
whilom, **whilome**, formerly.
whin, gorse, furze.
whingers, knives, poniards.
whinyard, a hunter's knife.
wight, active, gallant, war-like.
wildering, bewildering.
wimple, a veil.
woe-worth, woe be to.
woned, dwelt.
wraith, an apparition, a spectre.
wreak, avenge.
wud, would.
wuddie, the gallows.

yare, ready.
yate, a gate.
yerk, jerk.
yode, went.

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